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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

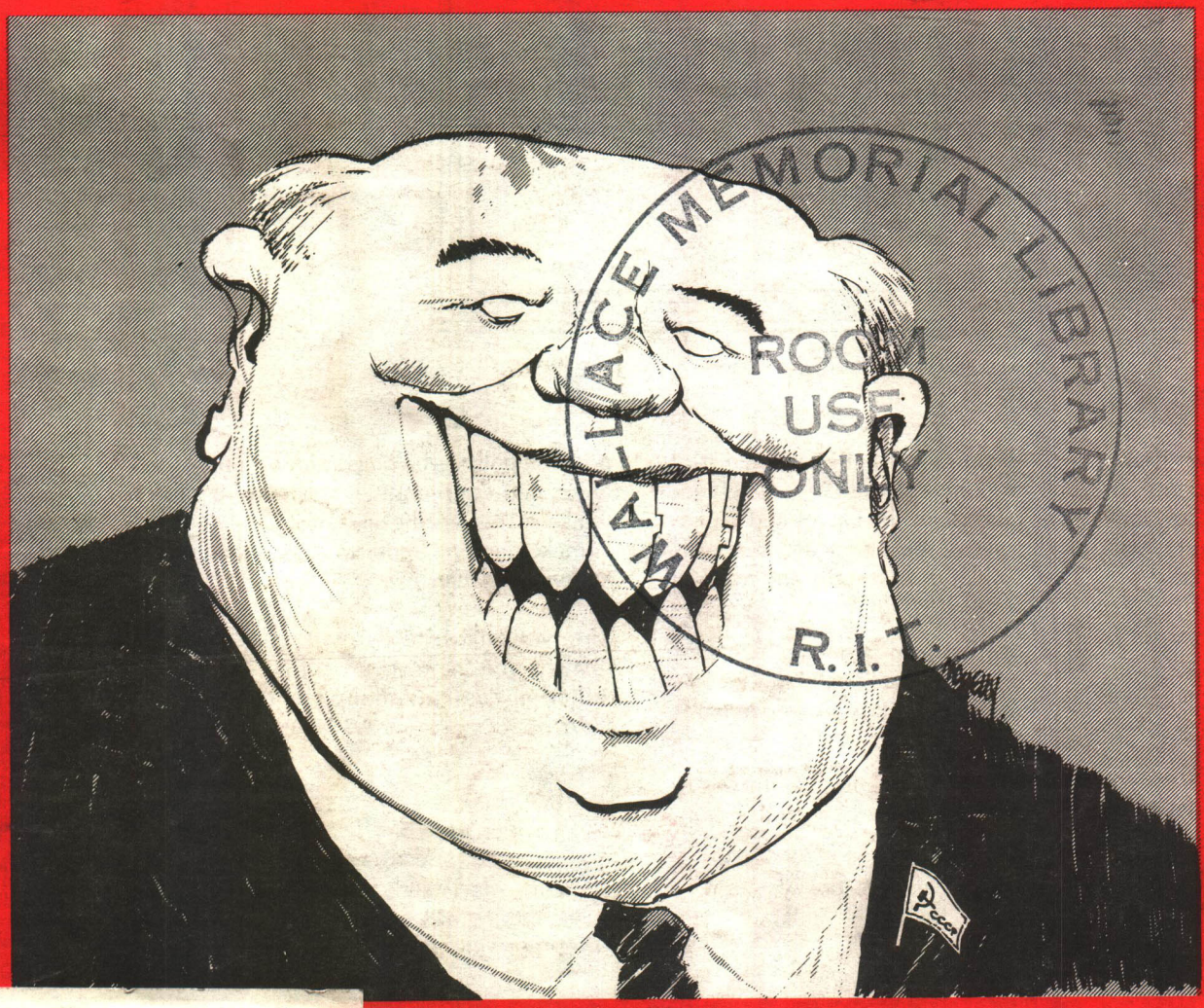
DECEMBER 1985 A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Herbert Stein: Raise Taxes • *William McGurn: Raise Hell*

William Tucker: Why We Have Families

Norman Mailer, Mario Cuomo, Taki, Jacques Barzun, Richard Lugar, Charles Murray, et al.: Christmas Books

The Suave Gorbachev



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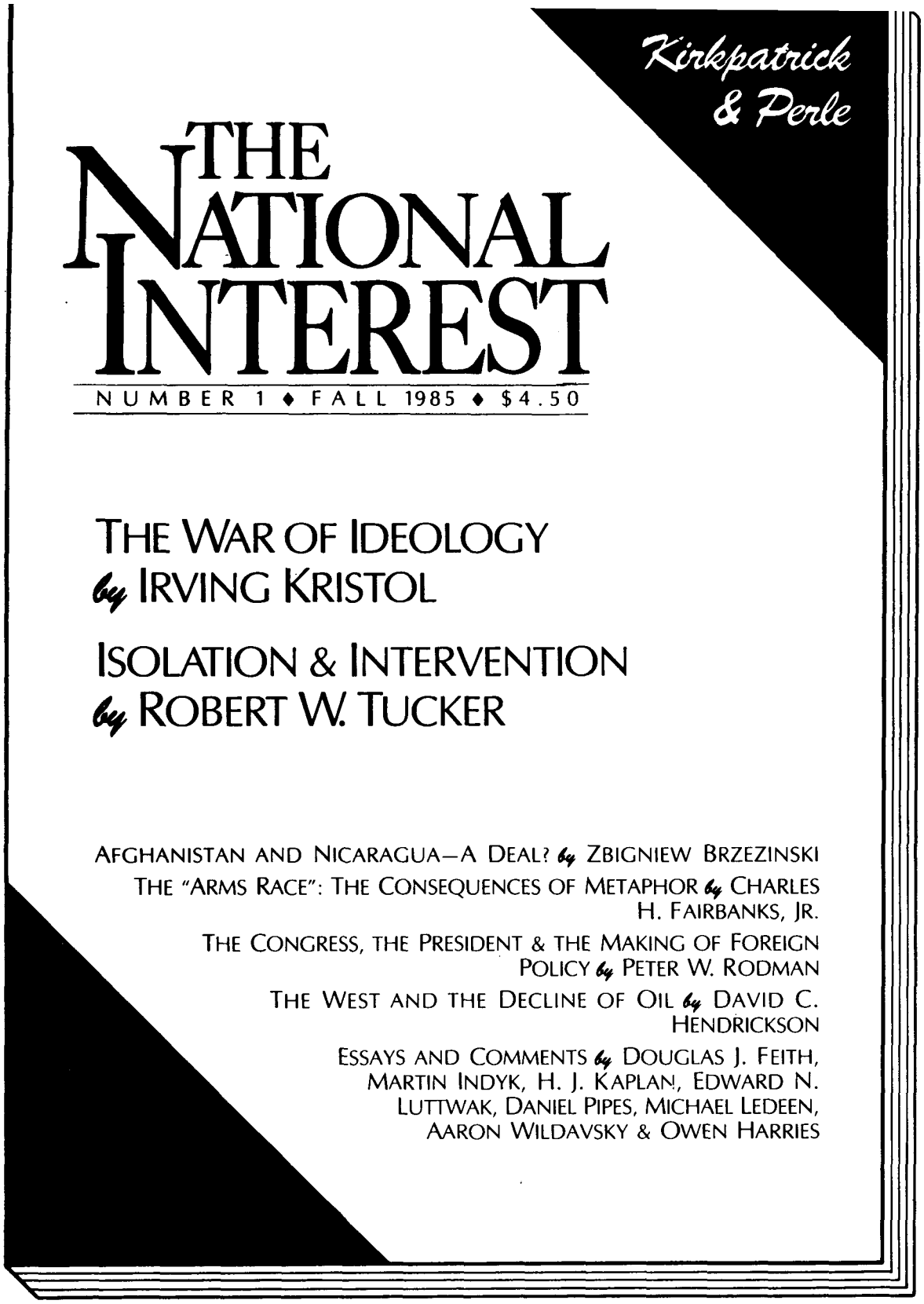
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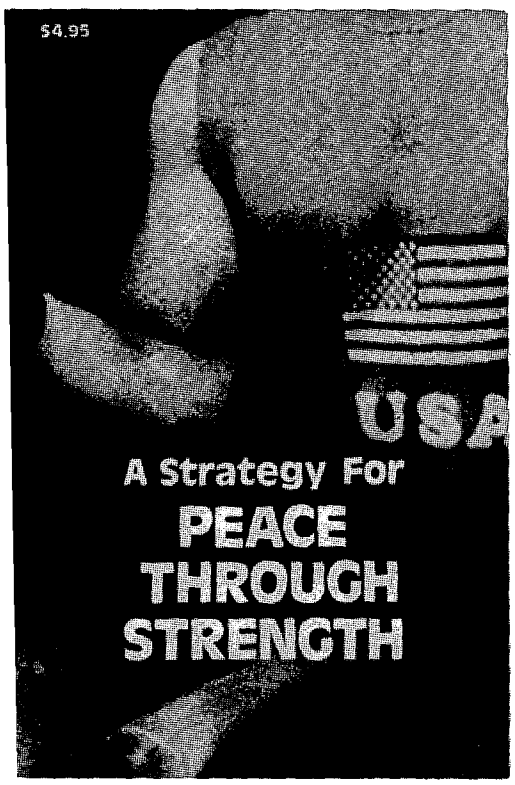
A Strategy for Peace Through Strength

A Strategy for Peace Through Strength is a bold new book that represents months of intensive efforts by the strategy board of the American Security Council Foundation, numerous experts in the Reagan Administration and on Capitol Hill. Over 500 colleges, universities, think tanks and research organizations also cooperated in the formulation and revision of the book. A major theme of the book is that the United States should mount a long term economic and diplomatic offensive against world Communism, making "peace through strength" the cornerstone of U.S. foreign policy.



Based on a general strategy already endorsed by President Reagan and some 250 Members of Congress, the problem involves a variety of measures intended to strength U.S. security, while creating and exploiting opportunities to promote democracy in the communist world. "If the conflict between the free world and Communism is to be ended—without war—then the Soviet leadership must be persuaded that it is more profitable for them to give up the goal of world domination than to continue seeking it."

"'We can persuade them of this, first, by being so strong militarily that they dare not attack us, and second, by going on the ideological offensive by developing democracy worldwide while exploiting Soviet vulnerabilities: in other words, a policy of military defense, political offense."

The book applauds the efforts of the Reagan Administration to rebuild America's defenses, but says that a strong military in the absence of an overall strategy may not be sufficient to turn the tide against Communism.

Wars have always started through weakness, not strength, nd I applaud the American Security Council for its efforts remind us of this simple but often forgotten idea in its ew publication, A Strategy for Peace Through Strength."

Sen. Jake Garn (R-UT)

This book demonstrates the truth about the Soviet Union. he USSR today recognizes strength but not much else. iven that fact, this nation would be very unwise indeed to vest time and money in a second-best defense."

Sen. Russell Long (D-LA)

YES, I am very concerned about the growing Soviet military threat and the lack of a coherent, long term U.S. foreign and defense strategy.

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of *A Strategy for Peace Through Strength* at $4.95/copy. All checks should be made payable to the American Security Council Foundation.

Name _____

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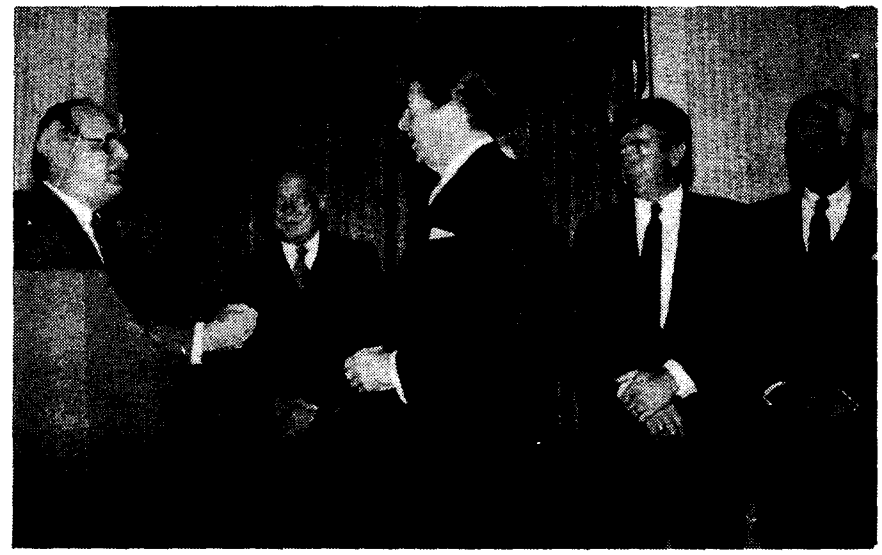

John M. Fisher, the President of the American Security Council Foundation (ASCF), is shown presenting President Reagan with a copy of *A Strategy for Peace Through Strength.* On November 15 the President hosted a reception for ASCF to thank them for their research and educational efforts on behalf of the adoption of a National Strategy for Peace Through Strength.

"I hope this book will play an important role by making the American people realize that the United States cannot afford to have anything less than a bi-partisan, coherent policy which allows the U.S. to take the initiative."

Adm. Thomas H. Moorer (USN, Ret.)
Former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• October passes into November, and as the first frosts fall across the land the news is mixed, particularly for our nation's engaging Soviet lobby. Mr. Nikolai A. Tikhonov announced that he would retire as the Soviet Union's prime minister after six years of personal sacrifice and dizzying achievement. His replacement will be the cow-faced Mr. Nikolai I. Ryzhkov, another of Mr. Gorbachev's young turks whose untrammeled masculinity is so pleasing to the *New York Times* editorial board. Imagine, the *Times* said, Mr. Ryzhkov is not a Communist party official but an economist! Never mind that a Soviet economist is as useful as a rainmaker at a lung transplant. This is progress, another small step toward the fulfillment of the Soviet promise after an unfortunate Stalinist detour. Still better, Mrs. Jane Smith, widow of Arthur and mother of the late Samantha, announced that she is creating the Samantha Smith Foundation to "foster international understanding in the spirit of [the late] Samantha." Some of that spirit was made flesh on October 24 when a Soviet seaman jumped from a Soviet ship near Belle Chasse, Louisiana, and the United States Border Patrol promptly returned the potential defector to his crew. Samantha lives!

•Early in the month Harvard University announced plans to celebrate its 350th anniversary and as a pro forma gesture asked President Reagan to attend, dangling the possibility of an honorary degree as an irresistible blandishment. This was too much for those members of the Harvard faculty not distracted by sexual harassment proceedings; all twelve of them summoned up their courage and went public with a threat to boycott the festivities—a painful decision given the free drinks involved—if the university awarded the degree. Where was his curriculum vitae? In how many thick, unreadable journals had he published? How many faculty committees had he chaired? More important, where the hell was all that grant money that had been lavished under his solicitous predecessor? Faced with such irrefutable argumentation, the university compromised and said it wouldn't award the President a degree after all. In still another sign of American academia's sensitivity to the eternal values, Miss W. Ann Reynolds, chancellor of the multi-campus California State University, proposed the university change its motto from *Vir, Veritas, Vox* to *Vox, Veritas, Vita* in deference to the thousands of female students at the school. A suggestion by a resident Latin scholar to change the motto to *Homo, Veritas, Vox* was quickly voted down because, according to Mr. Roger Kuhn, the school's unilingual director of public affairs, "if we used *homo* in our name, there would be an outcry."

• Democrats hoping to retain their majority in the Senate were stunned when the Hon. Charles McC. Mathias, considered a shoe-in for re-election, announced he would not seek another term. America's elites demonstrated once again that their favorite sport is to make the average American feel uncomfortable for little or no reason when 114 syndicated comic strip artists said they would devote their Thanksgiving day strips to "the issue of hunger, to draw attention to the problem"—the words of Peanuts creator Charles M. Schulz, who sells his precious creations as shills for everything from Wonder Bread to Dolly Madison cakes. At age 59 Mr. Rock Hudson crossed the bar, leaving behind him no offspring but many friends and countless worried acquaintances. Also sent sailing through this earthly vale was Mr. Yul Brynner, and many of California's finest piano movers shifted to the pallbearer business when Mr. Orson Welles was laid to rest.

• Budget cuts continue to outrage the Mondale clan, although this time the belt-tightening was at the Los Angeles news gathering operation of KABC-TV, where aspiring actress Miss Eleanor Mondale was given the axe. Mr. Ron Reagan, Jr. remains active on the station's more crucial entertainment beat—just another of the many jobs by which Ron has struggled to escape the long shadow of dad. First a toe-dancer with the Joffrey Ballet, then a free-lance journalist with *Rolling Stone* and *Playboy*, now a TV reporter in the nation's second-largest television market—when will this kid get a break? Next he might want to turn to the Opportunity Society of Japan, where Mr. Rainer Kaminski of West Germany broke one of the civilized world's few remaining color barriers by becoming the first taxi driver of Western extraction to brave the streets of Tokyo.

• In Satellite Beach, Florida, Mr. Hilton Martin was saved by the bell when a ringing telephone called him away from the family thunder mug seconds before the thing blew itself to smithereens, for reasons as yet unknown. "I could've been hurt," the equable Mr. Martin later acknowledged to reporters. Mr. Joseph D. Thompson, a surfer in Lihue, Hawaii, saw his ability to "Hang Ten" reduced by precisely one-half when a homeless shark nibbled off one of his hands and part of his forearm as he paddled seaward to catch a wave. Romantics who cling to the sweet notion that whales are intelligent animals received another bit of distressing counter-evidence when a 40-foot male adult humpback meandered through the Golden Gate and up the Sacramento River toward the town of Rio Vista, a resort community frequented by homosexuals. By the end of the month, Humphrey—so the residents of Northern California have dubbed him because of his resemblance to the late Minnesota Senator—turned back toward open sea after hearing tales of Gay Bowel Syndrome. In other animal news, an unnamed but distraught chicken hawk ended it all by diving headfirst into the windshield of a six-seater Beecraft Baron airplane over Missouri's Spirit of St. Louis airport, and government scientists destroyed yet another colony of Killer Bees near Lost Hills, California.

• The 1200 members of the Bhagwan International commune in Oregon should have known it would be a bad month when their leader, Mr. Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh, announced that henceforth "all communicants would be required to wash with pure alcohol before sex and wear rubber gloves" during the act itself. A few days later, Mr. Bhagwan's gal Friday, Miss Ma Ananda Sheela, denounced the guru and took off for West Germany with a dozen of his commune's highest ranking officials. A week later, at Mr. Bhagwan's behest, the votaries sang and danced around a campfire as they burned more than 5,000 copies of their guru's seminal work, *Book of Rajneeshism*, a concession that the followers greeted with great relief although there was no indication that Mr. Bhagwan would give any ground on the damn rubber gloves. At month's end, the chilling effect reached the deep freeze with news that Mr. Bhagwan was arrested aboard a rented Lear Jet bound for Bermuda. He is accused of violating the immigration laws. In Pennsylvania, meanwhile, cultists devoted to the Bhagwan Ralph Nader plugged their ears and ducked for cover when they learned that Unit 1 at Three Mile Island nuclear power plant was cranked up and would soon be in service. And devotees of comparable worth whipped up a celebratory brew of cat's tails and bat's teeth in honor of the announcement by Governor Lauro Ortega Martinez of Morleos state, Mexico, that the state's 300-man transit police force would be fired and replaced by 300 senoritas, who the governor thinks "will be less susceptible to graft and corruption." Hasn't he seen "Dynasty"?

• American conservatives quickly dropped their opposition to the resumption of regular flights between San Francisco and Moscow when Mr. Pyotr N. Burgasov, the Soviet Deputy Minister of Health, announced that there had been no cases of AIDS reported in the USSR—the disease, said Mr. Burgasov, is "connected with social dissolution," which explains everything. The publicity-shy Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini ordered his aides to remove his picture from all Iranian mosques and replace it with pictures of "assiduous peasants and diligent officials." As we go to press, discouraged aides are still wandering the streets of Tehran, Instamatics in hand. Mr. Gulistan Koru, of Ankara, Turkey, put up for sale his fourteen-room brothel, already outfitted with twelve working girls, for $150,000. Mr. Koru says he is repenting after a numinous visit to Mecca, where in prayer he was reminded of the Islamic injunction to "Buy Low, Sell High." And the Associated Press reported that unseasonably warm weather in Brussels had caused thousands of fish to choke to death in the Meuse River.

• On the legal front, the idealism of the New Frontier claimed another casualty when a jury rejected the insanity defense of Mr. John Cardinale and

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convicted him of murder for pushing a Chinese woman, Mrs. Li Yung Cheung, in front of a New York subway train. Mr. Cardinale had served in Thailand with the Peace Corps and said that ever since he has been followed "by Asian demons who wanted to take his masculinity because he had dated Asian women." Dr. William Brady, the state of Oregon's medical examiner, was threatened with dismissal when it was learned that he had been selling pituitary glands from cadavers in his care to raise money for office parties. Laymen were puzzled by a Florida appellate court's refusal to allow attorneys for rape defendant John Ted Wright to introduce as evidence a wooden model of Mr. Wright's penis, which he claims is nine inches long "in the flaccid state"; the court reasoned inscrutably that the evidence was neither "material or probative." Pending the outcome of his trial Mr. Wright might want to consider moving to Australia, where Defense Minister Kim Beazley announced that his army had purchased 541,000 condoms because tests had proved the versatile devices were large enough to "waterproof such items as the gun barrels of tanks."

• In Telford, England, a Taiwanese-owned electrical company, Tatung, banned laughter in the work place for its 800 employees, and the annual Oktoberfest in Munich concluded after revelers drank 5.5 million quarts of beer and 4500 fun-lovers were treated at the first aid station for "loss of consciousness." Mrs. Rosalynn Carter was the apposite choice to dedicate "Northern California's first psychiatric hospital run by women exclusively for women" when it had its grand opening in San Francisco. "We help women learn how to value being feminine, how to honor that and bring that to a relationship with a man," said program director Emily Lyon as the Steel Magnolia, who hears it at home, nodded off. Chicago may want to consider something along the same lines after word came that Mr. Loveless Austin of Chicago bludgeoned Ms. Essie Stella, also of Chicago, when he discovered that Essie, whom he had been dating, was not in fact a woman but a "very good looking" transvestite.

• The spirit of détente reigned in Washington as the President prepared for his summit with the suave Love God, and it also lifted the heart of Miss Regina Merrical, of Salem, Oregon, who let bygones be bygones and gave her hand in marriage to her erstwhile stepfather, Mr. James Henry, currently residing in Oregon State Penitentiary for raping her. Heavenly Dolls, Inc., of Littleton, Colorado, a subsidiary of Super Dolls Corp., of Brooklyn, New York, announced the sale of its Baby Jesus Dolls this holiday season as its way of putting the Christ back into Christmas. "I think that people are getting to the point where they want something to believe in again," said the founder of Heavenly Dolls, Miss Rita Edler, although she made no mention of the Bhagwan's hard luck. The thirteen-inch doll that Miss Edler wants us to believe in comes with a "detachable non-toxic glow-in-the-dark halo," is wrapped in a blue blanket—called "swaddling clothes" outside marketing circles—and is available in "Anglo, Hispanic and black models." Finally, Mr. Musyoka Mututa, known in his native Kenya as the "man who cheated death," was caught short this time and actually gave up the ghost. On three previous occasions Mr. Mututa had been declared dead only to prove himself a kidder of the first rank by rising from the coffin at his funeral and demanding a drink. This time the family left him unburied for two days, just in case, but Mr. Mututa didn't crack a smile. "He told me that the fourth time would be for good," his brother said. *—A.F.*

CORRESPONDENCE

The Liberal Majority

Although I enjoyed Jeremy Rabkin's spirited attack on the conservative as well as liberal appeals to victimized minorities ("The Vacant Majority," *TAS*, October 1985), one of his premises is open to question. Like conservative populists until recently, Professor Rabkin seems to believe that the majority of Americans hold sounder moral and social views than the liberal politicians and judges who claim to speak for them. Note my use of the term "seems," since I am not sure whether Rabkin believes that there is a conservative majority—or whether he is simply advocating the tactic of conservatives' appealing to one. Whatever the case, I suggest that he is overly optimistic about the present soundness of popular moral and political judgments. The American people have voted for a liberal Congress. A majority of my fellow-Illinoisans who voted last year elected an openly liberal Democrat as U.S. Senator. It is highly doubtful that anyone with Jesse Helms's views would advance very far in Illinois politics. Indeed even our conservative politicians are less conservative than they used to be. Barry Goldwater opposed the 1964 Civil Rights Act—as did Ronald Reagan. But President Reagan is cautious even about opposing minority quotas. Although a longtime critic of the New Deal, as President he has made only minimal changes in phasing out Democratic social programs.

One reason that conservatives have grown less conservative is that the majority of the American people have. The leftist news media and the bias of educators and other intellectuals have begun to tell. Gallup, Harris, AEI, and other polls show that Americans are more liberal on racial, sexual, and social matters than ten years ago, even if they are still less liberal than TV news announcers or many college professors. Howard Phillips may be right in trying to claim victimized status for those groups whom conservatives wish to help. It may be the only tack left to us.

—Paul Gottfried
Rockford College
Rockford, Illinois

Mississippi Realignment

John A. Barnes's excellent article, "The New New South," in the September *American Spectator* paints rather too bleak a view of municipal politics in Mississippi.

According to Mr. Barnes, "Several prominent mayors and city council members in Mississippi who switched to the Republicans were defeated in local elections last June (although the total number of local Republican elected officials in that state increased slightly)." In fact, of the fifteen incumbent Democratic municipal officials who switched to run as Republican this year, twelve won re-election; and the three who lost all ran in the same city—which means that only one mayor lost, and not several, as Mr. Barnes implies.

As for the "slight" increase in the total number of Republican officials on the local level, in June we increased their number by thirty percent. An ensuing election, which had been delayed because of the courts, has yielded a clean sweep for the Republicans in yet another small town, demonstrating that, in Mississippi, realignment is doing quite well, thank you.

—Patrick Dean
Communications Director
The Mississippi Republican Party
Jackson, Mississippi

John A. Barnes replies:

Mr. Dean is correct in noting that only three Democratic officials who switched parties were defeated in Mississippi's local elections last June. However, Democrats did defeat several Republican mayors who had been elected in their own right, causing the GOP a net loss of two mayoralties in the state's twenty largest cities, from five to three. I don't believe this error undermines the thrust of my argument that the GOP's gains in the South remain tenuous and subject to change.

As for the "slight" increase, the best figures I have show the number of Republican local elected officials in the state going from 89 to 113 (the subsequent election Mr. Dean cites may have upped that number a bit). Whether this gain was modest or impressive in the context of hundreds of such officials statewide is for the reader to decide.

We've Got What It Takes

I place myself securely in the left-wing camp when it comes to political thought, but I am not so preoccupied with the disturbing differences between "American" society and "ideal" society that I cannot have a good time.

As a seasoned college student, I have been conditioned to view reading as a real chore, but (ignoring the self-referential problems inherent in this clause) every rule has an exception. Reading *TAS* is fun! I was suckered last year by the "American Educational Services" mass-subscription outfit into subscribing to a number of well-known but eminently boring publications. My *TAS* subscription was the only one to survive renewal time intact. I read it cover-to-cover. Even book reviews (dangerous stuff to a poor college student).

Why does *TAS* refresh me so? The left-wing views to which I adhere are almost invariably presented in a desperate tone engendered by the refusal of the real world to behave ideally. Nowhere in liberal literature does one find the brazen smugness which peppers the pages of each *TAS* installment. You people are even smug in your discussions of conservative America's supposed doldrums!

You folks are usually wrong, but you're *always* entertaining.

—Matthew G. Hannah
College Park, Maryland

(Editor's note: See pages 34-38 for "Special Correspondence" on the future of Europe, NATO, and Peregrine Worsthorne.)

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EDITORIALS

SICKLE CELL AMNESIA

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

I should think that back in the Kremlin these days there are patriotic types who find the American press's sudden discovery of the suave Gorbachev vaguely offensive, a reminder, if you will, of just how pervasive the hellish anti-Soviet mentality really is in that faraway land where the bankers hold sway. The Yankee press may find General Secretary Gorbachev stupendously superior to the average Soviet *shishka* in terms of wit, winsomeness, and tailoring. But in Moscow wit and winsomeness abound, and there has always been a quiet pride taken in the traditional three-button Soviet suit with its dashing cube-look and exquisite materials—light tarpaulin for summer heat, collision matting for the chill of winter.

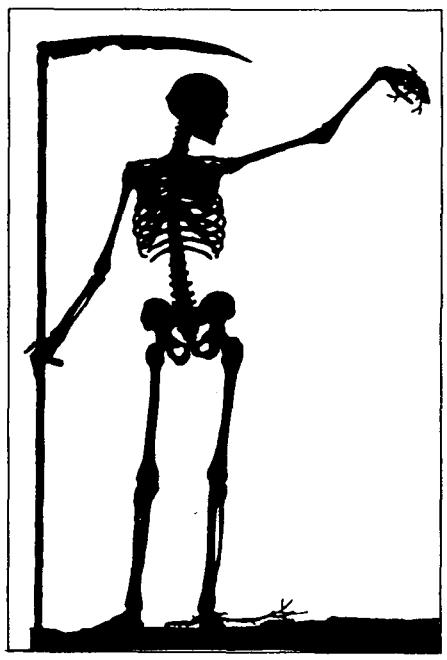
If our journalists think that they are sweetening the Soviets up by oohing and aahing over Gorbachev's unique social graces, they are regrettably in error. Chernenko, Andropov, and Brezhnev were all hail fellows well met by Soviet lights, and as for Gorbachev's haunting beauty, there is not a man on the Politburo who does not compare himself very favorably with the present General Secretary. The press's tendency to express astonishment over the virtues of each incoming Soviet leader is obviously beginning to irk the Soviets. They think they live in a very charming land, and now the redoubtable *Time* magazine reports that Gorbachev seems to sense their pique. Through an aide he has insisted that "There is no Gorbachev style. . . . There can be no new style of leadership."

To see the stalwarts of the American press corps all goose-stepping together once consensus has been established does weaken one's faith in the need for the First Amendment. It may protect free expression, but it certainly has failed to encourage diversity of opinion among the media's major voices. During and immediately after the General Secretary's visit to Paris, America was suffused with balderdash about his style and "image." If there was any dissent it was played pianissimo. The *Wall Street Journal*'s editorial page did record hilarious American estimates of past Soviet leaders: Khrushchev, surprisingly well-tailored, a potential leader of American labor, or, in industrialist Cyrus Eaton's eyes, "head of one of our greatest corporations"; Brezhnev, earthy, eager, and, according to *Time*, comparable to LBJ; Stalin, friend of the underprivileged, champion of the masses, and, in *Life*'s words, Russia's "combination of Tom Paine, Horace Mann, Henry Kaiser, and Jim Farley, rolled together with Clifton Fadiman, George Washington, Henry Wallace, and Paul Bunyan." But the *Journal*'s editorial page is unique, serving as a kind of *samizdat* for the 60 percent of the electorate that voted for Ronald Reagan in 1984.

The European press, supposedly so decadent and soft on Communism, dealt soberly and skeptically with Gorbachev's travel to Paris. The French even snickered, ribbing Mrs. Gorbachev for lapses into dowdiness and on one occasion for failing to change her linen. *Liberation*, a popular radical paper, got a good laugh out of how Gorbachev slurped oysters, his little finger pointing idiotically toward his forehead. If back home the scriveners were solemn to the point of being sentimental one reporter, upon beholding the leader of the world's preeminent dictatorship, gibbered of Gorbachev's "quiet authority . . . expressed in subtle ways: the soft, authoritative voice, the deferential attitude of his aides; even the way he stands, feet slightly apart like a boxer ready for a new sparring partner." Gangway, I am in need of a restorative!

There is here a huge egotism that is longstanding and not unique to American journalists. As the *Wall Street Journal* has demonstrated, Americans are forever traveling through foreign lands, imagining the locals to be just like us. Thus dictators are seen as Presidents, a Soviet head of state on a propaganda sally is seen as a campaigning American pol, honing his "image." Yet there is more here than egotism. The childish conformity of the press as it serves up the week's big story suggests that its members suffer from what the shrinks call abulia, the inability to decide or to act independently. Poets have suffered it before. Verlaine was made pathetic by it in his last days. Why should the poets of America's media be considered free of the disorder, especially when they so slavishly manifest its symptoms? Consider this: Of all the 100 or so famous faces of broadcast media there is only one who might be regularly identified with the views of Ronald Reagan's 60 percent, George Will. How he has shaken abulia I do not know. Perhaps he has an unusually effective psychiatric counsel. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



IN DEFENSE OF THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE

Modern America is always aburst with political change. In recent years there appeared neoconservatives and populist conservatives. Neoliberals have flumped into our midsts, and now there are the reactionary progressives, those being the champions of 1970s stand-pattism. The policies of the recent past are sacred to them, no matter how futile or palpably pernicious. All that the reactionary progressives would change is the funding, which is never sufficient to the task at hand. Anyone who seeks fundamental change is suspect not only of impiety but also of being a clandestine Scrooge.

That is how Secretary of Education William Bennett's proposal to change the federal government's bilingual education policy is being greeted by critics. They would rather not take up his argument that present policies have proved futile. Instead they claim he secretly plans to cut back the $140 million now spent on bilingual programs, despite his assertion that "If Congress is willing to grant us more flexibility, I would be willing to ask for an increase in appropriations, something along the lines of 10 or 15 percent." In effect they are saying one cannot trust this innovator. He lies.

This is the way the debate over policy change has been waged for some years now. If a policy-maker claims that change is needed in civil rights policies owing to changes that have taken place

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in society, the champions of stand-pattism assert that the innovator is a dissembler and an opponent of minorities. If a policy-maker claims that change is needed in welfare policies to bring the poor out of the ghetto and into productive lives, the champions of stand-pattism assert that the innovator is an opponent of the poor—and you know how many of your fellow Americans are out to get the poor. Think of all the anti-poor jokes one hears and the plots to keep the poor wretched.

Bennett insists that his changes in bilingual education are "to ensure that students learn English." He hopes to increase flexibility in bilingual programs so that "local school districts" can "pursue whatever educational methods they judge best suited to help non-English speaking students learn English." Current policies "rely almost exclusively on instruction in the youngsters' native language," leaving students with English skills that are "no better than the skills of those who simply remained in regular classrooms where English was spoken, without *any* special help."

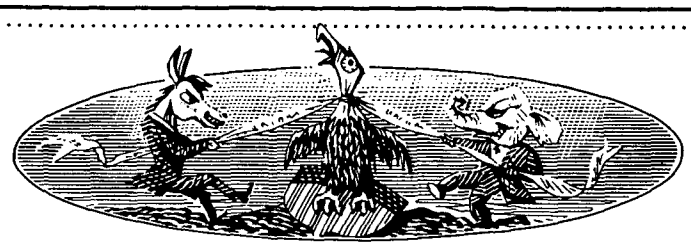
This should come as no surprise. Learning a foreign language is arduous and uncertain. Foreign language instructors always prescribe perseverance and full immersion in the language being taught. Why should such prescriptions not apply, at least occasionally, to youngsters learning English?

The truth is that many Americans, even many teachers, do not care all that much about English or about any other language as it is spoken and written on these shores. This is not France where the native language is revered. Nor is it the British Isles where practically everyone contributes to the music of the spoken word. This is America where grammar and diction are sacrificed by the vulgar urge to emote rather than to speak vividly and correctly.

Thus we hear news and sports commentators as they reduce spoken English to a series of yells, and the verb as a part of speech seems to have disappeared completely: "Marino, back to pass. The pass, to Moore. Touchdown, Moore." Next to this patois, Dizzy Dean was Shakespeare. The problem today with bilingual education, as with so much else in American life, is not that we have the wrong values but that we have no values, at least none that we will resolutely defend. It is hard to believe that Bennett's critics care all that deeply whether, say, Hispanics learn English. If they did they would note the unpromising results of present policy and throw in with Bennett's less rigid approach.

Bennett values higher education and is serious about improving it. He is himself learned and thoughtful. Not many years ago he was a liberal Democrat. Today he is doing the same thing he would have been doing in his liberal days, namely: suggesting reforms to advance opportunity for all. Bilingualism has failed to make a sufficient number of foreign-speaking students bilingual. It is time to let local authorities try new approaches. Only the reactionaries object. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



LUNCHEON REVERIES

by Tom Bethell

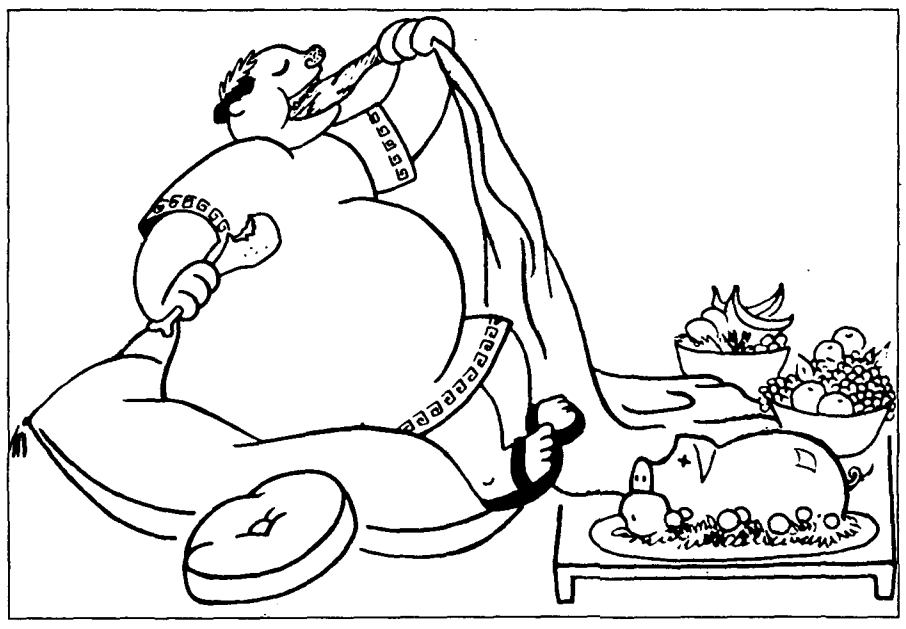
It's surprising to find someone like Congressman Jim Courter, a conservative Republican, representing the congressional district that includes Princeton, New Jersey. Although Princeton itself votes inevitably for the Democratic candidate, Courter wins comfortably in his district, capturing 66 percent of the vote in 1984. His voting record suggests that congressmen have more philosophical latitude than is generally recognized. Put another way, most liberal legislators from the Northeast are that way not so much because their constituents want them to be as because *they* want to be.

I had lunch with Mr. Courter recently in one of those subterranean dining rooms inside the Capitol Building, where clocks light up, buzzers ring very few minutes warning of impending votes, and everything happens at about double speed of normal restaurants, for half the price.

Courter is surely a "comer" in conservative politics. Most conservatives must appreciate the issues at an instinctive level. Courter can really articulate them. He is 44, and was first elected in 1978. Before that he was in the Peace Corps in Venezuela, and worked as an assistant prosecutor in Warren County. Now he is making a name for himself as a member of the House Armed Services Committee. One of his main concerns these days is the use of the 1972 ABM treaty to obstruct development of the strategic defense system known as Star Wars.

"Incredible" was the word Courter used to describe the present situation. Since the development of intercontinental ballistic missiles in the 1950s we have lived in this shadow of worry about a potential surprise attack by the Soviet Union, a country which has aggressively sought world domination since 1917 and doesn't hesitate to say so. In the 1980s comes an unexpected deliverance: the technological capacity to destroy these missiles in mid-flight (an offshoot of the computer revolution). So how do we react?

President Reagan is keen on the idea but President Nixon is not (he signed the ABM treaty, after all), and Nancy Reagan . . . well did you know she has been strolling the beaches of Martha's Vineyard with Katharine Graham and Bill Styron (*the* Bill Styron) . . . and playing kiss-and-make-up with the whole Martha's Vineyard set? Because she wants to be, how should one say, *accepted* . . . invited to the right parties by those gloriously languid, thin, and powerful people at the Social Summit. Don't talk about the Geneva summit, Samovar & Dialogue with the Marxist-Leninist Philosophy Professor, Raisa, and her tubby hubby . . . And of course what the Vineyard Crowd tells Nancy is quite simple and straightforward: "Nancy, if the President can be persuaded to give up Star Wars, don't worry. We can guarantee him an Assured Place in History, and a handshake with the King of Sweden, although he'll have to share the latter with Mikhail, of course . . ."



"It's incredible," Courter was saying, his voice, the winking clocks, and buzzing bells finally piercing the fog of my reverie. "We argue that putting up defenses is intimidating to the attacker. Defenses are threatening!"

That was it, you see (I went slinking off playing mental hookey again, although I was sitting there nodding agreement whenever the Congressman said anything) . . . The Americans are

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.*

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really afraid of the Soviets, our reaction to Star Wars is fear of how the Soviets will react if we threaten to shoot down their missiles . . . Not entirely irrational either because they really are dangerous, could decide that if their missiles were neutralized they'd be through as a superpower . . . So we pretend that the ABM works to our advantage by tying *their* hands when we know perfectly well it ties ours . . .

The Princeton Congressman (he is wearing a very smart navy-blue pinstriped suit) was trying to draw my attention to the rationale for signing the 1972 ABM . . . let us not dignify it with the word "treaty" . . . piece of paper more like. "Mutual vulnerability would encourage the reduction of arms," he said. "That was the theory when they signed the treaty." I tried to concentrate on what he said. It wasn't easy with the waiters rushing about, and the menu to cope with. Suddenly, another and apparently critical bell rang and Mr. Courter had to dart off to the House floor for a vote (somewhere above us I think). Meanwhile I voted for an omelette and sank back into another reverie . . .

Vulnerability encourages the reduction of arms . . . Hmmmmm, this is like saying the absence of armor will induce the enemy fleet to reduce the bore of its guns. How about that? Give your castle thin walls and the enemy will come at you with smaller battering rams. A small-battering-ram world is safer than a world with large, destabilizing battering rams. Bullies don't have to pack so much punch if their potential victims don't wear padding! Therefore bullies are less dangerous in an unpadded world . . . Of course another possibility is that the bullies would figure out they could rule the world without having to throw a punch . . . Trouble with these arms controllers is that they are obsessed with quantity, don't think about intentions, have the whole thing worked out in their heads like a game with chips and counters. On their theory Gorbachev could force us to surrender by ordering hydrogen-bomb assembly-line comrades to work overtime. Soon they would have so many bombs Gerard Smith and Lou Cannon, the *Washington Post*'s resident arms control advocate and Richard Nixon admirer, would tell us *now we must submit to reality* . . .

"It's incredible," I said to Mr. Courter, who had cast his vote on some utterly mysterious issue, I'm sure unrelated to strategic defense. (Must make note to ask Richard Perle what this word "strategic" means.)

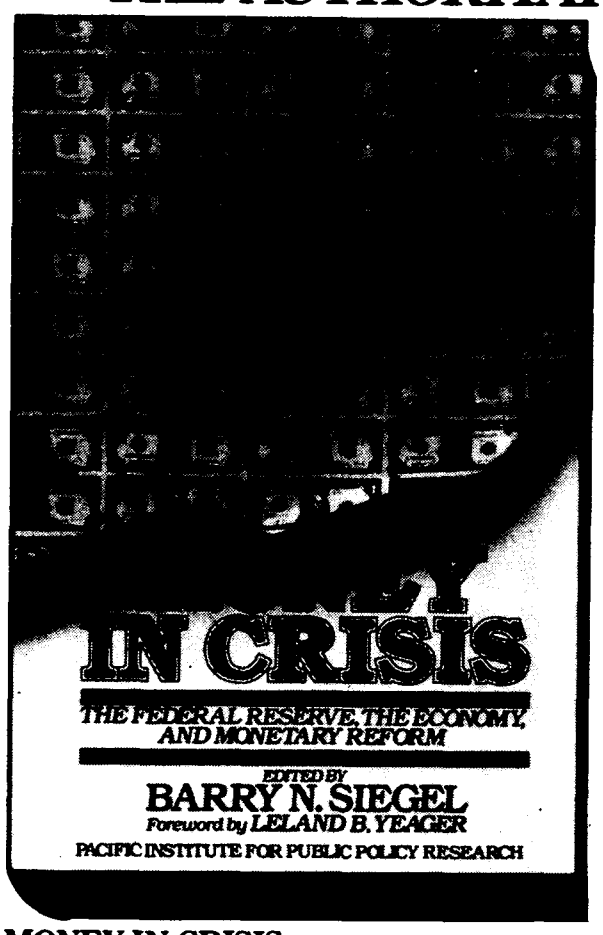
"Where were we?" Mr. Courter seemed pleased to have made a convert, but he had been following another train of thought himself.

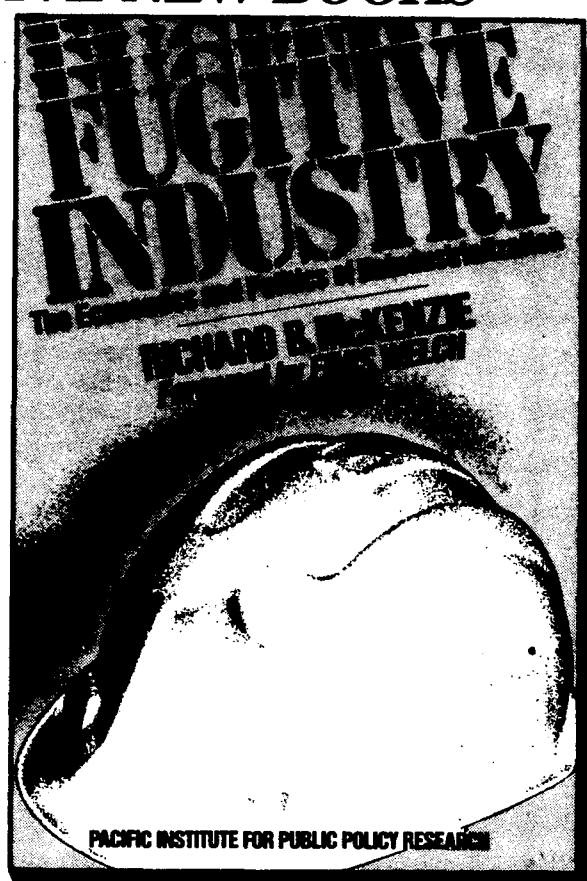
I decided to ask him about the balance of sentiment in the House of Representatives about defending ourselves against Soviet missiles. You would have thought it would be overwhelmingly in favor, right? But here is what he said. About "a quarter of the House" is "bullish" about Star Wars. They understand it, like it, and would "proceed with full funding" right away. Then there is another group of about the same size that is "one hundred percent against it." And that leaves about half the House which, Courter said, "is playing a waiting game, trying to determine which way the body politic is going." At some point, he said, they are going to have to "get off the fence," but they don't want to right now, and which *side* they get down is going to be the object of much upcoming propaganda.

"Incredible," I said.

Here was the unpleasant thought that came to me as I picked at my omelette. What deters the Soviets from attacking us (obviously) is the possibility that we will retaliate. But would a country that was *too intimidated* to strap on a suit of electronic armor in the face of Soviet threats and West

THE AUTHORITATIVE NEW BOOKS


IN CRISIS
THE FEDERAL RESERVE, THE ECONOMY, AND MONETARY REFORM
EDITED BY
BARRY N. SIEGEL
Foreword by LELAND B. YEAGER
PACIFIC INSTITUTE FOR PUBLIC POLICY RESEARCH



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European cringing and whimpering, have the courage to strike back if attacked? The Soviets might well conclude, and reasonably conclude, that we would not. Having sustained a first strike, such a counter-thrust would be bitterly opposed domestically (by the same people who now oppose Star Wars), on the grounds that deterrence had now failed and would only involve the massive loss of innocent life (an argument that would appeal to Reagan, on his recent showing).

It is the feeling of some on Courter's staff that Reagan would like ultimately to finesse the Star Wars issue, by keeping research and development going for the next three years, but leaving his successor to make the hard decision about deployment. It will be "hard" in the sense that it will certainly involve repudiating the ABM treaty. The Soviets are certainly not going to permit renegotiating a "treaty" that is working so satisfactorily for them. But in time the evidence that the Soviets themselves are installing Star Wars will become undeniable, and then we either deploy it or die. Reagan himself won't make any such decision, however. Repudiating ABM will make a lot of people mad and that Reagan cannot take.

One thing I wanted to ask Mr. Courter about: It is often said that Star Wars won't work because the Soviets will be able to "swamp" the defensive system by simultaneously launching "thousands" of missiles. I was thinking about this one day while watching a Cape Canaveral "countdown" on TV. *Can you imagine the technical and bureaucratic problem involved in getting thousands of these mothers up at the same time?* Admittedly missiles are simpler, but they are still immensely complex, with a thousand things that can go wrong. "I'm always amazed when we launch anything at all," an Air Force major at Vandenberg Air Force Base told the *Los Angeles Times* last year. (This is where we test-fire our missiles—out into the Pacific ocean.) "We had one Minuteman that we tried to launch every night for a year."

I can believe it. But if we find it difficult, I'm sure the Soviets encounter even more problems with their missiles. Which means two things: It would be difficult for them to launch one of those hypothetical first strikes where they knock out all our missiles at once. And it would be difficult for them to "swamp" Star Wars.

I mentioned all this to Courter and he said that he had never even heard the subject brought up in all the Armed Services Committee hearings he had attended. For some reason I felt vindicated, although logically I could have been on the track of irrelevant minutiae. Courter seemed interested and said he would "get back to me" on it.

He did, too. He checked with some high-level aide to Caspar Weinberger who came back with the news: No problem—the Soviets can and do engage in simultaneous missile launches. (They test-fire theirs from their actual silos, which gives them quite an advantage, although it must be uncomfortable for the Soviet population.) I still felt a nagging doubt about this, so I checked with the great Richard Perle himself. He was sitting and drinking Turkish coffee in his cozy, booklined lair in the Pentagon. It is the sheer unruffled calmness of the man that always impresses me. I posed my question, and my intuition was that he didn't welcome it. Maybe I was just clinging to my own theory. He told me the Soviets indeed have test-fired missile "salvoes." (But how many in a salvo? I didn't ask.)

You can see why this might be a sensitive area, as far as the Pentagon is concerned. If missiles are hard to fire, that makes a first strike difficult. Which (I should have thought) makes the MX superfluous. But it also augurs well for Star Wars. □

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William McGurn

AN EYE FOR AN EYE

The Shultz doctrine of retaliation in theory and in practice.

In wake of the successful October 1 strike by Israeli F-15 fighter-bombers on the Tunisian headquarters of the Palestine Liberation Organization, it's hard to know whom to blame most for the ensuing confusion. The candidates are legion. There's the United Nations Security Council, which voted 14-0 to condemn "vigorously the armed act of aggression" by Israel, with the U.S. abstaining. More might have been expected from the European states, but London, Bonn, Rome, and Madrid rushed in to lend their voices to the chorus of condemnation, later formalized in the European Parliament. President Reagan, who redeemed himself a week later by ordering U.S. planes to bring down the Egypt Air Boeing 737 carrying a group of PLO terrorists, is not without sin, having backed down on his initial strong stand. Nor is Israeli Defense Minister Yitzhak Rabin, for encouraging the moral equivalence crew with his unfortunate statement in the *Economist* that Israel "reserves the right to fight terror with terror."

My own inclination was to blame U.S. Secretary of State George Shultz, responsible for the Reagan Administration's second-guessing of what it originally recognized as "a legitimate . . . expression of self-defense." Within hours of that Administration statement, Mr. Shultz deliberately muddied the waters by telling the Gulf Cooperation Council in New York that the U.S. opposes "the rising pattern of violence in the region, including the latest incident of the attack on PLO headquarters in Tunisia."

This is the same man who less than a year earlier made headlines when he called for swift and sure action against terrorists, insisting that "the worst thing we could do is change our principled policies under the threat of violence." At the time, many observers took the speech as a watershed in U.S. resolve to win the war against terrorism. Retaliation loomed large in that speech. "Public support for U.S. military actions to stop terrorists before they commit some hideous act or in retaliation for an attack on our own people is crucial if we are to deal with this challenge," said the secretary. A day later, President Reagan was telling reporters in Washington that Mr. Shultz's speech contained "nothing new that is not already policy."

Would that this were so. Unfortunately, at the first opportunity it had to put some flesh on these words the Reagan Administration acted almost Carteresque: the strong initial line, followed by Cabinet infighting and a quick retreat, culminating in a feeble attempt to please everyone and of course pleasing no one—not the Israelis, not the Tunisians, probably not Ronald Reagan himself. Israel's justifiable use of proportionate military force on a military target was placed on the same level as the PLO's habitual attacks on innocent civilians, and a chance to lay down a clear unequivocal anti-terrorist line was lost in the process. The retreat was led by Mr. Shultz. The man who last October 25 declaimed that to combat terrorism "we must be willing to use military force" this October 1 went on record as saying that there is "no military option" in the Middle East.

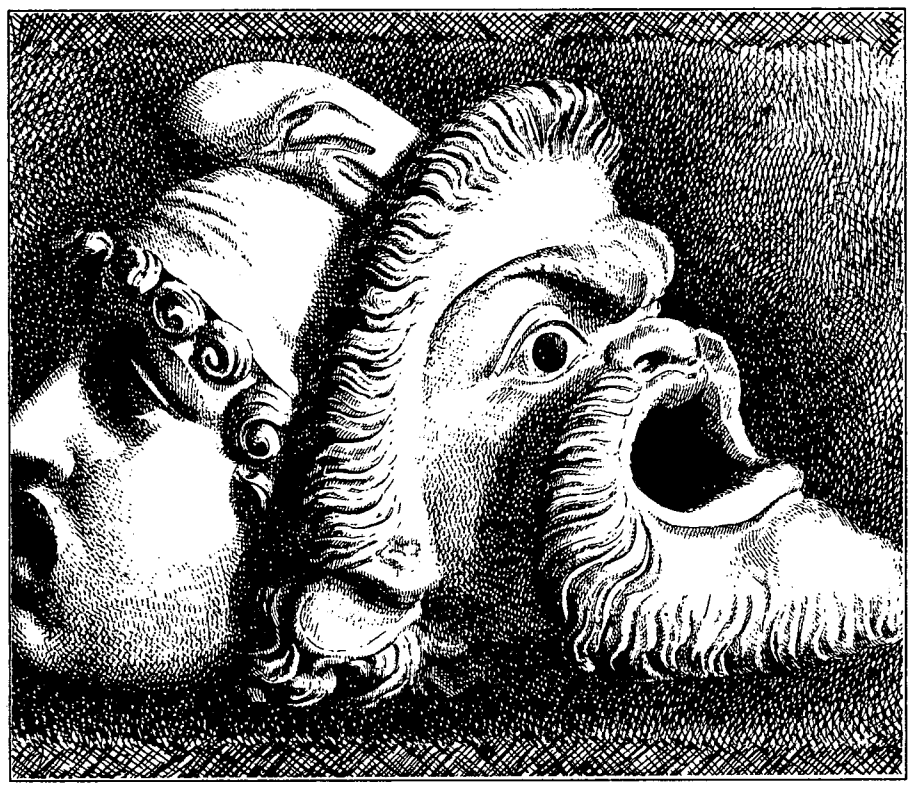
If true, then not even the dramatic capture of the four PLO pirates responsible for the seizure of the Italian cruise liner *Achille Lauro* and the murder of U.S. citizen Leon Klinghoffer make any difference. For if true, then the successful demonstration of American might was less a signal that the war is in earnest than a desperate (and successful) attempt to regain political face.

The reaction to Israel's blow to the world's most active terrorist group was another in a long line of failures by the West to define terrorism in such a way that would make the legitimate responses against it by governments intelligible and obvious to those governments' citizens. To expect leadership from a Europe that failed to support America in the invasion of Grenada demands an unbounded naiveté. Therefore the true failure was that of the United States, the failure of the world's leader to lead. U.S. support was not there at the crunch.

This failure was twofold. On the diplomatic front, the Administration in general and Secretary Shultz in particular found themselves caught between their obvious inclination to support the Israeli raid and their efforts to start peace negotiations in the Middle East. Had this taken place in, say, 1976, most likely candidate Reagan would have denounced the idea of placing negotiation above justice. Probably he would have argued that without the latter the former is meaningless.

The philosophical failure was even worse. For all its rhetoric about "the war against terrorism," the Reagan Administration hasn't even been able to define terrorism. Nowadays everything from the denial of food stamps to the U.S. interception of the Egyptian plane over the Mediterranean is denounced as a form of terrorism. To prevent this word from further debasement, we must get back to its core. Until people learn to equate terrorists with criminals deserving of punishment no matter what their political stripe, liberal democracies will find themselves on the defensive.

At its heart, terrorism is just what the word says: terror. But it is a particular kind of terror, fear as a constant state of mind rather than as a transitory feeling. The terror of terrorism lies in its indeterminateness, the feeling of the innocent that they are in a state of siege as in, say, Belfast or Beirut, where the grocer is as much a target (in practice, more of a target) as the general. In just-war terms, the terrorist is simply he who violates the



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distinction between combatants and noncombatants. He is the incarnation of the monstrous twentieth-century notion of total war, the idea that anything goes.

Under traditional Western ethics, codified in the Geneva Convention, taught in military manuals, and resting at the foundation of international law, the proper use of force must meet two criteria. First, the cause must justify the resort to arms, which is always a last resort. But the way this force is used must also be just. If these conditions sound difficult, that's because they're supposed to be; the presumption is against war. Although both principles—just cause and just conduct—carry equal weight, today the idea that there is an ethical way of fighting tends to be either forgotten or dismissed as hopelessly anachronistic. In an age saturated with an end-justifies-the-means simplicity, the PLO execution of Leon Klinghoffer, a 69-year-old man confined to a wheelchair, ought to come as no surprise.

Just conduct in war is governed by the dual principles of proportionate response and discrimination in the choice of targets. This latter is the basis for distinguishing between a guerrilla and a terrorist. The guerrilla limits his attacks to legitimate military (and in more restricted cases, political) targets, for example the French Resistance effort against the German occupation. The terrorist exercises no such scruples. Targets are all the same to him, with a school bus as open to attack as an enemy tank. Ask the Klinghoffer family.

Sometimes the line is hard to draw, especially with regard to political figures. At the moment, however, that's largely an academic difficulty. Taking just the PLO—the paradigm of the modern terrorist organization—it is interesting to compare its targets with those of the Israelis. In the last few weeks alone, the PLO struck against passengers enjoying a cruise in the Mediterranean, three people on a yacht off Cyprus, and a couple hiking near Jerusalem. The Israelis, on the other hand, struck at the command center from which they believe these and other similar attacks were launched. More important, the Israeli action was a *response* to an aggressive act, not itself an aggressive act. Chronology is important, too.

Often the best way to set one's compass in such matters is to find fatuousness and head toward its polar opposite. No better reference point exists than the *Nation*'s Alexander Cockburn. Writing in the *Wall Street Journal* before the Israeli raid, Cockburn attacked the *Journal*'s position on terrorism, concluding that the French sinking of the environmentalist ship "Rainbow Warrior" put France in the same league as Libya. Taking issue with Jeane Kirkpatrick's cogent analysis that "the French clearly did not intend to attack civilians and bystanders and maim, torture or kill," Cockburn apparently found too taxing the distinction between guerrillas (who may or may not be justified, according to other criteria) and terrorists. Nor did it bother him that the French, like the Israelis and unlike the hijackers of TWA flight 847, were reacting to a threat and responded by choosing a precise target. The French sinking of the "Rainbow Warrior" may or may not have been wrong (probably it was). But it was not terror. New Zealanders do not walk the streets, sail the seas, and fly the skies in fear of the French or the Israelis.

For all its rhetoric about "the war against terrorism," the Reagan Administration hasn't even been able to define terrorism.

The classic metaphor used to distinguish between legitimate and illegitimate uses of force is that of the policeman/criminal. It applies here as well. The key to the metaphor, of course, is that one doesn't argue from the similarities (both the policeman and criminal have guns, both may break the speed limit in the chase, each may kill the other) but from the differences: how and why they do these things. In his famous speech of October 1984, Mr. Shultz pointed out that "fighting terrorism will not be a clean or pleasant contest but we have no choice but to play it." Yet the surprising thing about the Israeli retaliation against the PLO is not how dirty it was from the just-war perspective but how clean.

First, it was not an initiative but a response to the brutal murder of three Israeli citizens. More important, Israel's armed forces appear to have discriminated in their target, confining it to the PLO headquarters from which, according to Israeli intelligence reports, the original slaying was ordered. The response was entirely different in character from the attack that provoked it. To put it another way, Israeli soldiers did not simply go down to the West Bank and line some Palestinians up against a firing squad.

An editorial in the *Times* of London placed Israel's reprisal into similar perspective. According to the *Times*, international law justifies reprisals under two conditions: "One is that the victim must appear to have been unwilling to give redress for his original offence—and must be clearly prepared to repeat it. The second is that the act of reprisal must be in proportion to the original crime." Though it cited Israel's violation of Tunisian sovereignty, the editorial concluded that the conditions for a justified reprisal were reasonably met. Implicit is the recognition that sometimes it is necessary to violate the letter of the law to uphold its spirit.

The description of the event given by Israel's ministry of defense confirms this interpretation. According to the Israeli chief of staff, Lt. Gen. Moshe Levy, and the Israeli air force commander, Maj. Gen. Amos Lapidot, the target was the main PLO headquarters from which terrorist operations have been mounted over the past three years. Lt. Gen. Levy noted that the Israeli bombers took special care to avoid hitting a boarding school nearby, concentrating on the buildings in the center of the large compound. All the defined targets were hit precisely. The result was a leveling of the targeted buildings, and 73 dead: 61 Palestinians and 12 Tunisians.

The raid had its sorrier aspects, in order the Tunisian dead and the violation of that nation's sovereignty. But outside of textbooks there are always grim aspects to any part of war, and in the end they do not outweigh the propriety of the reprisal. The Tunisian dead represent a horrible waste of human life. That these people should have had to pay with their lives for the actions of a terrorist group fighting a war not involving their country—indeed, a war that their country is one of the few in the region to oppose—highlights the tragic ripples that roll far out from the initial terrorist action. As a gesture of good will, the Israelis might offer reparations to the families of the Tunisians killed in the raid.

Here the Israelis might object that granting reparations implies acceptance of Israeli guilt for an act of aggression. They have a good argument. Combatants—terrorists as well as soldiers—who shield themselves with civilians bear the responsibility for any loss of civilian life that occurs as a consequence of any of their actions. Placing a command structure within civilian populations is the terrorist equivalent of hiding behind a woman's skirts; if the woman is injured or killed by authorities attempting to bring the criminal to justice the blood is on the criminal's hands. That is an accepted principle of warfare, though certainly it does not release the authorities from taking as many reasonable precautions as possible not to injure noncombatants. Judging from the precision of their bombing, and the relatively low number of innocents killed, the Israelis appear to have taken this precaution. But given that the innocents killed were citizens of a state not hostile to Israel, that they were not the target of the attack, and that Israel did violate Tunisian sovereignty, it would be no acceptance of Israeli guilt to offer reparations to those families.

As Defense Minister Rabin took pains to emphasize, the raid was not an attack on Tunisia. "We have no interest in a confrontation with Tunisia," he said. "The target was not Tunisia. The target was PLO headquarters that are in a situation of actual extraterritorial control over the area where they are settled in Tunisia." Ruling out an attack on PLO forces in Jordan, Prime Minister Shimon Peres said that Jordan was different because King Hussein had proved he did not tolerate terrorism. It is upon such crucial distinctions that the spirit of international law is maintained.

Nevertheless, Tunisia's outrage at the violation of its borders was to be expected. The question is whether the right to sovereignty overrules responsive action to terrorism. Michael Walzer addressed this very difficulty in his book *Just and Unjust Wars*, the problem of a peacetime strike into another country not responsible for the original offense. "If a government literally cannot control the inhabitants of the territory over which it supposedly presides, or police its borders, and if other countries suffer because of this incapacity, then surrogate controlling and policing are clearly permissible." Indeed, the violation of Tunisian sovereignty under these circumstances is the smallest problem presented by the Israeli raid.

Now, of course, Secretary Shultz is neither soft on terrorism nor a foe of Israel's right as a nation to self-defense. (Ironically, much of his speech last year cited Israel as the model in combating terrorism.) The secretary has other responsibilities he must try to balance. And in fairness, these extend beyond his interest in a Middle Eastern peace initiative.

Chief among the secretary's worries was the precarious position of Tunisia, whose 82-year-old President Habib Bourguiba is among America's staunchest allies in the region. Neighboring Libya recently expelled all Tunisian workers, diplomatic relations were broken, and the last thing the U.S. needs is a destabilized Tunisia that

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would give an opening to Col. Moammar Qaddafi. The Tunisians attributed the killing of several Tunisian Jews by a berserk policeman shortly after the air strike to anti-Semitic broadcasts beamed into Tunisia by Radio Libya.

The other concern pressing on Mr. Shultz's mind was the danger to innocent American lives were the U.S. to be too closely identified with the Israeli retaliation. There are still the six American hostages in the Middle East, and the Islamic Jihad announced that it murdered one of them, U.S. diplomat William Buckley, after learning of the Israeli attack. The U.S. has countless other tourists, diplomats, and expatriates around the world, all of whom are prime targets for kidnapping and murder, as the seizure of the *Achille Lauro* and the murder of Mr. Klinghoffer grimly demonstrated. In short, Mr. Shultz distanced himself from his tough stand of a year ago because he thought that such a stand would carry a high price.

Doubtless he was right. But the price we are now paying for waffling each time the issue arises—encouraging retaliation, but refusing to support anyone who actually retaliates—is higher still. Before ordering U.S. Navy F-14 Tomcats to bring down the Egyptian plane carrying the PLO members to Tunisia, President Reagan said in Chicago that however much one wants to retaliate, if innocent lives are threatened, well, then "you have to swallow your gorge and you don't do it." Similarly, back in June during the TWA hijacking he said he could take no action that jeopardized the hostages, the implication being that the U.S. can never do anything that risks innocent lives. The hope is that Mr. Reagan didn't really believe this, but was simply biding his time and waiting for the perfect opportunity to demonstrate what force can do. That is the savvy he demonstrated in ordering the invasion of Grenada. Even Jimmy Carter approved the attempt to rescue the Iranian hostages, which surely endangered both the hostages and innocent Iranians. His mistake was not to follow through, which has rarely been President Reagan's problem. The question is whether President Reagan, given his statements, would even give the go-ahead for such a rescue attempt.

We must hope that the decision to force down the Egyptian plane signals a future decisiveness as well. Because if the President's line about not doing so if innocent lives are at stake still stands, then little has been accomplished. Action must be U.S. policy, or innocent lives will continue to be threatened. As the *Wall Street Journal* said at the time of the TWA hostage crisis, without swift and sure retaliation repetition of terrorist acts is inevitable. "It is a sure thing," the paper said, "because the quite rational men who plan these incidents know two things about their strategy: It works and it carries no costs." Innocent lives depend on the Commander in Chief's willingness to take risks.

For President Reagan and others interested in peace in the Middle East, the conclusion to be drawn from the events of recent weeks is that peace is impossible until the PLO and its terrorist allies are defeated, not accommodated. After all, even the tenuous peace that exists now between Israel and Egypt owes itself to the latter's defeat in the 1973 Yom Kippur War and President Anwar al-Sadat's realization that the defeat was final. Similarly, the U.S. did not get the North Vietnamese to the negotiating table until President Nixon ordered the bombing of Hanoi. There is no dealing with terrorists any other way. The hijacking of an Italian liner ought to have taught Prime Minister Bettino Craxi that good relations with terrorists like the PLO don't mean much. Obviously, it didn't, because he released the suspected mastermind of the hijacking, Mohammed Abbas. Such an action by a Western premier shows how far from victory we really are in the war against terrorism.

The larger point is that if we are really engaged in a war against terrorism, we'd better be prepared to win it. It is immoral to wage a war one does not intend to win. For the world's liberal democracies—the targets, after all, of terrorism—this demands in turn a mustering of broad public support for the strong measures such a victory requires. This support must be generated from the top. It requires the forcefulness and eloquence George Shultz demonstrated last year in his speech, not his backpedaling of this year.

However noble their cause, however sincere their intentions, however deserving of redress the wrongs done to them, terrorists nullify these claims by their refusal to operate within civilized norms. To defeat them, moreover, the West must have enough faith in its system of values and enough confidence in its forces to meet the challenge. Israel's retaliation against the heart of the PLO was an admirable expression of such commitment. So was President Reagan's decision to bring to justice the terrorists responsible for the murder of one of his citizens, despite the opposition of some friendly Arab states. Both were impressive, courageous, and lonely stands. The time has now come to bring these efforts together, and welcome the help of all those who will join and ignore those who will not. □

William Tucker

WHY WE HAVE FAMILIES

In the past quarter-century we've undone what it took 3.5 million years to create.

The 1980s are shaping up as the "Decade of the Family." It is finally beginning to dawn on Americans that many of the things that have gone wrong with this country stem from the disintegration of the nuclear family.

The statistics are astounding. "By 1990 half of all American families may be headed by only one adult," announced *Newsweek* in a cover story entitled "The Single Parent." More than 25 percent of all children are now being raised in "single-parent homes"—up from 12.5 percent in 1970. In over 90 percent of all cases, this parent is the mother.

Single-parent homes quickly veer toward poverty. A staggering 54 percent of all single-parent families are below the poverty line, compared to 18 percent of two-parent families. Over 60 percent of black children are now living in single-parent homes, and 70 percent of these are officially classified as "poor."

Faced with this overwhelming evidence that something remarkable is happening, the really important competition has already begun—the race to define the problem.

As usual, liberals are first out of the starting gate, riding high on a horse called "The Feminization of Poverty." They have taken their usual early lead.

According to their interpretation, family breakups mainly victimize women. Since women are the victims, then the feminist agenda must be the solution. Raise women's salaries, legislate "comparable worth," eliminate "sex discrimination," and these truncated families of women-and-their-children will be able to take their rightful place in society.

I was up at Harvard last April when Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan presented his own somewhat similar analysis in a widely reported lecture series on the "Crisis in the Family." Senator Moynihan is an odd source for such ideas. His classic 1965 report, "The Negro Family: A Cause for National Action," which traced increasing black poverty to female-headed households, is more relevant today than it was twenty years ago. Unfortunately, Moynihan received so much criticism for being a "racist" that he

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now shies away from the issue.

Senator Moynihan's present interpretation is that *children* are the "new poor." "In the 1930s, everyone feared getting old because it meant falling into poverty," he said. "But government intervention, through social security, solved the problem. Today we face a situation where *children* are becoming an impoverished group," he argued. The solution—unfortunately—is increased welfare payments to female-headed households.

Moynihan casually brushed aside Charles Murray's argument that welfare is actually aggravating black poverty. "He hasn't been able to prove his case to me," Moynihan said grandly. Therefore the perverse incentives in the welfare system can be casually dismissed.

What was remarkable about Moynihan's performance—and about the entire liberal approach to the problem—is its incredibly shallow perception of the family as a human institution. Through the entire three days at Harvard, Moynihan made only one reference to the origins of the nuclear family. This was a vague suggestion that the nuclear family emerged "somewhere around the seventeenth or eighteenth century in Europe." Although I'm sure Senator Moynihan doesn't realize it, this notion is taken straight out of Friedrich Engels's portrait of the family as an "oppressive institution" invented by capitalism. The implication, of course, is that since we are now headed into a post-industrial welfare state, we can safely lay the nuclear family aside in favor of single-parent homes, "group" families, and whatever other kinds of "alternative" institutions catch people's fancies.

Even more remarkable is that all this ill-formed discussion is taking place at the precise moment when anthropologists have been revising evolutionary theory to put the nuclear family at the center of human culture. Not only is the nuclear family now believed to be as old as mankind itself. It also appears that the family may have been the primary social invention that turned us into human beings in the first place.

Since 1979, the anthropological view of the human family has changed rapidly. In that year, Owen Lovejoy, an associate of Donald Johansen (discoverer of the "Lucy" skeleton), proposed that the nuclear family was the first evolutionary step that lifted us above the apes and put us on the road to becoming human beings. The theory has since been elaborated in many ways, but the major premise still stands and most anthropologists now agree with it.

Thrilling confirmation of Lovejoy's thesis came in 1981 when anthropologist Mary Leakey discovered the "first human footprints" in a fossil lava bed in East Africa. Made more than 3.5 million years ago, they clearly indicate two creatures about four-and-a-half feet tall, walking upright.

What is most astonishing is the "family constellation" that can be inferred from the discovery. The fossil impressions show two different-sized creatures—probably a male and female—walking side by side. Mary Leakey thinks they were holding hands.

But there is also a third set of footprints, made by a smaller creature. They are within the larger footprints. It appears that a young child followed one of the adults across the newly fallen lava ash the same way a boy would follow his father's footsteps across a field of freshly fallen snow.

The nuclear family was not invented in Europe in the eighteenth century nor in Europe of the eighth century, nor even Ancient Egypt of the eighteenth century B.C. When the first diminutive human-like creatures walked on the planet 3.5 million years ago, they had already formed the nuclear family.

"The crisis in the family" is very much an American phenomenon. It is not occurring to the same degree in any other country.

There are really two things going on. First, divorce, for many reasons, has become easier. This has produced single-parent homes across the entire population. But something else is happening as well. Among American blacks in particular, families are no longer *forming*. Women are simply having children without bothering to acquire husbands—a practice that is the rule in nature, but has been almost unknown in human cultures.

How have we entered what can accurately be called "an evolutionary retrogression"? To answer this, we should review what biologists and anthropologists have discovered in the past ten years about why the human family formed in the first place. And we can start by asking a simple question that doesn't seem to require an answer: "Why do we have mothers?"

About ten years ago, biologists developed the concept of the "selfish gene." This theory essentially confirms Samuel Butler's aphorism, "A chicken is just the egg's way of making another egg." According to selfish-gene theory, the *gene* is the fundamental unit of evolution, with every living creature operating under an imperative to "spread its genes." One of the most immediate payoffs of selfish-gene theory has been an explanation of "motherhood."

Both male and female reproductive cells—the sperm and egg—carry half an offspring. As carriers of genetic material they are identical. Where they differ is in their *post*-conception reproductive strategy. "Sperm strategy" is built around the tactic of producing many offspring and hoping that a few will survive. "Egg strategy" is built around producing a few offspring and taking good care of them to ensure their survival.

Thus, there is a certain inherent promiscuity built into male reproductive strategy. The male's advantage lies in spreading as many sperm cells as possible as widely as possible. Eggs, on the other hand, are usually fewer and larger. They often come packaged with nurturing material for post-conception survival. Egg strategy is based on using resources wisely.

Once an egg has been fertilized, both male and female have an interest in seeing that it survives. But the job can often be handled tolerably well by only one parent. How is it decided which parent does the "mothering"? Selfish gene theory has provided an answer. It may not be very pretty, but it is a good thing to have in mind while designing social policies.

The answer appears to lie in the "first chance to abandon." After coitus, each parent knows that if he or she abandons the fertilized egg, the other parent will still be there to take care of it. Thus, the abandoning parent will have the opportunity to go out and mate with other partners, and increase his or her chance of "spreading its genes."

The parent who is abandoned, on the other hand, has a more difficult choice. If he or she now abandons the fertilized eggs, no one will be there to protect them. The abandoned parent may be able to go out and find other mating partners, but it will only face the same dilemma as before. Therefore, once the first parent has abandoned, the second parent's best bet is to stay and nurture the fertilized egg to viability.

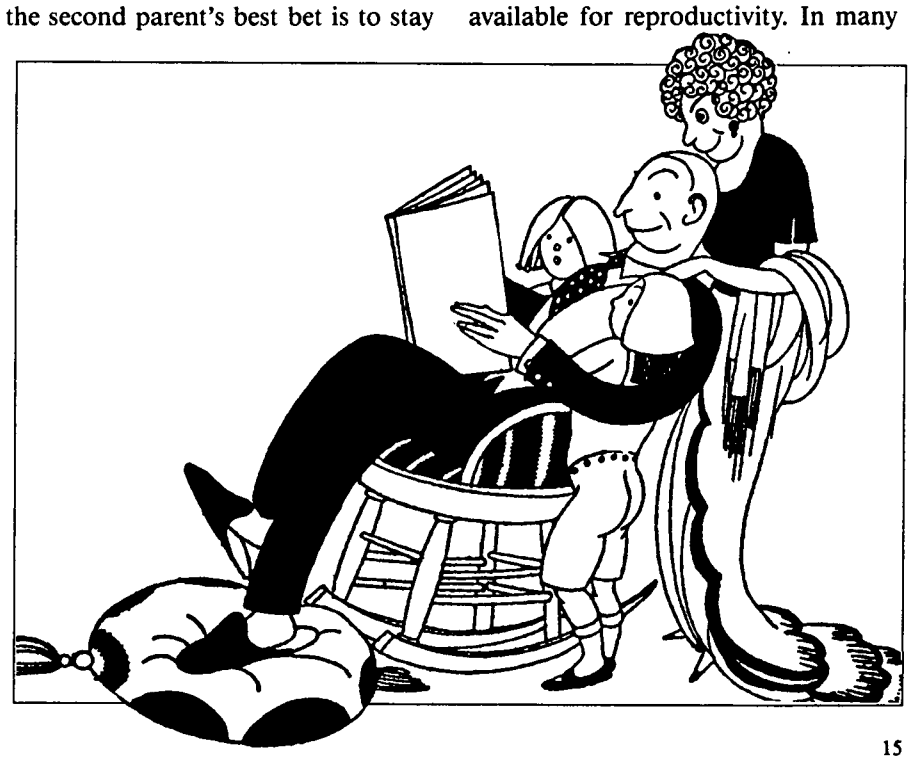
This is how "motherhood" comes into being. Of course, individual animals don't go through this reasoning process; such behavior has been selected through evolutionary history until it has become "instinctive."

In almost all species, the male deposits its sperm in such a way that the female is left "holding the egg." The female may carry the egg, or lay it, or nurture it within her body. In any case, the female is almost always left with the "last chance to abandon," while the male can be long gone. Thus, in the great majority of species, the female becomes the "mother."

There are a few exceptions, however, and they very nicely prove the rule. With many fish, for example, males care for the young. This is because, when fish mate, the female first releases her eggs into the water. Only then can the male fertilize them. By the time he is finished, the *female* can be long gone. Therefore, the male is left "holding the egg" and must assume the task of nurturing the young.

The pattern of female motherhood has become particularly well established among mammals, where females carry the fertilized eggs within their bodies over a long period of time. Moreover, because this extended period of gestation is more time-consuming, females have an incentive to nurture their young following birth as well. Mammals have extended post-natal "motherhood" far beyond that of most other animals. Chimp mothers, for example, nurture their babies for five years.

Thus, nearly all mammals form "families," but they are very different from the human family. Mammalian families almost always involve only the mother and her children. Males will often collect "harems" or "prides," but only to have a group of fertile females available for reproductivity. In many



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species, males and females live entirely apart, coming together only briefly during the mating season.

The mammalian family of mother-and-her-children became so common as to be almost a universal "law of nature." Yet once it became firmly established, evolution suddenly took another unexpected turn. It created the human family—the mother, her children, and that peculiar human invention, the "father."

To understand the implications of this unexpected turn in human evolution, we should take a look at those animals that form "pair bonds" between mating males and females. Birds are the best example.

The female is almost always left nurturing the young. But what if the job proves too difficult? What if it involves sitting on a nest for three months, for example, without the opportunity to hunt for food? The female cannot do it all herself. Nor can she expect to enlist other females—they have their own responsibilities. Her best bet is to persuade a male to help her. Which male? The one that fertilized her egg is the obvious candidate. How does she persuade him to help? The answer lies in one word—"courtship."

Since females usually have far fewer eggs than males have sperm, the female must be more selective in her mating habits. As a result, "female coyness" is very common in nature. "A man chases a woman until she catches him" is the way we express it, and this is quite correct. In nearly all species, males do the pursuing until the female makes her choice.

In many species, this behavioral pattern has evolved into courtship rituals. In courtship, the female makes the male go through a certain performance—a dance, a display of feathers, a nest-building enterprise—before making up her mind.

This ritual has two important consequences. First, it gives the female some informaton on which to base her decision. Does the male have beautiful plumage? Is he physically up to par? Is he capable of building a good nest? Second, it prolongs the mating procedure so that by the time it is over, the male no longer has the opportunity to seek other female partners. In courtship, the male's options become much more limited. All his eggs are now in one basket. Without the opportunity for promiscuity, he now has as much stake as the female in nurturing the offspring. Instead of being "irresponsible" (from the female's point of view), he now has a strong incentive to stay on as well. This is how "mated pairs" are created.

It is finally beginning to dawn on Americans that many of the things that have gone wrong with this country stem from the disintegration of the nuclear family.

Take as an example the emperor penguin. Mating among these birds takes place in the dead of the Antarctic winter, with temperatures often reaching 50-below-zero and winds at 100 miles an hour. The entire population pairs off in courtship rituals that take four to five weeks, leaving little room for illicit liaisons. After the female lays her egg, the couple takes turns sitting on it for two months, barely moving. They do not eat through the entire three-month ordeal, and may lose half their body weight. Nevertheless, the eggs hatch and the next generation arrives.

As mammals evolved, however, "nesting," which restricted both male and female, was no longer necessary. The female began incubating the egg inside her body. The male no longer had to stick around to protect his investment, and as a result, the need to form a "two-parent family" diminished. Few mammalian species form mating pairs. Almost none ever did, in fact, until human beings came along.

In terms of mating behavior, we have evolved remarkably over an astonishingly short period of time. Consider, for example, our closest cousins, the chimpanzees.

Chimps live in gregarious tribes of loosely associated males and females. The strongest bonds are those between mothers and their children, although males also form strong "friendships" among themselves. Mating is entirely promiscuous. When a female chimp goes into heat she advertises it by developing bright red buttocks. Males seek her out, and she will mate with all of them. In her book, *In the Shadow of Man*, ethologist Jane Goodall described the mating periods of "Flo," a very popular old female, who would attract males from miles around. Chimp copulation lasts only about 30 seconds, and Flo would often have a half-dozen males lined up, patiently waiting their turn.

This behavior makes sense for both males and females. As usual, males have a wide opportunity to spread their genes with minimal effort. For females, however, there is also an advantage. Living in gregarious social groups, chimp mothers have to deal with a large number of males every day. If paternity is uncertain, they can count on at least tacit protection from all the males. If they favored any particular male, however, they might face jealousy from other males, who might even harm their children. In other species, adult males often kill offspring that are not their own.

It is virtually certain that our evolutionary ancestors observed mating patterns similar to those of chimps today. Yet our mating rituals—our very biology—have changed completely. How and why did it happen?

In 1979, Dr. Lovejoy proposed that it had to do with the *spacing* of children. He pointed out that female chimps spend five years raising one offspring before they go into heat again. This is a huge investment of time. If males started helping females take care of their children, Lovejoy argued, the female could go into heat again sooner, spacing children only a year or two apart—exactly the pace at which humans reproduce today. Thus, the formation of the nuclear family would have given proto-humans an ever-so-slight evolutionary advantage—particularly in the harsh Pliocene environment in which we originally evolved.

Just how this family formation tied in with the emergence of other human characteristics is still a matter of intense debate. Did we start walking upright to bring vegetation back to a central place, as Lovejoy and others suggest? Or was it to catch small game or to defend ourselves while scavenging for meat on the African savannahs? No one is yet certain. But Lovejoy's major premise is now widely accepted—the formation of the nuclear family and two-parent child-rearing was a crucial step that occurred *at the beginning* of our evolutionary history.

The most persuasive evidence has come from human biology itself. As Edward O. Wilson, the founder of sociobiology, puts it, we are very "sexy" creatures. When compared to that of other animals, human sexuality has evolved to the point where we could almost be called "sexual connoisseurs."

Most notable is the human female's year-round sexual receptivity. All other mammalian females "go into heat," becoming sexually active only at very specific times of the year. They usually advertise this blatantly with smells or visual signals, such as the female chimpanzee's bright red buttocks. The human female, on the other hand, is sexually available all year round. Her fertile periods are so little advertised that a woman herself often does not know when she is ovulating. Thus human sexual activity is constant.

There are many other aspects to our well-developed sex lives. The male penis, for example, is about four times as large as the gorilla penis, even though gorillas have three times our body weight. Pubic hair is designed to set off the sexual organs. There is no known purpose for the enlarged female breast except to prove an attraction to the male—most mammals nurse their young very well with only a nipple.

The obvious purpose of these evolutionary developments seems to have been to bind the male and female together permanently through an active, year-round sex life. Human sexuality is evolutionary millennia away from the quick, 30-second copulations of our chimp and gorilla cousins. For us, sex is a leisurely, friendly, intimate activity.

Jane Goodall took note of these differences in the 1950s when she observed older male and female chimps grow affectionate and pair off for a few days after mating periods. They seemed to enjoy each other's company, she said, but there could be no sexual bond between them. The female, newly pregnant, would not be sexually receptive for another five years. Without the possibility of ongoing physical intimacy, these chimp couples soon drifted apart.

In 1983, anthropologist Helen Fisher pulled this information together in a book called *The Sex Contract*. She argued that the "sex bond" has been the key to human evolution.

Our upright posture, she noted, narrowed the female pelvis. This made childbirth more difficult. In most mammals, the gestation period is directly related to adult body weight.

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The bigger the animal, the longer it carries its young. Human beings, however, are slightly off the scale. As a result, we are all born a bit premature. This makes human children even more helpless, and thus creates another reinforcement of the two-parent family.

Fisher also noted that our diet seems to be formed around the male-female bond. Chimps are 95 percent vegetarian, the males hunting small animals only occasionally. Human societies, however, generally have a diet of about 30 percent meat. Moreover, there is a division of labor. In almost all primitive human societies males hunt while females gather vegetables and roots. The most effective way to pursue this mixed diet, Fisher pointed out, would be for a pair-bonded male-and-female couple to share their meat and vegetables. This became still another strand woven into the web of the pair-bonded nuclear family.

But what was the key behavior mechanism that triggered family formation? Writing from a mildly feminist viewpoint, Fisher suggested "the human female's increased capacity for sexual enjoyment." The female orgasm is unknown to other species, she pointed out, and females can theoretically exhaust several males in non-stop sexual encounters. It was this increased sexual capacity, argued Fisher, that tied a single male to his female partner, and bound him to child-rearing.

This is an attractive theory, but it has a serious flaw. Human females do indeed have an increased capacity for sexual activity, but that does not necessarily create a pair-bond. If only one woman possessed it, she could use it to attract and hold onto a male of her choice. But once every woman has it, we are back where we started. Males still retain an evolutionary advantage in promiscuity, while females have to worry about getting pregnant. The permanent sexual availability of every female does not automatically create a male-female bond. It only increases the opportunities for male philandering.

"What does a woman want?" was a question that puzzled Freud. The answer turns out to be very complicated. While it is true that human females have evolved into highly sexed creatures, with a capacity for sexual enjoyment greater than that of other mammals, this isn't the end of the story. Their evolution has only left them more vulnerable to the inherently more promiscuous males.

In short, once the human female developed this capacity for year-round sexual enjoyment, she had to turn around and repress it again, in order to attend to the age-old concern of binding the male to the task of raising children.

The evolutionary task assigned to the human female is indeed one of the most complex in nature. Human females obviously have a highly developed sexuality, yet most cultures have been built around courtship, chastity, and the "myth" of the female's lower sexual capacity. In almost every culture, women withhold sex in order to obtain marriage. This pattern predominated in our own culture up until less than twenty-five years ago. (When I was in college in the 1960s, I knew men who would sleep with every girl they met until they ran into one who refused them. Then they would marry that one.)

How is it decided which parent does the "mothering"? Selfish gene theory has provided an answer. It may not be very pretty, but it is a good thing to have in mind while designing social policies.

Yet these patterns have now been changed radically, if not entirely shattered. What has happened to undermine them? And what has it meant for family formation?

The most obvious new element is the sexual revolution. Birth control and abortion have erased the need for females to act coyly and to refrain from premarital sex in order to avoid getting pregnant.

A recent study among blue-collar families in Chicago, for example, shows that premarital sex is actually quite common. Couples often live together for more than a year without getting married. At some point, however, they "make a mistake" and the woman gets pregnant. At this point, they "have to" get married. To the researchers, it seems obvious that this "mistake" is actually a mutual consent between the couple that they are willing to make a long-term commitment. The possibility of abortion, however, has considerably disrupted this folk custom.

Like it or not, the new sexual freedom is now a technical possibility. Still, the sexual revolution is probably overrated as a cause of family breakups. Whatever havoc it may have caused originally is now largely over. Social custom is adjusting. Of probably much more lasting impact have been long-term changes in the divorce laws.

Traditional divorce laws were built around the principle that the *father* got custody of the children. Our immediate reaction may be to say this was determined by "male chauvinism." In fact the underlying principles were much different.

Consider again the biological impulses of males and females. The fundamental inclination of male sexuality leads to abandoning children and going on to produce others. The inclination is intensified in human males who can reproduce often well beyond the age of 50. It is always easier for a man to pick up his stakes and start a new family.

Female biology, on the other hand, argues for keeping the children. Women usually feel they have made a larger biological investment in their offspring. There is more physical pain involved, and it is much more difficult for a woman to begin reproducing anew after 40.

Thus, traditional divorce laws—awarding custody of children to the father—worked against the biological interests of both men and women, but in favor of the family and a family-oriented society. If men wanted to divorce, they couldn't just dance off care-free. They had to take the children with them. On the other hand, if women wanted to divorce, they couldn't just "take the children and run." They had to give up their children in the process. By working against the biological impulses of both men and women, paternal custody made divorce much more painful for both parties.

We, of course, have quickly and effortlessly dismantled this convention. Since the 1920s we have "liberated" ourselves by shifting the system to work in favor of both *individual* men and women, but *against* stable families. Women now routinely get custody of the children in most cases.

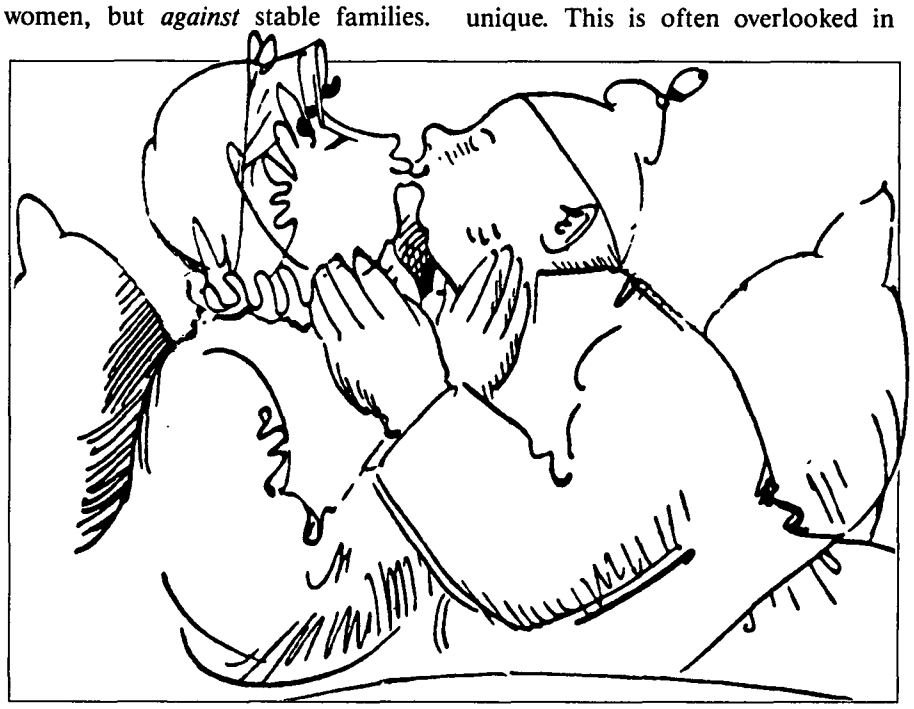
As a result, it is the easiest thing in the world for men to run off and leave the responsibility of child-rearing to the mother. Alimony payments once restricted this freedom, but lax enforcement and "no-fault" divorce have weakened the deterrent. It is also the easiest thing in the world for a woman to walk out on her husband (or ask him to leave), knowing that the courts will award her custody. As for the long-term social costs, everyone else pays the bill.

The male tendency to wander is well documented in history. What has been less recognized, however, has been the female desire to have children without going through the trouble of securing a husband. Women do not automatically desire to share their children. Jane Goodall noted that chimp mothers are very possessive and usually reluctant to allow their children to play with friendly males, even when the children themselves obviously desire it.

In truth, the family is really a carefully constructed compromise. The female exchanges sexual availability for male companionship. The male is assured of paternity by the promise of female chastity (as the saying goes, only women really know when they are raising their own children). The female gives up her claim to be the sole creator of life in order to secure male cooperation.

Yet this delicately created social institution cannot suffer too much disruption—particularly the kind of social mayhem that we have created over the past twenty-five years. The evidence of this can be seen in what has happened to the American black family.

The breakup of the family among blacks is a phenomenon that is almost unique. This is often overlooked in



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statistics that lump together black and white single-parent homes. Although 25 percent of the nation's families are now headed by single women, fully one-third of these are concentrated in the 12 percent of the population that is black.

Divorce rates among whites have soared in recent years. What is rarely observed, however, is that black divorce rates were always about double the white rate, and have *remained* almost twice as high as white rates have soared. Over half of black marriages now result in divorce—and this doesn't include the shifting common-law marriages that have become characteristic of lower-class black culture.

More important, however, is the rate at which blacks are completely failing to form families. Although 17 percent of white children are in single-parent homes, all but 2 percent of these are the result of divorce or death of a parent. But 28 percent of black single-parent homes are headed by a mother who has *never* married. One-half of all black females now have a baby before they turn 20, and one-quarter have two. A small percentage of these teenage mothers are married.

Marvin Harris, perhaps the country's most widely published popular anthropologist, examined the disintegration of the black family in his 1981 book, *America Now*. Not surprisingly, he traced the disintegration of black families to America's ill-conceived "family allowance"—Aid to Families with Dependent Children (AFDC).

The AFDC grant, Harris pointed out, serves as a kind of dowry—a "nest egg" a woman inherits when she becomes pregnant. "In a world without stability or assets," he wrote, "AFDC [becomes] a vital resource that puts women and motherhood at the center of things. Inner-city men respect women who have this resource; they vie with each other for their favors. And by having children with them the men establish a claim on the shelter which women control."

As Harris pointed out, the welfare matriarchy has not entailed a *complete* disintegration of the black family. Instead, it only shifted its center of gravity to a new female-dominated structure built around a woman who has a string of children with various men. For a woman, this can be a very positive strategy. She no longer has to share all her children with a single father. The family becomes "matrilocal" and "matrilinear." "At sixteen [welfare daughters] can get pregnant and apply for AFDC on their own, adding their own child's stipend to the family's income and perpetuating the female-centered dynasty of their mothers and grandmothers."

In addition, the various paternities give welfare mothers a wide net of potential economic support. "As . . . shown in [one] study of a black Midwestern ghetto neighborhood, AFDC women have a surprisingly large circle of relatives based on ties built up by their sequential liaisons," wrote Harris. "These kinship ties give AFDC women additional security and influence and people to turn to in case of emergencies."

What AFDC has accomplished, then, is to free lower-class women from the age-old female problem of having to find a husband before she can have children. It has also freed black men of the age-old problem of having to take on the responsibility of a family in order to produce offspring.

And so, as Marvin Harris concluded: "Despite all the crafty scheming that has gone into the design of AFDC, the program has succeeded best in achieving exactly what it was designed to prevent: the formation of mother-centered families living on the dole."

The first thing to be recognized about the disintegration of the family, then, is that it is bound to create poverty. The great contribution of the nuclear family has been its efficiency in yoking men and women together to the task of raising children. Family disintegration undoes the original compromise on which the evolution of our species has been built. Thus, to say that people are becoming "impoverished" because they have broken up their families (or are failing to form them) is about as profound as saying that people have trouble picking things up after they have cut off their thumbs.

What can be done to stem the tide of family disintegration? Changing the divorce laws to favor paternal custody is a first priority. As long as both men and women can run off from their responsibilities without sacrificing anything, high divorce rates will continue. As for the failure in family formation—particularly among blacks—the welfare system is the obvious target. It cannot be said often enough that reforming welfare would be the single most positive way to begin lifting black Americans out of poverty.

Although the family has been with us since the beginning of human evolution, it remains a relatively fragile biological institution. The desires of individual men and women do not "naturally" work in its favor. Without cultural reinforcement—or with wrongheaded social intervention—our biological drives can quickly carry us back to the earlier mother-and-her-children mammalian family. The pain we feel in witnessing this retrogression is only a measure of the degree to which we have become human. □

Micah Morrison

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM

Not all it's cracked up to be.

It is the afternoon of December 24 and I am talking with Bethlehem's Mayor Elias Freij in his office overlooking Manger Square. The Latin Patriarch has been greeted and escorted to the Church of the Nativity; government officials, dignitaries, clergymen, and the press have been welcomed. Greek Catholic, Syrian Catholic, Maronite, Franciscan, Lutheran, Baptist, and Anglican services are in progress all over town. Despite efforts to keep Bethlehem dry, many of the young people filling Manger Square are drinking beer and wine. Soldiers man checkpoints at all entrances to the square. There are long lines at all the checkpoints and one by one everybody entering the area walks into a wooden booth, is expertly and politely frisked, then allowed to pass. Church bells ring; holiday carols blast from loudspeakers. A great white screen hangs on the wall of the police station: Midnight Mass at the Church of Saint Catherine, next to the Basilica of the Nativity, will be relayed on to the screen—and around the world—by closed-circuit television. Soldiers watch from rooftops, patrol the alleys and the market.

A security net, extending far into the surrounding countryside, has been thrown over Bethlehem, for this is the West Bank, occupied territory, Judea, and the Israelis want no trouble. Bethlehem at Christmastide is an inviting target for terrorism; there have been attempts in the past. A bomb blast in the packed square, the stabbing of a soldier, a surface-to-surface missile launched from the desert and sent crashing into the city would instantly command world attention, demonstrating Israeli inability to maintain order in the territories and protect the thousands of Christian visitors who come to the holy places every year.

Mayor Freij is talking politics. The inevitable cups of strong black coffee are served. A tiny Christmas tree twinkles on the table beside him. Mayor Freij has earned the ambiguous appellation "leading Palestinian moderate" by skillfully walking the tightrope stretched between the rhetoric of Palestinian nationalism and the realities of life under Israeli administration. He has stayed alive—and in office—for more than a dozen years, testimony that his views threaten

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neither the PLO, other Arab terrorists, King Hussein, nor the Jewish leadership in Jerusalem. A Christian Arab (Greek Orthodox), a prosperous manufacturer, retailer, and exporter of mother-of-pearl and olive wood religious gimcracks (crucifixes, prayer-clasped hands, nativity scenes, reliefs of the Dome of the Rock, boxes for holding the Koran), Mayor Freij brings the pragmatism of a salesman to his political pronouncements: They manage to appease everybody.

He invokes all the proper moderate code words—"withdrawal from occupied territory," "recognition of Palestinian rights," "peace with security," "mutual coexistence"—and I dutifully write them down. His set speech over, plump and dignified Mayor Freij relaxes. He has been good for Bethlehem: It is the least troubled of West Bank cities. A spark of pleasure flickers in his careful eyes. "This is the biggest day of the year for Bethlehem," he says, smiling and spreading his hands. "Bethlehem is the Christmas capital of the whole world."

Suddenly the cry of a muezzin calling the Moslem faithful to prayer splits the day. The local mosque is right next door to the municipal offices. Mayor Freij pays no attention to the muezzin. I ask him about relations between Moslems and Christians in Bethlehem; for several decades the city has had a growing Moslem majority. He feeds me another West Bank placebo: "We are all one people, all Palestinian Arabs. Our loyalties are to our national cause and our motherland. There are no differences between our communities." The mayor glances at the door. Other journalists and guests are waiting. I thank him and leave.

The muezzin is still singing as I come down the steps of the municipal office building. Strings of colored lights and gay pennants dangle above the swirling, restless crowd. On the other side of Manger Square, against the gray blank stone wall of the Church of the Nativity, wooden stands have been erected for this year's visiting choirs, among them groups from the United States, South Korea, Fiji, Germany, and France. Christian Arab organizations parade past a reviewing stand in an annual show of strength and solidarity. One group is led by bagpipers, another follows drummers and baton twirlers. They have been continually circling through the town and crossing Manger Square for most of the latter part of the afternoon. With dusk, the day grows chilly, the winter sky is pale behind the crescent moon atop the minaret. Church bells peal in the distance and the air fills with the clamor of bells and skirling bagpipes and thudding drums, and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing" booming from loudspeakers, and the final fading notes of the muezzin.

The Freij family has a big store in the New Tourist Shopping Center, an arcade lining the southern side of Manger Square, and I go there to buy a few postcards and talk. Business is not so good this year, says George Freij, the mayor's son. He blames it on "the general Mideast situation." The Freijs are an internationally attuned lot. They import mother-of-pearl from Australia, the Solomon Islands, the Far East. They manufacture their holy items in Bethlehem and export to Europe, America, and the Middle East. Exports to the Arab world travel by way of Israel's open bridges with Jordan. George Freij shows me a mother-of-pearl Koran holder decorated with scenes of Jerusalem. It sells for $1600 and "will probably go to Saudi Arabia." He says their business is almost evenly split between Moslem and Christian customers.

Listening in on a furious but friendly political argument between two Arabs and an Israeli outside the Freij store, I meet a born-again Christian Arab. I'll call him Bashir, an Arabic name which could be translated as "evangelist"; he needs a pseudonym because his views are not popular among Palestinian nationalists. We go to his home and drink tea and he tells me how ten years ago "an awakening from the Lord" stirred in his heart. He met a Baptist preacher, he felt a "hunger and a thirst for God," he spoke in tongues, was baptized, and experienced "the revival of the power of God in my life." He gave up his job as a teacher and dedicated himself to spreading the fundamentalist Word.

Bashir says there are "hidden frictions" between Moslems and the ruling Christian minority in Bethlehem. Many Moslems, especially the younger, more radical generation, resent the Christian leadership. There are also "a few fanatics" who think the Christians are as bad in a religious sense as the Jews (in other words, the Israelis) are in a political sense. The Moslem-populated refugee camps in the bounds of the Bethlehem municipality are breeding grounds for political and Islamic fanaticism. Mayor Freij might enjoy international recognition as a moderate, but Bashir notes that he by no means speaks for the majority in the West Bank, which is 85-percent Sunni Moslem. The mayor has not faced an election in almost ten years, and many observers doubt that he would win a new contest.

Yet for Bashir and others in the small but growing born-again movement, religion comes before politics and nationalism. His beliefs as a born-again Christian completely overshadow his political views as a Palestinian Arab. He believes that an independent Palestinian state will never rise in the West Bank. "Because of my Christian faith, I believe in what God is doing through the Jews. His calling them back to the Promised Land is a fulfillment of the prophecies. The next step is the second coming of Jesus Christ."

The choir in Manger Square had stopped singing the bouncy dance tune, and now a high, lilting carol floated up to the prayer hall. Then Suleiman sang, his voice strong, close, sad.

It was late by the time I left Bashir and climbed the steep hill back to Manger Square. The evening hilarity was well under way. Besotted screams, laughter, and music rose from the town's center. I wandered about and somehow ended up beside the mosque. A skinny, shabbily dressed Arab on a stool guarded the door, allowing Moslems in to pray and turning away the curious. We began to talk. He told me his name was Suleiman and that he was the muezzin, the singer in the minaret. I didn't believe him. I thought the whole thing was done with tape players and timers, and besides, he looked like a bum. He asked me if I was a Christian and, hesitating a moment, I said, "No, a Jew." It was his turn to be unbelieving. He stared hard at me, then smiled. I asked, What did he think about Christmas, about all the festivities in his town? He said "trouble, trouble" and kept shaking three fingers in front of my face.

"No good!" he exclaimed, thrusting three fingers heavenward. After a few moments I understood: "Trinity no good?" I asked. "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost no good?" He nodded and shook one finger at me. "Jew good," Suleiman said. "One God. Like Moslem. No eat pig."

Suleiman and I were thoroughly enjoying our theological discussion, carried on in broken English, Arabic, and Hebrew amidst the Christian revelry. He told me he was a fine singer, better than the singers in Jerusalem. I agreed. He stood up. "Come. I show you." We entered the mosque, took off our shoes, and ascended the cool stone stairs. Many eyes followed us. Looming in my thoughts was a scenario in which the Moslem lures the infidel—I knew all about the Prophet's problems with the Jews, and so of course did Suleiman—inside the mosque to kill him, but I decided that if Suleiman tried to murder me I would make a dash for a window and start screaming.

He stopped on a landing and unlocked a wooden door. I abandoned the murder plot and concluded that if he attempted to molest me I would bash him over the head and make a barefoot break for the front door. He opened the door and showed me a tiny room painted in a warm yellow. We were in the mosque's minaret. It was furnished with a straight-backed chair, a microphone on a stand, a simple amplifier, and a shelf with several books. I peered out a narrow window at the crowd whirling in a mad dance below. "Here I sing," Suleiman said, taking a book from the shelf. "Come." I liked the little room and left it unwillingly. He locked the door and we continued up the stairs to the main hall. It was warm and had a comfortable air, tall windows, and a very high ceiling. The floor was covered with thick oriental rugs. The hall was empty except for three children finishing their prayers. They bowed to Suleiman and came over to stand near us.

"Now I sing Koran," Suleiman said. I pulled a tape recorder out of my knapsack and Suleiman started in alarm—was it an instrument of evil I held, a bomb or a gun, was I a Jewish terrorist? He muttered something to the children and they backed away toward the door. "No, wait," I said, and showed them that it was only a tape recorder. The children returned. Each of us, in his own wary way, wanted to trust the other.

"I will make you a recording," I said, and this made Suleiman very happy. We sat cross-legged on the rug, the Koran open before us. Wide black script flowed across the ornately bordered, fading yellow pages. Suleiman put a hand to his ear, concentrating. The choir in Manger Square had stopped singing the bouncy dance tune and now a high, lilting carol floated up to the prayer hall. Then Suleiman sang, his voice strong, close, sad. When he paused I heard the choir outside but as he held the long notes the powerful strange language pushed away all the sounds of the world beyond the prayer hall—filled the mosque with a song full, it seemed, of longing.

Almost midnight, and all the pilgrims remaining in Manger Square are full of Christmas cheer. The police are carting away those who have

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become too cheerful. Three policemen bolt past me, chasing a half-naked drunk brandishing a broken bottle. I am growing tired of Bethlehem; I have managed, however, to wangle a rare pass into the Church of Saint Catherine for Midnight Mass, and I am determined to go. After endless security checks conducted by soldiers and monks, I find myself in a superb position directly behind a marble pillar. Somewhere, somebody is saying something in Latin. An old man collapses and is carried out on a stretcher. Israeli security men guarding the dignitaries make kabbalistic signs to each other and talk into their lapels. I feint forward and back, left and right, and finally realize I will make no further progress through this staunch, packed, sweaty mass of Christian soldiers. Defeated, I beat a retreat back to Manger Square to watch the proceedings on the closed-circuit screen.

The choirs have surrendered Manger Square to the drunks, and in the chill night air I hear bellowing and yelping and the sound of police whistles and smashing bottles. Misty figures move across the closed-circuit screen but only a Jesuit could figure out what is going on. Inebriated bagpipers stumble through the night. Looking up, I see a soldier climbing a loudspeaker pole, trying to coax a sloshed blond giant down from his perch. Mayor Freij surveys his kingdom from the balcony of his office. He waves to me. A string of colored lights comes crashing down.

The picture mellows with distance, Twain wrote of Bethlehem months after he had visited the town. The memory mellows and takes "to itself again the soft, unreal semblance that Poetry & Tradition give to things they hallow . . .

And now that the greasy monks, & the noisy mob, & the leprous beggars are gone, & all the harsh, cold hardness of *real* stone & unsentimental glare of sunlight are banished from the vision, don't you realize again, as in other years, that Jesus *was* born there, & that the angels *did* sing in the still air above, & that the wondering shepherds *did* hold their breath & listen as the mysterious music floated by? *I* do. It is more real than ever. And I am glad, a hundred times glad, that I saw Bethlehem, though at the time it seemed that that sight had swept away forever every pleasant fancy & every cherished memory that ever the City of Nativity had stored away in my mind & heart.

I too am glad I saw Bethlehem, but that night I had been wandering the City of the Nativity for too long and I was feeling tired and Jewish (a stranger amid the celebrants) and so I left, walked past the checkpoints, glanced back at the drunks swaying through Manger Square and the faithful gathered in front of the white screen, and climbed aboard one of the special buses that ferry visitors between Bethlehem and Jerusalem. In a few minutes, Bethlehem was behind me.

The bus depot is not far from my apartment on the southern outskirts of Jerusalem, and as I walked home I saw a Hasidic Jew in frock coat and fur hat approaching. "Excuse me," he said in Hebrew, "are the buses into the center of town still running?" I told him it was past midnight and thus all the regular buses had stopped, but since it was Christmas he might be able to find transport into town at the bus depot up the street. "Christmas," he said, "what is Christmas?" I stared at him a moment, then pointed south toward Bethlehem, the noise of Manger Square still ringing in my ears. "Christmas," I said, "you know—the holiday of the Christians." I was pointing at black, silent hills. He looked at them and said, "Christmas? Never heard of it."

I went home and watched Midnight Mass on television, falling asleep on the couch and waking to the hum of static and a cold December dawn. □

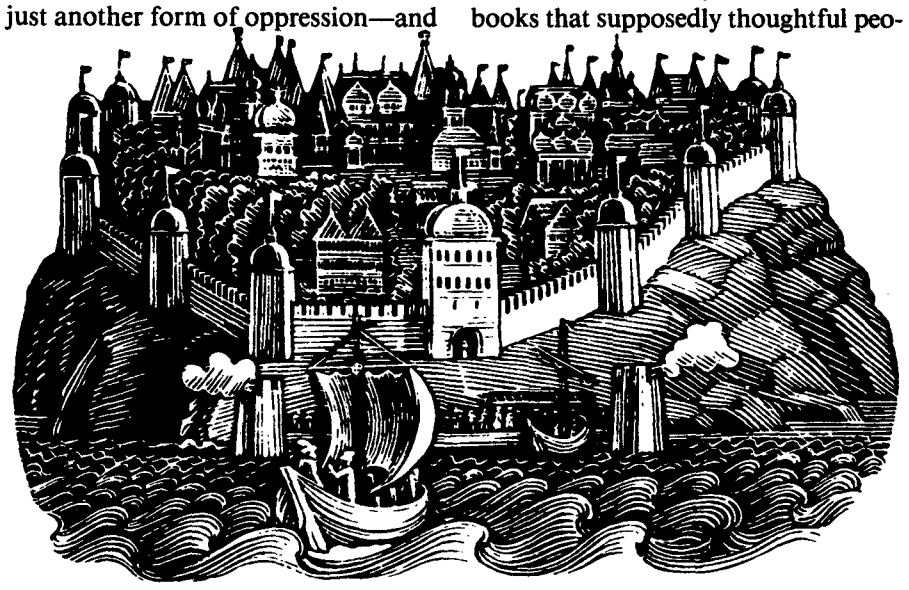
BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Once again, eminentoes thump for literary gifts at Holiday time.

FRED BARNES

Proust. Proust. Proust. When I am asked to recommend an author, I always mention Marcel Proust first, second, and third. I mean, what would life be like without *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu*? You may know the book as *Remembrance of Things Past*. No matter. It is the one novel with enough intellectual depth and emotional resonance to satisfy one's need for literary sustenance. I try to keep Proust at the ready, always in an accessible place in my bookshelf. Naturally, it's painful at times to have to reach past *Ulysses*, *Morte d'Arthur*, and *The Faerie Queen*, each of which I read at least once a year. But life is unfair. So I just stretch out my arm and grab Proust. *Un Amour de Swann*, *La Prisonnière*—it's not important which volume I seize. Any Proust will do.

Of course, you can't spend your whole life reading novels. My favorite nonfiction authors come in disparate shapes and sizes. There is Oswald Spengler, whose *Decline of the West* is back in print and available for a hearty weekend of joyous reading. What a loss it was to mankind when Spengler passed on to his higher reward! There is Herbert Marcuse, whose many writings have explained so forcefully how it is that making people prosperous and secure and happy is really just another form of oppression—and cruel oppression at that. What an insight! And finally there is John Rawls. I'd find life awfully unfulfilling if I hadn't come across *A Theory of Justice* along the way. It is a must read, a classic.



Well, I hope by this time you've gotten the drift. I'm joking about Proust and all the other guys who've written books that supposedly thoughtful people tout, fools buy, and nobody reads. I even took *Ulysses* on my honeymoon; couldn't get through it and still haven't. As for Proust, all I can say is that life on this planet is a fleeting experience. Proust may be great, but you have to have a sense of priorities. I've got a two-volume set of *Remembrance of Things Past*, but I plan to leave it in my basement, where it is mildewing gracefully.

Three books I do recommend, however. Seriously. The best novel I've read in the last ten years or so (not that I've read very many) is *A House for Mr. Biswas* by V.S. Naipaul. I couldn't get through *Guerrillas*, which is supposed to be one of Naipaul's better books, and *A Bend in the River* was good but left me a little cold. *A House for Mr. Biswas* is a story, in conventional narrative form, about emigrants from India who live in Trinidad. It's tough going for the first 100 pages, but anyone who sticks with it is richly rewarded. Besides, it takes a few swipes at the foibles of the press.

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In an entirely different vein, there is *Jesus Rediscovered* by Malcolm Muggeridge. I guess you could call it Christian apologetics, but it's not really that. Muggeridge, who came to Christianity relatively late in life, does not try to knock down intellectual barriers to belief. Instead, he writes about the moral and spiritual poverty of our unbelieving age, and how it leaves so many of us isolated in the dark dungeon of our ego. It is a powerful collection of essays, and on top of everything else Muggeridge writes like a dream.

Finally, Tom Goldstein, who once worked for the *New York Times* and then for Mayor Edward Koch, has written a book on the press that I was inclined to dislike—until I read it. The book is *The News at Any Cost*, and it wasn't what I expected. In other words, it wasn't a screed on how the press lets President Reagan get away with murder. Rather, Goldstein discusses the real sins of reporters, things like faking and plagiarism and the refusal to make corrections in a fair and aboveboard fashion. His book raises press bashing to new heights. I loved it.

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

JACQUES BARZUN

Thanks to the natural lobby that has been created by all the unhappy people on couches, Freud's work and opinions have prevailed in the public forum; the only one of the early dissidents to receive due notice has been Jung. Now Paul Stepansky has written about Adler a careful, systematic, and unexcited study for which we may be grateful: Adler was not one-idea'd and his views inspire respect and invite reflection.

In David Landes's *Revolution in Time* one is concerned with the inner life only as it has been affected by clocks, watches, and chronometers. But their influence through changes in business, navigation, and daily life has been enormous, and no modern creature groaning under the impact of too many bodies and events should forgo the satisfaction of discovering in this masterly narrative one of the causes of his oppression.

Writers on military affairs seldom give signs of ever having thought about anything else. Colonel John R. Elting is one of the few exceptions and his *Superstrategists* is a delight. The style is brisk, the allusions to fine art, life, and literature are numerous and apt, and his competence manifest. What is more, in his sketches mingling biography and technical analysis he revises reputations both upward and downward. I forgive him his denigration of Julius Caesar for the sake of the other unforgettable portraits.

Not a new work, but newly reissued with important additions, John Lukacs's *Historical Consciousness* is a book that every social and cultural critic should read and reread. It tells us more about our minds and times than any other essay of the same sort that I have come across. Every page records searching thought and calls for corresponding reflection, yet affords at the same time the thrills of suspense and recognition, quite as if it were one of the usual facile and "timely" improvisations.

Also historical, but in the spirit of mockery, Paul Horgan's *Clerihews* take up (and quickly drop) a hundred or more great figures from the past, which are also graced with suitably ridiculous drawings. To browse through this *campo santo* is to lighten the burden of earlier eminence and success. For those who do not know what a clerihew is, an explanatory ode has been thoughtfully provided.

Jacques Barzun, a historian and critic long at Columbia University, is now literary consultant at Scribner's.

WILLIAM J. BENNETT

1. *The Federalist*. A classic, meaning everybody talks about it and few read it. Favorite numbers: 1, 6, 10, 37, 51, 55, and 78.

2. *Daniel Deronda*, by George Eliot. Not so well known as *Middlemarch*, but great. It's about men and women.

3. *The Irony of American History*, by Reinhold Niebuhr. A great statement of American ideals and virtues and the moral hazards and responsibilities of power.

4. *The Siege*, by Clara Claiborne Park. A family's account of the nurturing of their autistic child. Moving, tremendously powerful, beautifully written.

William J. Bennett is the U.S. Secretary of Education.

WALTER BERNS

It is customary to praise Tocqueville's *Democracy in America* as the best book ever written on democracy, America, or American Democracy; it is all of these, as I had occasion to learn again when, this past spring, I devoted a full semester at Georgetown University to the teaching of it. It is astonishing, really, how much light the book sheds on contemporary politics and, beyond that, on our contemporary condition. Incidentally, the Anchor Book, one-volume edition—a good translation, on the whole—has by my count seventeen mistakes in it, either typographical errors or quite obvious mistranslations. Eager to perform a public service, I informed the publisher of this, and offered to take the trouble, if asked, to specify page and line, but the publisher (Doubleday) did not respond to my letter. But, then, Tocqueville predicted that public spiritedness would be in for a hard time in modern democracy.

I am sure that every Civil War buff has already read Michael Shaara's *The Killer Angels*, but everyone else could perform a kind of public service by including this book in his Christmas gift list. What was the Civil War like? This fascinating, beautiful, and moving account of the battle of Gettysburg provides the answer.

The American Enterprise Institute has performed its kind of public service by publishing the *Selected Writings and Speeches of Alexander Hamilton*. On the eve of the Constitution's bicentennial, this is the only one-volume edition of Hamilton's writings available. The editor, Morton J. Frisch, exercised good judgment in his selection of items to be included and provided an intelligent and most useful commentary. What is more, a paperback edition is available.

A word of praise for another public-spirited publisher, the University of Chicago Press, for bringing out in the space of one year three splendid books on politics: David F. Epstein's *The Political Theory of the Federalist*, Joel Schwartz's *The Sexual Politics of Jean-Jacques Rousseau*, and Nathan Tarcov's *Locke's Education For Liberty*.

Walter Berns is the John M. Olin Distinguished Scholar in Constitutional and Legal Studies at the American Enterprise Institute.

GEORGE BUSH

Yeager. As a one-time Navy aviator I found this a real page-turner. If you liked *The Right Stuff*, you'll love this book.

Texas. Michener is America's prose laureate and this time he has written a book as big, sprawling, and fascinating as its subject matter.

George Bush is the Vice President of the United States.

MARIO M. CUOMO

My "recommended" list of books read in '85 is replete with titles that belong to the no-longer new category. It includes one novel and three biographies.

I seldom read non-fiction, but Umberto Eco's *The Name of the Rose* is more than a novel; it is a magnificent hybrid—part murder mystery, part historical reconstruction, part tale of adventure.

Gore Vidal's *Lincoln* was the most popular of the three biographies. It is a study that brings our Civil War President to life as only a great novelist can do.

Richard Marius's *Thomas More* is a strong and credible analysis of the sixteenth-century saint. It tells, perhaps, more about the human side of More than I, personally, wanted to know.

Michael Mott's *The Seven Mountains of Thomas Merton* is an instructive look at a modern-day saint with many human failings of his own.

Mario M. Cuomo is the governor of New York.

ARNAUD DE BORCHGRAVE

At the top of my list for the foreseeable future is *How Democracies Perish* by Jean-François Revel. He has documented dramatically how disinformation quite literally poisons the lifeblood of democracy. How does it do this? By distorting the data and corrupting the process of understanding in such a way that it leads public opinion to react differently than if it understood the true nature of reality.

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It is truly a watershed book that ranks, as a work of nonfiction, with George Orwell's *1984*.

Next on my list is *The Set Up* by Vladimir Volkoff, a masterpiece by a man who will one day be elected to the French Academy. It was a runaway bestseller all over Western Europe but had trouble finding a U.S. publisher. Why? Probably because it deals with a subject that most writers do not wish to face—how Soviet disinformation has led us to adopt policies or nonpolicies favorable to the Soviet Union.

Thirdly, *The Mind Palace* by Steve Pieczenik. Even Chekhov would have envied this brilliant American psychiatrist's thriller exposé of Soviet psychiatric abuse of political dissidents.

Arnaud de Borchgrave is editor-in-chief of the Washington Times.

DONALD J. DEVINE

Stuart Butler can start your season, proving that the conservatives still have the new ideas, with *Privatizing Federal Spending: A Strategy to Eliminate the Deficit* (Universe Books, 1985). Regarding domestic public policy problem number one, how to control government spending, Butler begins with the unpleasant fact that under the Reagan Administration spending reached a historic high in 1983. Important changes were made, but Congress will always be able to outspend any conceivable level of growth. Butler argues persuasively that if we are going to stop out-of-control spending, we need to build privatizing coalitions which give constituencies reasons for supporting reductions in federal programs. You really can make your Christmas day with the marvelous privatization examples and receive some hope that buying constituencies through reckless spending can be controlled in democracies.

Imaginative ideas? Who has been giving sounder ones longer than Peter Drucker? In *Innovation and Entrepreneurship* (Harper & Row, 1985), Drucker surpasses himself by directly relating future prosperity to successful entrepreneurial management. He shreds the view that the United States is in a period of industrial decline; and no, we have not done it all with hamburger chains, either. The real growth industry in America is entrepreneurial know-how and management skill, which Drucker's insights make so real, even for veteran students of the marvelous market mechanism.

Gregory A. Fossedal and Daniel O. Graham's *A Defense that Defends* (Devin-Adair, 1983) shows the practical absurdity and the moral weakness of the Mutual Assured Destruction strategy of targeting populations so clearly it may even be comprehensible to the Bishops. On what probably is today's most important issue, they make the logic of the Strategic Defense Initiative irresistible.

Speaking about logic, did you ever wonder why there are so many news stories on "world hunger"? Tom Goldstein tells all in *The News at Any Cost* (Simon and Schuster, 1985), including that the conflict-of-interest boys can win $10,000 prizes for bringing public attention to "hunger."

My personal junk food is politics. *The Quest for the Presidency 1984*, by Peter Goldman and Tony Fuller (Bantam Books, 1985), presents a perfectly beautiful and objective view of the 1984 presidential campaign. A unique feature is the printing of actual campaign strategy memoranda. If you want to know why the Reagan campaign was not done with a cutting edge, and why the President's mandate is so vitiated already, read Richard Darman's memo. For auld lang syne, find your discarded copy of my *Reagan Electionomics* regarding how it should have been done.

Donald J. Devine, former Director of the United States Office of Personnel Management, is currently a consultant in Washington, D.C., specializing in political and governmental management. He is also consulting director of Bob Dole's PAC, Campaign America.

BOB DOLE

I've thoroughly enjoyed two excellent volumes by Stephen E. Ambrose about one of my real heroes, fellow Kansan Dwight David Eisenhower. The books—superbly written and extensively researched—are fascinating insight into one of the giants of American history. They are *Eisenhower: Soldier, General* [. . .] and *Eisenhower: The Presidency*. I recommend both highly.

Bob Dole is the majority leader of the United States Senate.

MALCOLM S. FORBES

The Pentagon and the Art of War, by Edward Luttwak. As son Malcolm Jr. (Steve) said in his comment: "This book could change the course of American military history."

The Hunt for Red October, by Tom Clancy. This year's most gripping tale . . . You won't put this one down until page 387.

Cameraworks, by David Hockney. A genius in two arts: painting and photography. His photographic compositions are even greater than his pool of canvases.

The Chief, by Lance Morrow. Masterly brush-stroking with words. A memoir of Morrow's extraordinary, powerful, oft-painful relationship with his father.

Money Angles, by Andrew Tobias. As lively an essay as you're likely to find on the subject of getting and nurturing Greenies.

Malcolm S. Forbes is chairman, chief executive officer, and editor-in-chief of Forbes *magazine.*

FRANK GANNON

The Great Gatsby, with illustrations by Michael Graves, published by Arion Press, San Francisco. This is a new and limited edition (as well it might be at $400 a pop) of a favorite book which, happily, is short enough to reread every year. Their ad says, "If Jay Gatsby were alive today he would buy this book"—and I think the ad is right.

Family and Friends, by Anita Brookner. Reading her novels is exquisitely frustrating because you want to remember half a dozen phrases per page and work them, ever so casually, into your own conversation. It's been a bumper Brookner year, with this, her latest, and the equally fine *Hotel du Lac*.

Three with a Bullet, by Arthur Lyons. I think Jake Asch is the best, and most underestimated, of the current crop of hardboiled private eyes, and this story of murder and cocaine in the record business is among the best of Asches.

Richard Halliburton's Complete Book of Marvels. The perfect perennial for armchair travelers of all ages. Time has dated but not diminished the charm or romance of Halliburton's adventures.

Tirra Lirra by the River—the Penguin paperback of a poignant and perfectly controlled 1978 novel by an Australian writer, Jessica Anderson. Her new novel will be published here next year; I'm eagerly awaiting it.

Frank Gannon is the editor of Saturday Review.

EILEEN M. GARDNER

1. *A Compendium of Swedenborg's Theological Writings*, Samuel Warren, compiler, 1979. (Available from the Swedenborg Foundation, Inc., 139 East 23rd Street, New York, New York 10010.) The voluminous works of this eighteenth-century scientist-theologian add immeasurably to man's understanding of the Bible and Christianity. This excellent selection of Swedenborg's major concepts encompasses a) the importance of man's life on earth where, through free choice, he builds a soul fit either for heaven or for hell; b) detailed descriptions of the communities in the heavens and the hells and their direct relationship to man's life on earth; and c) the divinity of marriage and the consequences of breaking the marriage covenant.

2. *The I Ching or Book of Changes*, Richard Wilhelm and Carl F. Baynes, transl. (Bollingen Series XIX. Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1977.) This superb translation of the ancient Chinese oracle offers direct, two-way communication with the God within.

3. Szekely, Edmond Bordeaux, *The Gospel of the Essenes*. In two volumes: *The Gospel of Peace of Jesus Christ* (1982 reprint) and *The Gospel of the Essenes* (1976). (Available from the International Biogenic Society: I.B.S. International, Apartado 372, Costa Rica, Central America.) The Essenes (the elite Jewish sect to which Jesus and John the Baptist almost certainly belonged) were authors of the Dead Sea Scrolls, noted "watchers" of the heavens, master prophesiers, and teachers of the Holy Law. Their Angeology and concept of the Earthly Mother ("Honor thy *Heavenly* Father and *Earthly* Mother") greatly expand our understanding of primitive Christianity.

4. Zain, C.C., *Spiritual Astrology*, 1975. (Available from the Church of Light, 659½ South Saint Andrews Place, P.O. Box 76862, Sanford Station, Los Angeles, California 90076.) This scholarly tome sheds light upon one of the ways God speaks to man—through the heavens. Not for the dilettante.

5. Steinpach, Richard, *How Is It that We Live after Death and What Is the Meaning of Life*, 1979. (Available

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from the Grail Foundation of America, 2081 Partridge Lane, Binghamton, New York 13903.) A brief, lucid, and sobering lecture on life and life after life.

Eileen M. Gardner is education policy analyst at the Heritage Foundation.

JEFF GREENFIELD

Since 95 percent of *The American Spectator*'s audience will be spending Christmas digesting the latest intellectual proof that American slavery was a free market transaction, let me offer a couple of novel suggestions by authors worlds apart politically, but united by the gift of humor.

Evelyn Waugh's *Scoop* remains the funniest book ever written about the profession—or business—or conspiracy—of big time journalism. The specter of a world class innocent fomenting upheaval in darkest Africa is a perfect antidote to journalistic self-importance.

Joseph Heller's *Catch-22*, while likely to offend more patriotic readers, is still an astonishing work: Slapstick sequences will reduce most readers to tears of laughter; the bleak deaths of good men will reduce most readers to tears.

Jeff Greenfield is a correspondent for ABC's "Nightline" and a nationally syndicated columnist.

RICHARD GRENIER

In the past year I have read (or reread) three books that cast a remarkable light on very different eras. *The Radetzky March*, by Joseph Roth, a long-neglected Austrian novelist of the between-the-Wars period, brings back with a marvelous sense of atmosphere the last sad, bitter days of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Roth, a Jew, by then a refugee, committed suicide in Paris when the Nazis entered the city in 1940.

A Soldier of the Seventy-First, by Thomas Howell, is the journal of a Scots common soldier in what was then called "the English army"—Howell literate by accident—who followed Wellington through the Peninsula Campaign and all the way to Waterloo. Impoverished, ill-paid, ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed, Wellington's soldiers were determined to "give as good as we got," he wrote. But what made them fight? Their steady stoicism casts doubt on modern, humane assumptions on what is necessary to make people happy, to "build morale," to make men, when necessary, even take up arms and fight.

Paul Johnson's *Modern Times* is an extraordinary work of synthesis from a former socialist converted to classic liberalism. Johnson considers America's great innovator in statist interventionism in the economy to be not Franklin D. Roosevelt, but Herbert Hoover, whose governmental attempts to control the economy, Johnson feels, greatly delayed the recovery from the Depression. He considers the "Last Arcadia" to have been, yes, the presidency of Calvin Coolidge.

Two books on the present day particularly impressed me. Having just returned from a trip through People's China, I read with particular attentiveness Richard Bernstein's *From the Center of the Earth*, which for searching, skeptical analysis of an alien world has rarely been equalled.

Jean-François Revel's *How Democracies Perish* is what its title suggests, a grim, lucid study of how the freedoms of "open" Western democracies are exploited by a relentless adversary which, Revel argues, has established a monopoly of power and principle of action unprecedented in modern history. One hopes that Revel is too pessimistic, but his description of how the West's freedoms have again and again been used against it is the kind of gloomy assessment we must face.

Richard Grenier is the author of The Marrakesh One-Two *(Penguin).*

PETER HANNAFORD

Land of the Firebird: The Beauty of Old Russia, by Suzanne Massie. Russian literature and music have long interested me, but I have never studied them systematically. Mrs. Massie has now done it for me. She gives one a new way of looking at Russian culture, from 987 A.D. (when Eastern Christianity was adopted) to this century, when Stravinsky, Diaghilev, et al. gave the world their *avant garde* genius. It's quite a panorama, beautifully detailed.

Mother Russia, by Maurice Hindus (1943). Boning up for a trip through Eastern Europe last spring, I came across this book from my late Great Aunt Mary's library. She bought it during WWII when the author, along with most everyone else, was writing uncritical paeans to Our Heroic Soviet Comrades in Arms. The first half is true to that genre, but I plowed on, to be rewarded with a graphic and moving account of the author's tour through freshly liberated villages and cities where millions had perished under Nazi occupation. One comes away from this book with a better understanding of why the Russians can't forget that invasion and why they seem paranoid today.

The Kennedys: An American Dream, by Peter Collier and David Horowitz. If any shreds of the Kennedy Mystique remain after this literary *coup de grâce*, it will be a surprise.

The Good News Is the Bad News Is Wrong. Ben J. Wattenberg says the media haven't been getting the American story wrong; they've been telling the wrong story. He takes us on a tour of many aspects of American life (viz., the environment, health, drugs) and shows us—with facts and statistics—that the right story is that we've never had it so good. Send a copy to your favorite journalist.

Peter Hannaford is chairman of the board of a public relations/public affairs firm. He is the author of The Reagans: A Political Portrait *(Coward McCann) and* Talking Back to the Media *(Facts on File Books).*

MARK HELPRIN

When *The American Spectator* asked me to provide "a list of my favorite books," I thought I had it made, because I have already done this for the *New York Times*, its sister publication on the Eastern Seaboard. I have a copier in my study, I thought. No one who reads one of these journals needs to read the other. Why not do it? Honor, for one. While it wouldn't be plagiarism, it would be worse. It would be the transformation of a boy who once thought that standing on a bank of the Hudson and throwing out crab traps was everything in the world, into a public relations jack-in-the-box. Thus, the new information below, not to be found in the *New York Times* or anywhere else.

Please forgive me for recommending only one book, but it is 4,987 pages long, which means that most people will not be able to finish it at one sitting, even those terribly irritating souls who are so fond of telling you (and I think of this as a disease) that they started a book when they went to bed and stayed up all night with it until the end. If you are an Eskimo or Evelyn Wood you might be able to do that with Winston Churchill's magnificent six-volume history, *The Second World War* (Boston, 1950, Houghton-Mifflin). Otherwise, you will have to be content with many daily excursions into the greatest crisis in the history of the West, narrated with humor, vengeance, accuracy, and high enthusiasm by one of the greatest men ever to have lived.

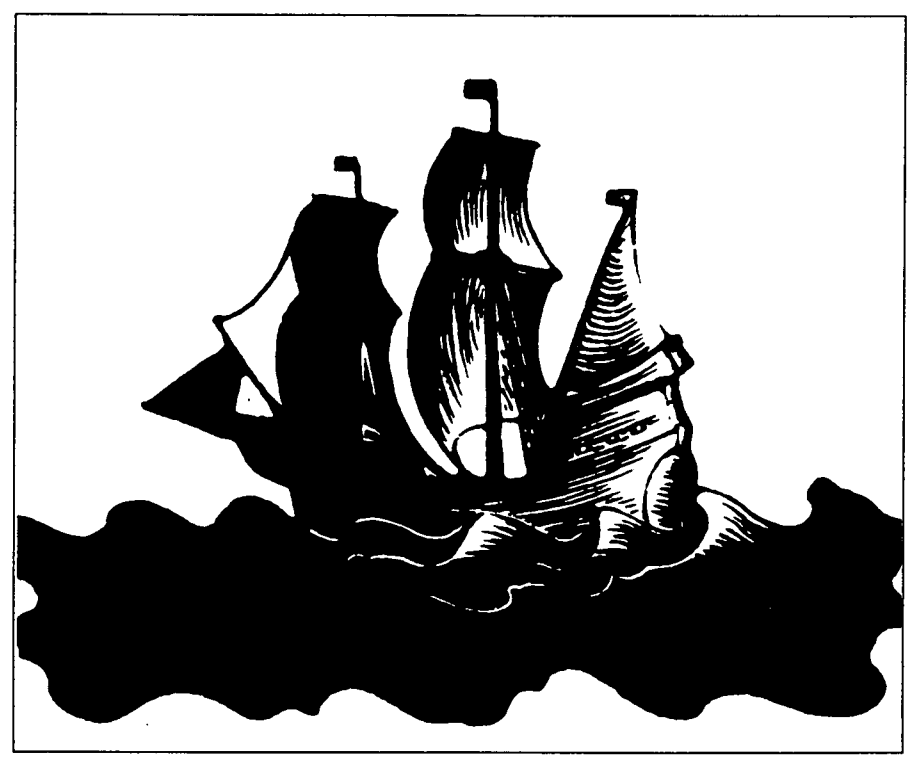
Not only did Churchill lead the Allies, but he knew from long experience the point of view from every rung on the ladder, and it shows. Thus, an account of diplomatic, political, and military history is seasoned with a former cavalryman's feel for the countryside and the report of an individual rifle, a former M.P.'s concern for the ordinary family, a former First Lord of the Admiralty's involvement in the dispatch of fleets and the design of new ships. Churchill was intoxicated with love of language and love of country. He had a superb sense of where he was. And he was wry. All this, combined with the privilege of his hard-won and deserved position, makes for a political memoir which puts to shame the recent wan tomes of our bloodless Washington technocrats. My father visited Churchill several times during the War. Once, he said, he was invited to shoot with him in the regular practice. They went outside someplace and banged away with .45s. Churchill, my father reported, was determined that if there were to be a final battle in London, he would be taken only at great cost to an astounded enemy. He remained cheerful throughout. And, of course, he won.

Mark Helprin is most recently the author of Winter's Tale.

CAROLINA HERRERA

1. The Old Testament, King James Version, for its beauty and obvious reasons.

2. *Pride and Prejudice*, Jane Austen. Has all the weaknesses of any period. I have read *Pride and Prejudice* several



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times and am always amazed at its freshness.

3. *The Oxford Book of English Verse.* Everyone should have an easy access to poetry. It's essential to life, like beauty and music.

4. *The Count of Monte Cristo* for sheer adventure.

5. Sherlock Holmes for mystery.

6. Antonia Fraser's *History of the English Monarchs* is an easy and fascinating introduction to history.

Carolina Herrera is the internationally known fashion designer.

CONSTANCE HORNER

The Man Who Liked Slow Tomatoes, The Rocksburg Railroad Murders, and *The Blank Page,* by K.C. Constantine. Michael Novak introduced me to these mystery novels set in a declining blue-collar Western Pennsylvania town whose police chief, Mario Balzic, reminds us that moral problems once could cause visceral anguish, not just delectating cerebration. Most of the townsfolk sooner or later anguish in "Muscotti's (multi-ethnic) bar," which ought to be a candidate for the *Spectator*'s Great Saloons series.

The Kingdom by the Sea, by Paul Theroux. For conservative anglophilia, this liberal tirade—oh, but it has the ring of truth!—is a powerful antidote. Theroux recounts the events of a three-month hike around the perimeter of the British Isles where he found only a contemptible ugliness of landscape and spirit. Writing in 1983, he saw rioting hooligans coming over the hills. Not pleasant reading, but riveting.

The Habit of Being: Letters of Flannery O'Connor, selected and edited by Sally Fitzgerald. O'Connor's letters—written between 1948 and her death in 1964 to friends, literary acquaintances, and co-religionists—reveal an artist who sought to create "a fiction of miracles" and to discover real miracles in the lives around her. Her portraits of Southern characters (high and low) are marked by realism and great good humor.

Constance Horner is Director of the United States Office of Personnel Management.

ERNEST W. LEFEVER

Democracy in America, Alexis de Tocqueville, Oxford University Press, 1946. (An abridgement of the original published in 1835 and 1840.) Tocqueville remains the best foreign interpreter of the American spirit. A democracy "cannot combine its measures with secrecy or await their consequences with patience."

McGuffey's Sixth Eclectic Reader, American Book Co., 1880. (Available in reprint edition from the Conservative Book Club). The editors did not dumb-down the verbatim essays from Disraeli, Johnson, Shakespeare, Scott, Dryden, Dickens, William Pitt, Franklin, Jefferson, or the Bible. They expected the teachers to guide their pupils through a "hundred leading authors" in their original words.

The Irony of American History, Reinhold Niebuhr, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1952. The late Protestant theologian's words sound as though they were written yesterday. Niebuhr sees irony when "virtue becomes vice through some hidden defect in the virtue." Was he the first neoconservative?

I hope these three will help bring chastened optimism back into Christmas.

Ernest W. Lefever is president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center.

RICHARD G. LUGAR

First of all, I would recommend reading or rereading *Capitalism, Socialism, and Democracy* by Joseph Schumpeter and *The Conservative Mind* by Russell Kirk. I first read these books as a college student. I was not alone in finding them extraordinarily helpful in forming a set of criteria for my own political judgments. I still keep both volumes handy for current reference.

My second pair of recommendations is *The Ascent of Man* by J. Bronowski and *The Body in Question* by Jonathan Miller. These well-illustrated books served as the basis for two remarkable television series which I found very helpful as both a stimulus to my own study of the humanities and physiology and as a way of bringing my four sons to share similar enthusiasms.

Finally, I would recommend both *The Aerobics Program for Total Well-Being* by Dr. Kenneth H. Cooper and *The Running Life* by Dr. George Sheehan, whose earlier work *Running and Being* is equally exciting. Dr. Cooper in his latest book has provided a common sense program for wellness based on years of laboratory experience. Dr. Sheehan, as foremost philosopher of the running revolution, brings a sense of joy and zest to athletics which I find overwhelmingly appealing.

Richard G. Lugar is the senior senator from Indiana and chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

EUGENE J. McCARTHY

Old: 1. *The Bestiary: A Book of Beasts,* by T.H. White. Why? The proper study of mankind is animals, and the inclusion of this beast, which I recommend as the totem animal for columnists:

> An animal is born in Asia which they call a *bonnacon,* and he has a bullish head and from then on the rest of his body like a horse's mane. The horns are curled round upon themselves with such a multiple convolution that if anybody bumps against them he does not get hurt.
>
> But however much his front end does not defend this monster, his belly end is amply sufficient. For when he turns to run away he emits a fart with the contents of his large intestine which covers three acres. And any tree that it reaches catches fire. Thus he drives away his pursuers with noxious excrement.

2. *Vision of Piers Plowman,* by William Langland. A review of the seven capital sins in action.

3. *The Rules of Chaos,* by Stephen Vizinczey. Because too few people have read it.

New: 4. *The International Garage Sale,* by Stefan Kanfer. Because I reviewed it for the *New Republic.*

5. *The View from Rappahannock,* by Eugene J. McCarthy. Because I wrote it.

Eugene J. McCarthy is the former Senator from Minnesota.

RICHARD D. McINTYRE

I haven't had much time in the last year to read new books, but let me recommend some older ones:

The Last Lion, by William Manchester. A splendid biography of one of the last heroes of the modern age.

The Anglo-Boer War, by Byron Farwell. A detailed account of what some have called "the last of the romantic wars." It is interesting to Americans not only because of the current turmoil in that region, but because of the war's similarity to the American Revolution.

Modern Times, by Paul Johnson. A narrative of modern times (post-World War I) by a man whose perspective is obviously not limited to the twentieth century.

A History of Christianity, by Paul Johnson. Described as "masterly" by Malcolm Muggeridge, a very readable history, more social and cultural in content than strictly theological.

Confiscated Power, by Hélène Carrère d'Encausse. An intensely interesting study of power and society in today's Soviet Union.

Richard D. McIntyre, the Republican candidate for Congress last year in Indiana's Eighth Congressional District, practices law in Bedford, Indiana, and is an active spokesman for congressional reform.

NORMAN MAILER

I don't feel up to ransacking these old brains so will content myself with listing two books that gave me great pleasure this summer, *The Stories of John Cheever* and M.R. James's *Ghost Stories of an Antiquary.* Cheever was the discovery. I never read him while he was alive, and since we met a few times, I regret it so much now. How we could have talked!

The most recent book about Norman Mailer is Peter Manso's Mailer: His Life and Times.

CHARLES MURRAY

It has been back to basics this year. John P. Diggins's *The Lost Soul of American Politics* (1984) and Garry Wills's *Inventing America* (1978) make a wonderful pair for pondering what we're talking about when we invoke the Founding Fathers. Robert Nozick's *Anarchy, State, and Utopia* (1974) is for me the most accessible, challenging, and downright entertaining political philosophy of the century. And for escaping it all, Evan S. Connell manages to be both scholarly and up-all-night absorbing in his account of Custer, *Son of the Morning Star* (1984).

Charles Murray is a senior research fellow at the Manhattan Institute and the author of Losing Ground.

BURTON YALE PINES

Witness, by Whittaker Chambers. A

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book to be reread every five or so years for the eloquence of Chambers's pen and the power of his ever timely and relevant message.

Modern Times, by Paul Johnson. The essential and quintessential setting-the-record straight account of this century's key events.

Catcher in the Rye, by J.D. Salinger. Not only still fun to read, but an intriguing reminder of the seeming innocence with which the 1960s assault on our society's institutions and traditions began.

Darkness at Noon, by Arthur Koestler. One of the first and still among the most moving tales of Leninist totalitarianism. A reminder of how little the nature of the enemy has changed.

Burton Yale Pines is vice-president of the Heritage Foundation, former associate editor of Time *magazine, and author of* Back to Basics.

TAKI

Here is my list of required reading during the hols:

1) *Hilaire Belloc*, by A.N. Wilson. Published last year, and brilliantly reviewed in the August 1985 *TAS*, this new biography offers no new insights or facts on the life of the greatest Catholic of his time, yet it makes compulsive reading. Belloc suspected people in public life, predicted and hated the modern greenmailer, believed blindly in Christ, and wrote history according to Belloc's particular prejudices. Things that I agree with completely.

2) *Napoleon, 1812*, by Nigel Nicolson. Having always read about the great Corsican in French books, I finally decided to read something from across the channel. It reveals Napo to be the first modern man, i.e., callous, a bureaucrat at heart, uncaring for his soldiers, vain and glory-seeking. Oh, yes, and always talking about the common man, the way Dodd, Kennedy, and Cuomo are doing today while riding in their limos. The writing is wonderful, and the description of the retreat from Russia far better than watching it on some television program.

3) People tend to read books they can identify with, and in the beginning of this year I read Arthur Koestler's *Scum of the Earth* with great interest. It is all about his imprisonment by the French, and subsequently the English, while making his getaway from the invading Nazis. Reading what he went through made the days I was spending in a cell seem halcyon by comparison. It is a short and easy-to-read book.

4) *Maugham*, by Ted Morgan. What an irony it is that as great a writer as Somerset Maugham went through life thinking he was second rate, and worse, believed critics who said he was. If only he had lived long enough to see people like Joseph Heller, E.L. Doctorow, Philip Roth, and others of their ilk call themselves great, he would have finally been convinced of his first rate talent. Morgan writes like a dream, and not the kind of dream Heller and Roth keep writing about.

5) *Hell in a Very Small Place: The Siege of Dien Bien Phu*, by Bernard Fall. It is the second time I read Fall's classic about heroism and defeat. What a cast of heroes. We let them down and twenty-one years later paid the price for it. Unlike the vultures that reported from Vietnam when we were involved, Fall wrote with love and admiration for the brave men who fought on both sides in that very small place that will be forever a bit Foreign Legion and France to me.

6) Finally, I suggest *The Liberal Crack-Up*, by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., a combination of Burke, Voltaire, and me.

Taki is the senior European editor of The American Spectator.

CALVIN TRILLIN

I hesitate to say that I can't think of any books I read in 1985 that I would recommend—that leaves room, I realize, for the interpretation that I haven't actually read a book in the past ten months—but I'm afraid my mind is, in fact, a blank. It always seems to be on these occasions. I think the problem can be traced to a short story I wrote a long time ago, about how writers try to paint an impressive portrait of themselves with the books they list: Every time I try to think of a title, what springs to mind instead is the character who displayed the variety of his intellectual curiosity by listing a biography of Saint Francis of Assisi, a Department of Agriculture pamphlet on spring wheat, and an epic poem on the founding of Lake Wales, Florida. Anyway, sorry I can't help—despite the story I find such lists interesting.

Calvin Trillin is a staff writer for the New Yorker, *and a columnist for the* Nation. *His most recent book is* With All Disrespect.

ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Fanny Trollope, *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*. As good a writer as her son Anthony, Fanny is perhaps the first neoconservative. She came in an ardent liberal and left as a strong conservative. The book is as entertaining as it is instructive.

I found *Crime and Human Nature* by James Q. Wilson and Richard J. Herrnstein the most comprehensive and well-written explanation of the causes of crime and, for that matter, of law-abiding behavior; hence the subject should interest everybody.

Finally, I've been fascinated by *Wittgenstein* by W.W. Bartley, III. Wittgenstein's personality surely is as interesting as his philosophy is path-breaking.

Ernest van den Haag is the John M. Olin Professor of Jurisprudence and Public Policy, Fordham University, and a distinguished scholar at the Heritage Foundation.

AUBERON WAUGH

Alas, I can think of no advice to your fellow countrymen on their reading. It seems to me they have an awful lot of catching up to do. Perhaps they should start with the Bible and move on to Shakespeare before tackling Joyce and Milan Kundera.

Auberon Waugh is a columnist for the (London) Spectator *and other British publications.*

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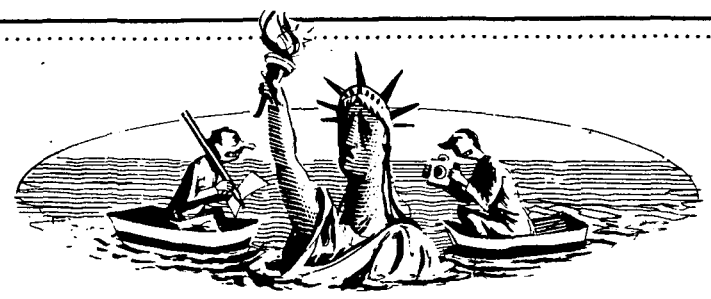


THE SHIFTY HANDS OF *TIME*

by John O'Sullivan

Vladimir Bukovsky complains in the current issue of *Survey*, Leo Labedz's indispensable journal of East-West studies (59, St. Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS, U.K.), that the media adulation of Mr. Gorbachev is now so intrusive and ubiquitous that he is almost afraid to turn on his vacuum cleaner in case it starts babbling about the virtues of the new Soviet leader.

The French press proved a little more skeptical and during his Paris visit asked a few nasty questions about human rights and the treatment of Soviet Jewry. The charming mask duly slipped and Gorbachev snarled his replies. He had clearly been sufficiently briefed to answer the first question on any subject smoothly enough, but he lacked the training to deal competently with follow-up questions that democratic leaders acquire naturally in the rough-and-tumble of press conference and parliamentary debate.

Until then, however, press and television both had been quite uncritical, almost starry-eyed, about the former KGB informer. And the American press in particular had displayed an almost slavering servility towards him. Gorbachev was repeatedly described as a reformer even though the only "reform" he has actually implemented is the campaign against alcoholism. (This particular reform is at the top of every Soviet bureaucrat's in-tray; it is implemented at fairly regular intervals when the economy slows down; and it is subsequently abandoned when it has the effect of removing almost the only incentive in Soviet society and thus making the economy go even slower than before.) Otherwise, Gorbachev had only to express an aspiration for the press to start discussing it as an accomplished fact. Much Western ink was therefore spent on gloating that Reagan would have his work cut out at Geneva to compete with this dazzling Renaissance man.

John O'Sullivan is the editorial page editor of the New York Post *and a columnist for the* Times *of London.*

Those who feel this picture of sycophancy is somewhat exaggerated should turn to *Time* magazine of September 9. No, not to the inevitably turgid interview with Gorbachev, but to *Time*'s very revealing introduction thereto. It is revealing, of course, not about Gorbachev but about *Time* magazine. No courtier in the palace of an Oriental despot of uncertain temper has ever exuded such ingenious and varied flattery.

It begins by telling us that Gorbachev, just back from holiday, is tanned, healthy, energetic, and solid. "But not fat," it adds hastily.

But there was no need to worry that Gorbachev might be offended by such personal remarks. He is plainly a relaxed chap. We are told approvingly that "he laughs easily."

Time goes on to tell us that the Soviet leader dominates a meeting with "three extraordinary tools: eyes, hands and voice." Those of you who had supposed that elbows, knees, and teeth were his principal debating features now know better.

The "eyes go into action first." And oh, what eyes—neither "harsh nor kind" but "big and strong, and sometimes quick too." I had to think for a moment before realizing what that description reminded me of. Then memory returned:

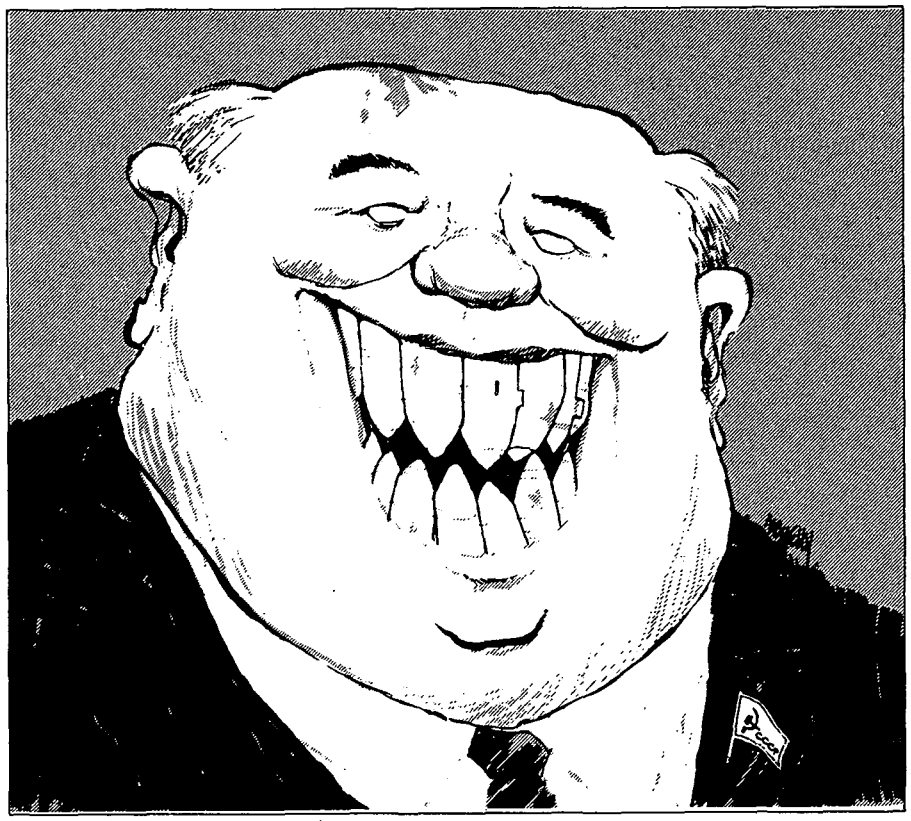
"Oh, Grandma, what big strong eyes you've got."

"All the better to see through you with, my dear."

But *Time* marches on to Gorbachev's hands. "The hands have a variety of functions," it tells us in the incontestable style of a medical textbook. The right hand holds his glasses. It occasionally manipulates them to emphasize a point. So far, so normal. Other people's hands do that kind of thing and no one remarks on it. But what about the left hand? Perhaps that is more versatile.

"The left hand talks." Now *that's* news. Nor does that gifted left hand confine itself to trivial conversation. It "lectures" and "declaims"—but there is no mention of whether or not it "laughs easily."

You might suppose that with the left hand grabbing all the attention, the more introspective right hand might have an attack of the sulks. Not at all. "Sometimes both hands work together, the fingers clasped, drumming the table for emphasis"—an altogether inspiring picture of what collective endeavor can achieve when selfish sectional interests are set aside.



Mr. Gorbachev's voice is not, of course, any ordinary Russian voice. Remember that, unlike other voices, it has to compete daily with the talking hand. It is "extraordinary, deep but also quite soft . . . low and melodious." And when it cuts across the room, it is "not angry or bullying"—that would be vulgar—"just stronger than any other sound in the room," like the clock in a Rolls-Royce.

The climax of this breathless description informs us that "occasionally the eyes, the hands, and the voice reach peak power at the same time"—it must be absolutely deafening—"and then it is clear why this man is General Secretary." That is surely a romantic novelist's conception of why people rise in the Soviet hierarchy. It fails to account for the success of people like Brezhnev and Chernenko who lacked Mr. Gorbachev's *joie de vivre*.

After this, the introduction tails off. There are a few manic touches like giving a gung-ho description of a table as "the center for action," as if it were a sort of trampoline. And Gorbachev naturally doesn't just wear a suit—he has to be "resplendent" in it.

But it does at least include an entry for Malcolm Muggeridge's long-promised "Anthology of Royal Jokes." (Sample: King Alfonso of Spain to some workmen digging the road on a summer's day. "Hot work," said the King, to which the workmen laughingly assented.)

Gorbachev is asked if his attractive wife will be accompanying him to the Geneva summit. She will.

"That's good," said [*Time*'s Henry] Grunwald. "You know, the Western press is in love with her."

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The jocular answer was vintage Gorbachev: "Well in that case, maybe I should reconsider."

To borrow an argument from Macaulay: It is understandable that Gorbachev should make such a joke in a light unguarded moment. But that *Time* magazine should write it down, send it to the printers, correct the proofs, and then publish it to the world as a joke surely passes all understanding.

• • •

I broke the news of the successful U.S. interception of the Egyptian plane and the arrest of the four *Achille Lauro* hijackers to a distinguished liberal journalist at a cocktail party.

She paused for a moment, perhaps to control her emotions.

"Well," she finally said. "Reagan certainly looked foolish contradicting himself on television today."

It was a brave attempt to salvage something from the wreckage. And what remarkable wreckage of liberal theory on terrorism there briefly was. The U.S., by its decisive action, had defied all the confidently defeatist assertions that it had no "options" in the fight against terrorism except "restraint." It had employed force. It had treated diplomatic considerations as secondary. And it had triumphed. None of this was supposed to happen and, for a moment, it disconcerted the establishment liberal media as completely as it had disconcerted my cocktail party companion.

But only for a moment. As I read the editorials in the mainstream liberal press over the following weekend, I found myself astonished at their brilliant recovery. It was as if a platoon of soldiers, scattered and in the utmost confusion after a direct artillery hit, had almost instantly returned to their positions and were soon marching, countermarching, wheeling, and carrying out the most intricate parade ground maneuvers in perfect harmony.

Their first maneuver was perhaps their most brilliant and most ruthless one. They welcomed the U.S. interception in the warmest terms. It was "exhilarating" (*New York Times*) and "splendid" (*Washington Post*). No taint of reservation, no hint of grudgery qualified their generous tributes.

Indeed, they thought so highly of the operation that they assumed instinctively it must have been carried out by someone other than the Reagan Administration. This was the only false step the liberal editorialists made in an otherwise brilliant display of ideological reinterpretation. Saturday's editorial in the *New York Times* referred to the interception breathlessly as "more than an American victory." It was seemingly the work of *three* governments—the Italian, the Egyptian, and the American—acting in secret concert. Even Arafat, the *Times* speculated, had probably been persuaded by Bettino Craxi, the Italian prime minister, to acquiesce in turning the hijackers over to justice. (This was a kind of reverse prediction since Arafat actually persuaded Craxi to release the PLO hijack organizer, Mohammed Abbas, a few days later.)

The *Washington Post* outlined the same scenario with a nod-and-wink passage in *its* Saturday editorial: "Whether Egypt contributed further by joining a plan that let it make good on its felt obligations to its fellow Arabs, while at the same time allowing the capture of the terrorists, is a question not likely to be suppressed by official denials." The subtle intrigues posited in these editorials were plainly what the editorialists *hoped* had happened. But was there any evidence for them?

By Sunday the *Times* reporters had established fairly conclusively that Egypt's President Mubarak had lied to Reagan and that Craxi was wriggling furiously to find some respectable way

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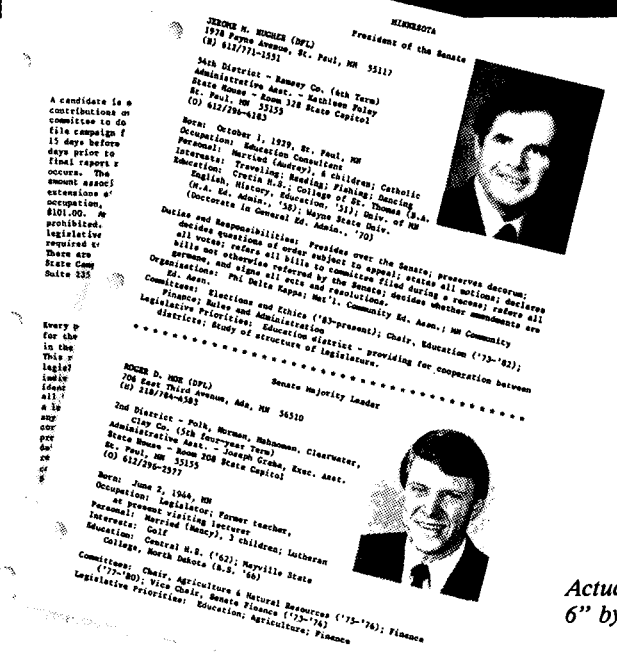

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of releasing Abbas. The *Times* duly made handsome amends in its editorial: "Mr. Reagan's achievement was thus born in a most appalling failure of friendly governments to stand together against a common danger." The *Post* followed suit. And that ended the press's brief flirtation with the idea that international cooperation rather than unilateral U.S. firmness had solved this particular crisis.

A logical next step beckoned enticingly. If U.S. action had solved this crisis successfully, that plainly indicated that this was a most unusual—nay, unique—crisis. It must surely be a crisis which provided no lessons for the future. And, guess what, it was.

In his magisterial summing up for the *New York Times* "Week in Review," Mr. R.W. Apple, Jr. concluded sagely: "The circumstances of the seizure of the Italian liner and the apprehension of those who carried it out were not typical of terrorist operations and are not likely to be repeated any time soon." The *Washington Post* mumbled in agreement: "A chain of circumstances . . . provided Mr. Reagan with a rare opportunity . . . but conclusions must be sparingly drawn . . ." etc., etc.

Over the next few days, the reasons why the U.S. interception provided no future lessons were carefully laid out. It had required a minimum of international cooperation from Italy and Tunisia which might not be forthcoming in the future. It had not risked the lives of hostages who were free by the time of the interception. The hijackers, trapped in a plane rather than able to escape to land hideouts, were especially vulnerable. Because we had known the identity of the hijackers, we could mount a precise operation to seize them. That was both legal and—since it did not harm innocent bystanders—moral, in a way that a retaliatory strike against a terrorist camp would not be.

By some curious hocus pocus, it could even be argued that this wise and wonderful success was actually an argument *against* any future anti-terrorist actions. Thus the *New York Times* murmured approvingly: "The Reagan Administration's passage from aimless shelling of the Shuf in Lebanon last year to the carefully calibrated aerial intercept near Sicily may mark our collective passage from bluster to mature self-defense." As during the TWA hijacking crisis, President Reagan had *grown*.

Impressive though these arguments sound laid end to end, none of them stands much examination when looked at singly. First, it is actually harder to apprehend terrorists who are flying around the Mediterranean than to attack them in their camps. Secondly, attacks on terrorist camps require little or no international cooperation—*vide* Israel. That is particularly true for the Mediterranean which, with the presence of the U.S. Sixth Fleet, is virtually an American lake—*mare nostrum* as first the Romans, and later the British, called it. Thirdly, the guilty men are not confined to those terrorists who plant the bombs and hijack ships and planes. They also include the people who plan the operations, train the actual hijackers, provide the guns and grenades, and maintain the entire infrastructure of terrorism which makes hijackings and bombings possible. That is true even under the normal criminal law. It is doubly true under the rules of war. The legalistic approach to terrorism—which the press was implicitly adopting with its stress on the known identity of the murderers of Leon Klinghoffer—is an absurd one. It amounts to arguing that an army could return fire only at those individual soldiers in opposing trenches who had actually been observed sniping. And it would rule out a bombing raid on the enemy's headquarters on the grounds that this was illegal and unjustified retaliatory action of an imprecise kind. Finally the rules of a just war dictate that, though care should be taken to avoid harming innocent civilians, their presence at a legitimate military target does not morally prohibit an attack upon it. If it did, terrorists would permanently surround themselves with innocent civilians. It is worth wondering, however, exactly what innocent bystanders are *doing* in a terrorist camp.

That leaves only the argument that this operation differs from other terrorist crises in that the lives of hostages were not at stake. It is a perfectly fair distinction. But it raises no new point of importance. Indeed, it merely brings us back to the familiar question that always bedevils proposals for anti-terrorist action: Should the lives of hostages be the first priority? Arguments can be advanced on both sides. In effect, the choice is between protecting the lives of a known number of identifiable hostages now and protecting the lives of an unknown number of anonymous hostages who will be put at risk in the future if this particular terrorist action gains its objectives. But the liberal press has, without fully acknowledging the fact, made up its collective mind that the lives of today's hostages must be paramount. And that is the main reason why it is convinced that U.S. actions to suppress terrorism are unthinkable—even when one occurs in front of them. □

THE PUBLIC POLICY

RAISE TAXES

by Herbert Stein

The problem of adequacy of tax revenue is simply the defense problem. The main consequence of the excessive tax reduction of 1981, and of the subsequent reluctance to make a substantial tax increase, has been to shrivel the increase of national defense expenditures that President Reagan had planned.

There have been other consequences, but they have been distributional, shifting income from one group to another. (Whether the tax cut has increased or decreased the national income is uncertain, and the net effect has probably been small in either direction.) The tax cuts have shifted income from some beneficiaries of social programs to some taxpayers, from borrowers, including the less-developed world, to savers, from workers and investors in tradeable goods sectors to workers and investors in other sectors of the economy, from consumers of later generations to consumers in this generation. One can like or dislike these shifts, depending presumably on where one's interests and sympathies lie. But the one important *national* consequence has been the cut in the planned defense program.

Real defense expenditures today are no higher than was proposed by President Carter in his final budget. The Congressional Budget Resolution enacted in August would cut defense expenditures in the five years 1986-1990 14 percent below President Reagan's 1985 budget proposals, which were already cut below his earlier programs. Moreover, there is apparently a strong possibility that the Congress will cut defense below the level of its budget resolution, using the deficit as its reason, or excuse.

A cut in the defense program was not the logically and arithmetically necessary consequence of the cut in taxes. Other possibilities existed:

First, the cut in tax *rates* could have increased the tax *revenue*. I evaluated that possibility seven years ago in an article on the Kemp-Roth tax bill that was the forerunner of the 1981 tax cut:

> Economists cannot say that they know with certainty that the Kemp-Roth tax cut would not raise the revenue. They can, or should, only say that the available evidence makes that outcome extremely improbable. It may turn out that such a tax cut would raise the revenue, just as it may turn out that there is human life on Mars. But I would not invest much in a McDonald's franchise on that planet, and I wouldn't bet the nation's economic policy on the assumption that the tax cut will increase the revenue. [*Wall Street Journal*, July 18, 1978]

But we did make that bet and it turned out to be wrong.

Second, the government and the public could have decided that the deficit resulting from the tax cut should

Herbert Stein is a senior fellow at the American Enterprise Institute.

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be accepted, rather than trying to limit that deficit by cutting expenditures. Such a position would not have required believing that deficits do not matter or that deficits of the size implied by the tax cut could be tolerated "forever." The people of the 1980s are planning a large build-up of the defense forces, which is an investment in the security of future generations as well as of this one. These future generations might legitimately be expected to share the costs of this build-up as it would be imposed upon them by the resulting deficits and increase of the federal debt. But no one makes this argument. We are, of course, tolerating a much larger deficit than we have been used to, but still the existence and prospect of the deficit is also accepted as requiring unusual restraint of expenditure. The tax cut and the resulting deficit are in fact limiting total expenditures.

Third, the limitation of total expenditures enforced by the tax cut could have been borne entirely by the non-defense side of the budget. The shortage of revenue has in fact limited the growth of expenditures other than those for defense or interest, but not enough to keep the defense program intact. The budget submitted by the President in February 1985 was an attempt to chart a path for getting the budget deficit down substantially with only a small cut in defense by cutting the non-defense programs. The outcome of the congressional budget resolution, which made deep cuts in defense and accepted few of the President's non-defense proposals, showed where the balance of political forces lies.

The Gramm-Rudman proposal to drive the budget deficit down to zero by 1991, in five equal installments, would only tighten the noose around the defense program. There are three ways to finance more defense—more deficits, more taxes, or more cuts in non-defense spending. Some of the supporters of the budget-balancing legislation were quite clear that their goal was to force the President to choose between raising taxes and cutting defense. They believed they could do that because they believed that the political process would not tolerate much cutting in non-defense spending. They are probably correct. In my opinion, supporters of the defense program should have fought the budget-balancing legislation tooth-and-nail. But they did not.

One can say that the fiscal squeeze now being put on defense is not the fault of the tax policy. The fault is the failure of too many in the Congress and in the country to appreciate the seriousness of the national security threat and to give sufficient priority to defense. But the assignment of fault is not the issue. The issue is what those who support the defense program originally outlined by the President should have done, given the conditions in the country, and what they should do now.

Of course, they should have tried harder to convince the country of the need for the defense program and should continue to do so. Evidence of better management of the program would probably have helped to convince the country, and evidence now of improvement in management would be helpful. But they should also have supported a smaller tax cut than we had in 1981, and bigger tax increases than we had in 1982 and 1984. And they should support a tax increase now.

This is not to say that every dollar of additional revenue would be spent for defense. Certainly it would not. It is only to say that defense expenditure is an increasing function of the revenue—that defense expenditure will be somewhat higher if revenue is somewhat higher. In government budgets as in household budgets there is a law of diminishing marginal utility so that as expenditures for one pur-

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pose increase the relative attractiveness of spending for other purposes increases; as a result, when the available income rises it is not all devoted to one purpose but tends to be distributed among many purposes. If there is more revenue it will be distributed among deficit reduction, increases in various non-defense programs, and increases in defense. The shares going to each of these purposes will result from political bargaining. In present circumstances the bargaining power of the supporters of more defense will be strong, because the President will presumably be on their side. No tax increase will be possible without his acquiescence. He will be able to demand a substantial increase in defense as his condition for agreeing to the tax increase that will enable others to get what they want, whether deficit reduction or increases in non-defense programs.

Does this make a strong case for higher taxes? That depends on the strength of the case for more defense expenditures. One can think that there is no significant national security risk, even with the lowered path of defense spending now in prospect. One can think that an increase in U.S. forces is itself a threat to world peace. One can think that cutting defense spending increases military strength by forcing the Pentagon to become more efficient. One can think that although there is an external threat the serious danger to American freedom comes from the increase in spending of the federal government, whatever that spending is for. If any of these propositions is correct the case for higher taxes is weak.

These are the kinds of things one must think about in deciding whether a tax increase would be good or not. They are not matters that can be surely resolved by appeals to objective, empirical evidence. One should try to bring to bear upon them whatever judgment and conclusions from history one can muster. As for myself, I am unable to visualize any great or lasting harm coming to the United States from having taxes equal to 22 percent of GNP rather than 20 percent, whereas I can visualize an irreparable disaster resulting from spending 6 percent of GNP on defense rather than 7 percent. That is why I favor a tax increase. □

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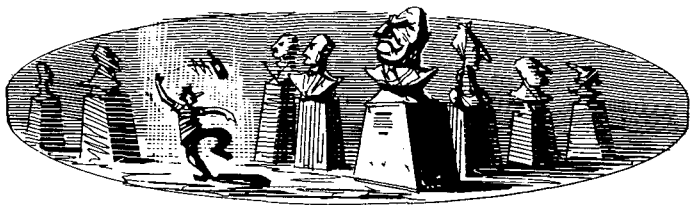

50 MILLION SOLD

by Eric J. Sundquist

"Do you know me? It's frightening how many novels of suspense I've written." Thus, Stephen King, looking rather like a debonair Rod Serling in his smoking jacket, hawking American Express cards on television. Of course it was only a matter of time before the champion of adolescent horror appeared as a pitchman on the "glass teat" (in Harlan Ellison's phrase), the medium that sets the standards for his vast audience of word consumers. Most of his fiction, King has said, is "plain fiction for plain folks, the literary equivalent of a Big Mac and a large fries from McDonald's."

And like the Big Mac, King sells in exponential numbers—some 50 million copies to date of the nineteen volumes written under his own name and the recently revealed pseudonym of Richard Bachman. He will soon release *four* new books over a fifteen-month period, beginning with a fat, long-awaited novel entitled *It*. Not only that, but eight of King's macabre tales have been made into profitable movies (he's done original screenplays for two others), and he is making a big move into the booming audio and video cassette market. By his own admission, King is now an American "brand name," one more of the hundreds of household, everyday consumable artifacts with which his novels are filled.

Such a beautiful example of free enterprise in motion is bound to disturb the literati. King is not favorably reviewed—if reviewed at all—in the nation's high aesthetic organs. Even *Time*, the large fries of magazine journalism, has labeled him the hero of the "post-literate age," and the *Village Voice* excitedly found him to be an enemy of the left—a glib, sexist apologist for morality and the American way. (Horrifyingly, he works hard, writing every day except Christmas, the Fourth of July, and his birthday. Without Guggenheims or subsidies from the NEA, one might add.) King was not surprised to be dismissed by the *Voice*. As he told a *Playboy* interviewer, his "old-fashioned frontier vision" of self-reliance, his embrace of traditional values of family and honor, and his belief that good and evil exist as universal values at war with one another no doubt put him at odds with "an urban and liberal sensibility that equates all change with progress and wants to destroy all conventions, in literature as well as in society."

Can this be *the* Stephen King—author of *Carrie* (in which a puberty-stricken girl's pyrokinetic powers barbecue her high school prom and most of her home town) and *Christine* (in which a wrecked 1958 Plymouth Fury cybernetically repairs itself and, driverless, mows down its enemies) and *Pet Sematary* (in which a university physician discovers a mystic burial ground that allows him to resurrect first his dead cat, then his dead son, then his dead wife)? The Stephen King who has ridiculed the potential for sociological catharsis in his fiction and claimed that he's really just "selling public executions"? The high priest of spilled guts and maggot infestations is the new front against liberalism?

Not quite, but King's seamy scare fiction does represent a curious mix of ideologies. Rather conservative on matters of private and family morality, but from all evidence to the left of center on domestic and foreign policy, King would make a pretty good American bishop. His best novel, *The Shining* (1977), is a haunted hotel story inspired by Shirley Jackson's classic suspense novel, *The Haunting of Hill House*. Like Jackson's book, *The Shining* is psychologically complex; at its deepest levels, it explores the trauma of family violence and children's hidden emotional lives, combining those themes with a tale of gothic horror. (It is also the best King novel on film because Stanley Kubrick set out to create a cinematic equivalent rather than a literal reenactment of the story. Still, King has complained that the film misrepresents his intentions. Among other things, King says, he believes in God, whereas Kubrick went out of his way to inform him that he did not.) Along with *Carrie* (1974) and the vampire novel *Salem's Lot* (1975), *The Shining* typecast King—as his editor feared, but apparently he did not—as a specialist in the violent grotesque.

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King has not escaped the label, or much tried to. But the group of books that followed acquired unmistakable political vibrations, and it is here that his shallow quarrel with liberalism is most pointedly betrayed. Portentous allusions to Vietnam and Nixon (always in one or another stylized pose made famous by the media) proliferate; and we feel surely in the grip of a reawakened counterculture sensibility, now marketed with all the finesse of a master wheat-germ salesman. What King began to do, in effect, was to create in his work strategies much like those he has so persuasively analyzed in the excellent essays on classic horror films, fiction, and television in the volume *Danse Macabre* (1981). The focal point of his essays on the fifties is the Cold War menace of Communism as it appears in, say, *The Thing* or *Invasion of the Body Snatchers.* In the seventies, likewise, we have *The Stepford Wives*, an allegory of women's lib, or *The Exorcist*, an allegory of the generation gap. Yet if great horror fiction is almost always allegorical, as King says, his own fiction soon became too allegorical by half, relentlessly wallowing in the mire of post-Watergate theology.

It comes as no surprise that King was a big supporter in 1984 of Gary Hart, on whom the veneer of western self-reliance covered a fondness for the good old days of amnesty, acid, and abortion. (In one of King's futuristic stories, "The Jaunt," the past presidency of Hart is deemed comparable to Lincoln's!) For whatever may be said of King's upholding of family values and universal morality, his recent books are littered with left-over fears of the military-industrial complex, bogeyman of the generation for whom JFK is a lost mythic god.

For instance, *Firestarter* (1980) concerns an eight-year-old girl with mammouth psychic and pyrokinetic powers which a secret governmental intelligence agency known as the Shop wants to harness and use for military purposes. This update of *Carrie*, well-written and suspenseful as it, like all of King's work, often is, trades on a series of clichés that together describe liberal culture's fantasy nightmare of the preceding decade. Charlie (short for Charlene) McGee's powers are the result of—just guess—experiments with hallucinogenic drugs performed on her parents, when they were college students in 1969, by agents of the Shop. Of course one experimental subject clawed his eyes out, another was paralyzed, and another dozen or so have since committed suicide. The same Shop, we are told, also frittered away $300,000 to study exploding bicycles for use in Vietnam, and now wants to capture Charlie and her father, Andy (the Shop has assassinated mommie, whose psychic powers aren't worth much). The Shop's director, Captain Hollister, a Patton-like hardhitter ominously nicknamed "Cap," dreams of employing Andy's powers of mental domination: "Imagine someone like McGee close to Castro, or the Ayatollah Khomeini. Imagine him getting close enough to that pinko Ted Kennedy to suggest in the low voice of utter conviction that suicide was the best answer." Charlie's powers promise even more: a nuclear arsenal in a small child's brain.

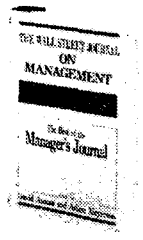
Needless to say, virtue triumphs. After capture and experiments; after friendship and betrayal by a hulking Cherokee agent, maimed by his own troops in Vietnam; after daddy sacrifices his life for his little girl, Charlie is finally forced to unleash her fury, atomizing the Shop and countless blue three-piece functionaries (the equivalent of Carrie's mean classmates). She then fulfills Andy's plan to go public with their story: On the last page she spritely marches into the editorial offices of *Rolling Stone*. The exposé need not be written, however; the novel is its imaginary version, a virtual catalogue of pop paranoid images generated by the nation's Vietnam-Watergate-CIA complex.

Call it the literary version of the Age of Carter. Indeed, President Jimmy even makes an appearance in *The Dead Zone* (1979) as one of many stumping candidates—Udall, Jackson, Shriver, Reagan, Harris—met in 1976 by Johnny Smith, whose five-year coma following a car crash has activated his latent powers of prophecy. Gripping candidate Carter's hand, Johnny predicts, "You're going to be president. . . . [Ford will] beat himself. Poland. Poland will beat him." Johnny Smith goes into his coma against the theatrical backdrop of the Kent State shootings and anti-war rallies; while he sleeps, Muskie cries in public, gas prices skyrocket, the "Troll of San Clemente" is drummed out of office, and Vietnam goes Communist. Predictably, Johnny reads *All the President's Men* to catch up on recent history.

What do these signposts mean? Like television news—snapshots from the Walter Cronkite album—they are a quickly consumable past, perfectly suited for someone who, like most of the population, has been in a coma since 1970. Like the fascinating Flair pen and other new products Johnny has missed out on, they are brand-name items (KENT STATE, WATERGATE) meant to substitute in the King reader's mind for history, for thought. Therefore, when Johnny shakes hands with the fictional House candidate, Greg Stillson, and prophetically envisions this one-time McCarthyite, anti-Semitic rainmaker and Bible salesman becoming President on a conservative "America Now" platform and sweeping the world into nuclear war (initiated in South Africa), we can be sure that Stillson has been cut from the same cloth. He is the brand-name fascist fanatic who will appeal to the desire for order and power in the wake of recent American weakness and vacillation. Again, virtue triumphs, as heroic Johnny—"if you could go back in time, would you kill Hitler?"—saves the nation from the maniacal designs of Stillson.

Cap Hollister and Greg Stillson

Pull Up A Chair



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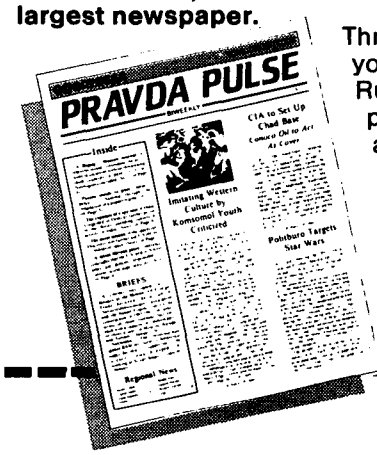

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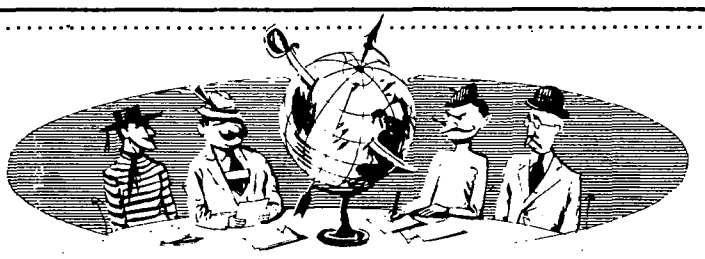
(both characters well played by Martin Sheen in the lamentable film versions of the two books) are incarnations of evil on the Right. A more complex messiah of darkness appears in *The Stand* (1978), a huge, ambitious novel in which all but a fragment of the United States population has been wiped out by a germ warfare accident. The surviving good guys group in Boulder, Colorado, and prepare for battle against one Randall Flagg and his forces of evil based in Las Vegas. Flagg is the anti-Christ, a magical amalgamation of marine renegade, Ku Klux Klan killer, and Weatherman revolutionary (he has been acquainted with mass murderer Charlie Starkweather, Lee Harvey Oswald, and SLA terrorist Donald DeFreeze). He was "busted in the Great Chicago Pig Convention of 1968" and went underground, biding his time. It is now 1985—or, as he renames it à la Pol Pot, "the Year One, year of the plague"—and his time has come. Flagg is the American Mussolini, his trains running on time, his stockpiles of weapons all in order. The inhabitants of the Boulder "Free Zone," on the other side, readopt the Constitution, warble about liferaft earth, and rail against the era of technology and "rationalism" that has produced the plague and Randall Flagg, the ultimate nuclear terrorist: *"At the end of all rationalism, the mass grave."*

Yes, of course, good triumphs again. Las Vegas self-destructs in a local nuclear holocaust, leaving the children of the aging hippies in Boulder and the gentle reader with a heartwarming anti-nuke lesson worthy of "The Day After": "Don't play with these toys, dear children, please, not ever. Not ever again." (At least we don't have Dr. Jason Robards thumbing through the rubble.) As in *Firestarter* and *The Dead Zone*, an instantly recognizable assortment of media clichés structures the 800-plus pages of *The Stand* (which nonetheless was cut 20 percent before publication). King has referred to it as "my own little Vietnam," written at a time when "we had just witnessed the sorry end of the Nixon administration . . . [and] been resoundingly defeated in Southeast Asia." It is no secret, then, that the "plague" that has destroyed America is something of a metaphor. In each of these three novels, King brilliantly exploits the rudimentary intelligence of his average reader, trained by a diet of newscapsules and prime-time docudrama to salivate upon recognizing certain themes and, most of all, certain pictures.

In the case of *The Stand*, however, King's very real talents and his fascination with evil are matched against his instinctual drive toward the happy ending and the triumph of liberal virtues. Randall Flagg is a wonderfully drawn figure; as such, he suggests that King's imagination works best, not just at the borders of the grotesque (rotting corpses, vampire attacks), but also at the borders of human evil, whatever its political denomination. One of his most compelling stories, "Apt Pupil" (in *Different Seasons*), portrays an "all-American" high school boy who becomes obsessed with the life of an elderly former Nazi hiding in America because, as he says, "I really groove on that concentration camp stuff." The boy ends by becoming a sadistic murderer. The story does not reduce the significance of the Holocaust. Rather, it underlines the fact that Hitler's genocide is *the* horror story of modern times and gives a different dimension to King's often repeated claim that good horror is allegorical and strives to "form liaisons between the real and the unreal." As he has remarked, Hitler knew how to "unleash and feed the werewolf in us."

Let's not say that King himself, however much he grooves on terror, feeds any such werewolf. His fascination with Hitler (almost as omnipresent as Nixon) is meant to improve, not contaminate, us. Most of all, King feeds the American appetite for consumable goods, all the edible items and events of our ghoulish pop culture. Monstrosity "appeals to the conservative Republican in the three-piece suit who resides within all of us," he has argued, "because it is a reaffirmation of the order we all crave as human beings." Perhaps this is true, but what King's best-selling political horror novels have proved is that the monsters of America, at least over the last two decades, are simply the cartoon nightmares made familiar by Hollywood and the daily press. Like better known heroes of the counterculture who are now among the leading entrepreneurs of capitalist piggism, King has discovered that liberal clichés are the true junk food of his generation. □

POLITIQUE INTERNATIONALE



STONED IN BEIRUT

by Taki

It was two years ago that I reported from Cairo that Hosni Mubarak would rather live than lead, and that life in Cairo was almost not worth living. Little did I realize at the time that *The American Spectator* is as avidly read among those who wear pyjamas all day while eating their dates, as it is popular in Washington, D.C. among foreign agents, the British spy network, and English queers. In fact, my opus was reprinted in an Egyptian rag and all hell broke loose. The sainted editor of *TAS* was called names that even I would dare not repeat, and the poor little Greek boy fared worse, much worse. The nicest thing they said about me was their wish that the fleas of a thousand camels should infest my armpits. But there was a funny side to these cowardly attacks. Extremely funny when one comes to think of it. They actually said I was a . . . liar.

Now an Arab calling a non-Arab a liar is akin, say, to Alexander Cockburn saying he hates rich women, or Christabel Hitchens denying she loves hirsute men. Lying in the Middle East is like sex, practiced by everyone in every walk of life, except the newborn and the very, very old. As Malcolm Muggeridge once said, everything is true except the facts. Which brings me to the place a little ways up the coastline, Beirut to be exact. This is where government announcements make anything the Egyptians say sound like the Sermon on the Mount. Lebanese politics have as much to do with the science and art of government as the Ayatoilet has in common with compassion. What they have to do with is drugs, pure and simple. Let me explain.

Ever since the Lebanese "civil" war began back in 1975, people have wondered at the ability of the Lebanese to equip private armies with the latest weaponry, and to make use of that weaponry in a manner so profligate it would make a World War I general feel like Silas Marner. The great majority of the arms are bought through arms dealers in the open market, and as everyone knows the open market means cool, hard cash. Where does the cash come from? Certainly not through Soviet credits. Nor money sent home from Lebanese workers abroad. Actually, it comes in for the most part through the drug trade, a trade, incidentally, that puts Colombia and Bolivia to shame, not to mention Cuba and that other socialist republic, Bulgaria. Lebanon today is a bit like seventeenth-century Italy, but without the manners. It is a gangster state, run by gangsters who finance their activities through the drug trade.

There are three Christian groups. One, led by Danny Chamoun, could conceivably be said to be pro-Israeli. There is the pro-Syrian one led by ex-president Franjieh, and there is the Falange, whose leader is the titular president of Lebanon, Amin Gemayel. Then there are the Moslems, mostly Sunnis and the Shiites, a minority (thank God) everywhere else in the Arab world, but (typically) a majority in Lebanon. Oh, yes, I almost forgot. There are the Druse, too, whom other Moslems claim to be infidels, and even the Christians do not claim as their own. The Druse are led by the Gene Wilder look-alike, Walid Jumblat. From the above sects spring tens of other smaller groups, like the

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Hozballah—party of God—and, of course, the Palestinians.

As there is as much tax collection in Lebanon as there are traffic jams in Albania, the various warlords have to have a front that is legit, just as our own beloved Mafia over here has. The Gemayels are into protection, as legitimate a profession in Lebanon as banking is on Wall Street. The Franjiehs call themselves cement tycoons, and they are probably correct in doing so. They are, after all, as much into cement as Jimmy Hoffa once was. The rest of the players do not even bother to give themselves labels. They are simply into the drug trade. *C'est tout.*

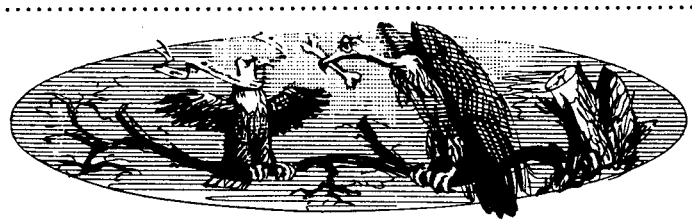
The party of God (God forgive me) controls the Bekaa Valley and deals in heroin. The Syrian High Command takes a healthy cut, and it is rumored that the Syrian chief of staff rivals Khashoggi in wealth and self-indulgence as a result. The Druse are not so lucky. The Shuf Mountains are hostile places for the poppy, therefore the enterprising Druse import it and act simply as middle men.

My friend Anthony Haden-Guest, who recently spent over six months in that happy country researching a book on the drug trade and being kidnapped by one group and then another, told me the following story. About six months ago, Amin Gemayel's palace was rocked by persistent cannon fire coming down from the Druse stronghold. Like a good Lebanese, Amin quickly got on the telephone and rang his old enemy-friend Walid. "What's going on?" he screamed above the din. "You've got one of my boats down in the harbor," answered Walid. "I need that boat badly." "Okay, okay," came the presidential reply. You can guess the rest. The boat was allowed to go free, and the bombardment stopped as if it were November 11, 1918 on the Western front. Incidentally, the boat was carrying a full load of heroin, destination unknown. Haden-Guest himself was offered Lebanese hospitality in the form of $500,000 of counterfeit money in exchange for $20,000 of the real thing. He declined the offer, saying that he wasn't sure the color was right. Jumblat is reputed to be a bit like Frank Perdue. He likes and uses his own product, which explains Jumblat's infamous disappearances during "frank" discussions between himself and the rest of the warlords.

Given this, why has the U.S. been consistently caught off guard in that unhappy land? Well, operating in Lebanon under cover is not exactly like trying to catch the senior senator from Massachusetts with a blonde on his arm. It is the most dangerous game in the world, and the only ones who can and do play it well are the Israelis. (Incidentally, as this is being written it is now clear that it was the Israelis who signaled to the U.S. that the Egyptians had sent the *Achille Lauro* murderers out of the country, and that although the U.S. at first demurred at intercepting the plane, it came around once the wily Israelis made it clear its refusal would be leaked to the press.)

Both Mossad and Israeli army intelligence are well connected with Lebanese shenanigans, but they use their information selectively when it comes to telling Uncle Sam. One thing American intelligence has known all along is that drug peddlers are the main bankers of the various militias, but just as it has been unable to stem their flow into the U.S., it is hard pressed to do anything about them in a place like Lebanon. Needless to say, no self-respecting Arab would ever admit that drugs play the major role in the Lebanese conflict. As Muggeridge said, everything they say is true. Except for you know what. □

THE NATION'S PULSE



DREAM STREET

by Terry Teachout

The news division at CBS takes itself very seriously indeed. Ask any employee about the "Murrow tradition" and you're liable to come away with an earful of slimy cant. But Edward R. Murrow (who, lest we forget, was canned by William Paley for excessive editorializing) was more than just a nattily dressed war correspondent and the chain-smoking host of "See It Now." He was also the star of "Person to Person," the fifties talk show that was a sort of Pleistocene version of "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous." Murrow, his biographer assures us, was no more comfortable chatting up the likes of Marilyn Monroe than Dwight Eisenhower was comfortable filming sixty-second advertisements for himself. But he did it anyway, and it made him rich.

The moral here is that the difference between news and entertainment on television is—let's just call it subtle. And CBS, Murrow tradition or no Murrow tradition, is every bit as obedient to the implicit commands of the great unwashed as is ABC, the network that made David Hartman and Geraldo Rivera household words. If you doubt it, take a look at "West 57th," CBS's new prime-time newsmagazine. A hopped-up retread of "60 Minutes" aimed squarely at the Yuppie market, "West 57th" is quite possibly the single most blatantly commercial endeavor ever undertaken by a network news department, give or take Barbara Walters.

Not that obviously commercial concepts necessarily make for bad television. (NBC took "Hill Street Blues," changed the setting to a Boston hospital, and came up with "St. Elsewhere.") But "West 57th" is startling in the naked candor of its motivational appeals. Each episode, for example, begins with a flashily edited credit sequence that intercuts footage of the program's four correspondents standing in a control room mouthing video-fluent jabber ("Let's prepare for a two-machine roll. . . . Do you have to wait for me to get to speed?") with insert shots in which they breathlessly tell each other about the stories to be covered that evening. The theme music is synthesized rock. The impression is of an exciting new dramatic series about young investigative journalists in search of corruption: a cross, perhaps, between "Lou Grant" and "The Mod Squad." Any resemblance between the first three minutes of "West 57th" and of a conventional network news program is clearly accidental.

The show itself is not quite as depraved as the credits promise, but it comes close. One recent episode featured segments about a football player who used steroids, the PCP market in Washington, D.C., a young deaf actress, a music video set in Vietnam, and George Romero, director of the movie *Night of the Living Dead.* The "60 Minutes" framework is obvious enough, but the choice of material is suggestive: All five stories are either about young people or about subjects which young people tend to find interesting. The political overtones, such as they are, are glibly leftish. The stories are shorter and far more visually oriented than their "60 Minutes" counterparts. (The current joke making the rounds is that CBS originally planned to call the show "60 Seconds.") And the news content of the broadcast is, not surprisingly, nil.

Where "60 Minutes" emphasizes the star quality of its veteran reporters, "West 57th" deemphasizes its four novices to the point of fungibility. They have clearly been cast not for reportorial ability but for visual appeal,

Terry Teachout is an assistant editor of Harper's.

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great pains evidently having been taken to balance John Ferrugia's sober mustache and red suspenders against Bob Sirott's curly hair and apple cheeks, with the pretty, forgettable faces and stylishly informal attire of Meredith Vieira and Jane Wallace serving as pastel contrast elements. One might as well have Kate and Allie as correspondents. Indeed, the whole enterprise smacks of nothing quite so much as Jim Aubrey's legendary (and serious) proposal that CBS replace Walter Cronkite with Paul Newman.

It's surprising, in a way, that "West 57th" doesn't go even farther than it currently does in its attempt to make diverting pap out of the news. Regular viewers of MTV or "Miami Vice" are likely to find the show's camera work and conservative use of background music rather tame. But the underlying point of view is generally right on the mark. One recent segment dealt with the Grateful Dead, the aging rock band whose drug-sodden fans travel endlessly from concert to concert, driving gaudily painted vans and subsisting on tofu and marijuana. Bob Sirott's cool, amused commentary made it clear that while he didn't object to an occasional toot after work, such extravagantly nostalgic shenanigans were strictly for sixties rejects who hadn't yet discovered the joys of entry-level executive positions, raspberry vinegar, and Reebok tennis shoes. In stories like these, "West 57th" shows a remarkably acute sense of its true audience: the cocaine conservatives of the post-Vietnam era.

"West 57th" has been doing poorly in the Nielsens, largely because the older and less video-fluent executives at CBS News, recognizing a threatening innovation when they see one, have apparently been trying their best to sink it through inept scheduling. (The same kind of attitude is doubtless behind the failure of "Miami Vice" to pick up more than four of the fifteen Emmys for which it was nominated.) So it's interesting to read this item from a recent issue of *TV Guide*:

> Despite management reassurances to the contrary, insiders fear that the firing at CBS News two weeks ago of some of the network's most experienced correspondents and producers is only the beginning. . . . Individuals associated with the Murrow-Cronkite era, rather than those with higher salaries, seem to be the targets of the cutbacks. "There's no question they're after the old guard," said one veteran staffer still with the network. "And there are some other people they would like to get, but their contracts aren't up yet."

The mind boggles. Is the day coming when we'll all be pining for the likes of Dan Rather? If "West 57th" is any indication, even Jesse Helms may now be wondering if he might have been a little too quick on the draw. □

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE MEETS HIS CRITICS

Most of us know at least one person who habitually wears some accessory or item of clothing by which he can easily be recognized and with which he eventually comes to be associated—it may be a bow tie of some distinctive pattern, colored socks, or a flower in the buttonhole. I mention this not to attempt some deep psychological analysis of the phenomenon (indeed it probably has no profound significance at all) but merely to observe that this compulsive idiosyncrasy is often extended into more general areas of behavior. There are politicians, writers, and academics who are so alarmed at the possibility that they might be regarded as representing a shared body of opinion or school of thought, that they reach out for their distinctive intellectual haberdashery at the merest whiff of conformity.

Peregrine Worsthorne, a gifted and perceptive political journalist, clearly has this mechanism of defense against the tedium of predictability. From time to time he turns upon some personality or policy associated with the High Tory ideology which he usually wears with such elegance, and defiantly displays his colored socks. He has done so most provocatively in his "Tory Critique of Neoconservatives" [in the October 1985 issue of *The American Spectator*]. What he, and others, describe as neoconservatism, might have been expected to find a sympathetic echo in Mr. Worsthorne's system of political ideas. Although one of those identified by him as having received the neoconservative seal of approval, I had always regarded myself as being close to him, not only as a friend, but as a political animal. (Not close enough, apparently, to prevent his classifying me as an Englishman, a description which may well have been intended to alleviate my natural Welsh sense of inferiority.)

What is it, apart from an instinctive taste for iconoclasm, that has provoked Mr. Worsthorne's philippic against the American neoconservatives? I will not offend him by suggesting that it might have been Mrs. Jeane Kirkpatrick's wounding comment at the American ambassador's luncheon. It is true that there are not many luncheon tables among the gratin of London at which the appearance of Peregrine Worsthorne could legitimately evoke the question "Who the hell is this guy?"; indeed, it would be rather like asking the Pope to identify himself at the door of Westminster Cathedral. Nor, of course, did Jeane Kirkpatrick's question derive from any such lamentable obfuscation. She knew quite well who Peregrine was; what she was expressing was astonishment that *anyone* at that gathering could suggest that there was "no agreed sense in the West" as to what the terms freedom and democracy actually mean.

For, in advancing this proposition, Mr. Worsthorne was coming perilously near to a flirtation with that intellectual heresy which so deeply offends Mrs. Kirkpatrick and many other conservatives—the fallacy of "moral equivalence." There is, most assuredly, an agreed sense in the West about the concept of individual liberty. There may be nuances and points of philosophical exegesis, but to imply that there is any difficulty in making a clear distinction between freedom and democracy on the one hand and totalitarian oppression on the other is to engage in the most perverse form of disputation. Peregrine Worsthorne's claim to be a lifelong conservative is incontestable, as is his detestation of Communism. It is possible, however, to doubt his judgment about the nature and scale of what he demurely calls "the Soviet challenge."

The key to his quarrel with the "neoconservatives" lies, I think, in the question which he poses early in his article: "Is the Soviet Union, we ask, not having difficulties enough holding down Eastern Europe without trying to extend its faltering imperial sway even further into Western Europe, where the ideological lure of Communism is now at an all time low?"

Well up to a point, Lord Copper. There is, on the other hand, much to be said for the view, not by any means a monopoly of the neoconservatives, that the difficulties which the Soviet Union is experiencing within its existing empire might be a catalyst for further expansion, rather than an inhibition against it. After all, they did not prevent the Red Army from invading Afghanistan and establishing a brutally oppressive military regime in a country where the "ideological lure of Communism" could scarcely be regarded as being at an all-time high.

It is possible, too, that Mr. Worsthorne has seriously misunderstood the nature of the stresses and strains which are undermining the capacity of the free world to meet the "Soviet challenge." His explanation for what he diagnoses as the antipathy of American neoconservatives to Europe is that they "are trying to blacken Europe's character so as to justify the United States leaving us in the lurch." Even allowing for a certain legitimate measure of polemical hyperbole, this really is a little over the top. The truth, as always, is somewhat less simple. It is made up of a number of disparate elements, including a belief in a substantial spectrum of informed American opinion that the principal geopolitical threat to the United States has shifted from the European Atlantic area. Along with this perception goes the suspicion that the European partners in the Western alliance are interested *only* in the European Atlantic area, and that threats to free political institutions elsewhere are none of their concern. There is a feeling, too, in the United States that its allies are reluctant to make the unpopular political decisions which are needed if Western Europe is to assume a reasonable share of the burden of its own defense.

All this tends to be exacerbated by the manifestations of disarray to which Mr. Worsthorne refers, somewhat dismissively, in his article—differences over Grenada, the Soviet pipeline, the neutron bomb, cruise missiles, the Strategic Defense Initiative, the Middle East, international terrorism, and Nicaragua. It is not altogether surprising that *some* Americans should get the impression that *some* Europeans are not quite as serious about the threat of totalitarian Communism as Mr.

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Reagan seems to be. It is bad enough when these misunderstandings and failures of communication are aggravated by the rabid anti-Americanism of the "peace" movements and those whom Mr. Worsthorne describes trenchantly as left-wing idiots. It is a matter for much more serious concern when a conservative of Mr. Worsthorne's hitherto impeccable credentials points to the *Gemütlichkeit* of the Viennese tourist trade as a sign of East-West rapprochement; applauds Soviet restraint in the Middle East as "exemplary"; and finds Soviet foreign policy in Africa neither sinister nor alarming.

This is precisely the kind of soft-centrism which understandably exasperates American conservatives, whose attitudes are conditioned more by the demonstrably expansionist nature of Soviet foreign policy and the massive military apparatus which lies behind it, than by some vague premonition that "Communism is not the wave of the future." The principal threat to the free world is not, as Mr. Worsthorne seems to suggest, one of a mad Soviet leader launching an attack on Western Europe. It is of a much more subtle spread of the poisonous system which thrives on the prison camp, the psychiatric ward, and the subordination of the individual to the exigencies of the state.

When I was writing for the *Times* of London in the early 1960s, I once heard a leader writer, suffering from a mild attack of moral equivalence, taken severely to task. "Some things," said the editor coldly, "are evil and cruel and ugly; and no amount of fine writing will make them good or kind or beautiful." Not even, I would add, twenty-five years later, writing as fine as that of Peregrine Worsthorne.

—Lord Chalfont
London, U.K.

(Lord Chalfont is a former minister of state in the British foreign office.)

Whatever else one may think of Peregrine Worsthorne's nasty outburst, he has added something of real value to the transatlantic debate, by saying in print what many of us have been hearing privately in the pubs, common rooms, and cocktail parties of his nation for some years now. The fact that he is a conservative—large C and small—raises the utility of his observations still further: He gives us a rare glimpse of just how fragile is the superficially cordial relationship between the Reagan Administration and the British government. We have more to fear than just the advent of Kinnock and the Labourites, and I for one am no longer sure (if indeed I ever was) that it would not be better—strictly from the point of view of clarity—to have at the head of the British government someone who plainly loathes the United States, and says so outright, rather than false friends. (Mr. Worsthorne may supply his own list of names.)

Let me start off by saying that I am not insensitive to the many stresses—cultural as well as political—that afflict the Atlantic alliance, nor do I believe that on specific issues the United States is invariably right and the Europeans invariably wrong. Today, for example, most neoconservatives would probably concede that the United States made a serious error at Suez, and all of them sympathized with the West German government during its peculiar trials with the Carter Administration. While most would appreciate slightly more diplomatic support on Central America than the United States has been receiving from Western Europeans, truth to tell they do not expect our government to wait around for it.

The problem, however, arises from the larger questions which Mr. Worsthorne himself raises. As I understand his piece, he and Europeans like him have radically different views on the Soviet threat, the Third World, even the nature of Communism. These differences, however, arise not out of weakness, fear, or a penchant for ap-

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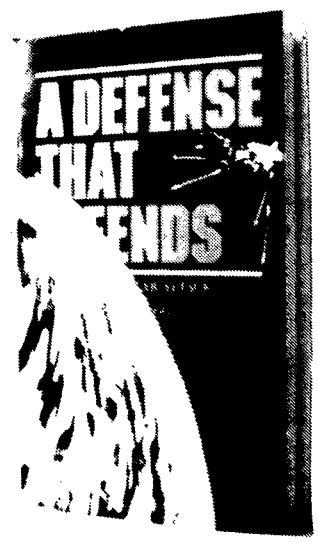

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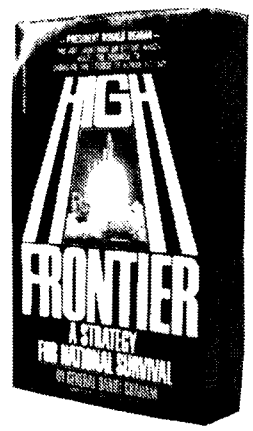

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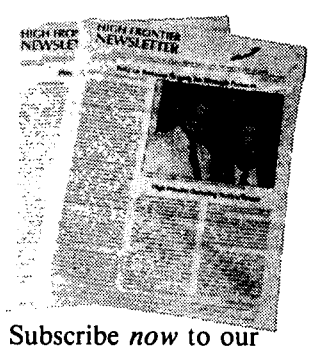

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peasement, but a springtime of European self-confidence (!) which the United States should welcome rather than resent. Instead, now that this country can no longer dictate the law to its erstwhile allies, it threatens to pack up and go home, leaving, as he says, the Europeans "in the lurch."

These views are plainly at variance with the facts as I see them. If the world situation is as Peregrine Worsthorne thinks, then I am frankly perplexed as to why we need an Atlantic alliance *at all.* Of course, this is what the European left has been saying for some time now; the major difference is that Mr. Worsthorne would prefer to hedge his bets, admitting that he *may* be wrong, but that in any case his views do not spring from any particular hostility to the United States, or from pacifism, leftism, etc.

The real key to Mr. Worsthorne's feelings, however, is his notion that "the peoples of Western and Eastern Europe are beginning to grow together, *in spite of politics.* . . . Those of us who live in Europe are bound to give greater emphasis to any hopeful sign of a coming together of the two parties than if one lives on the other side of the Atlantic." But what is the evidence for this happy fact? That "coachloads of visitors from both East and West Europe regularly intermingle" in Vienna. A "profoundly moving spectacle," he writes. Well, no doubt. But only half of these visitors can vote. Consequently, what the other half thinks is completely irrelevant. In that way I am afraid that there is a definite limit to the possibilities of Austrian tourism, unless one believes (as Mr. Worsthorne apparently does, all historical evidence to the contrary) that there is some inner logic which is making Communism less dangerous, and the Soviet Union less expansionist. (I was fascinated, by the way, by his view that nationalism—not Communism—is the "wave of the future." This would certainly be news to the Cubans, the Nicaraguans, the Afghans, the Ethiopians, and the Cambodians.)

Actually, for some time now the European pacifist-left in all of their extensions have been talking as if membership in NATO were some sort of favor their countries were doing for the United States, at prohibitively high cost. If left alone, they argue, they could reach their own accommodation with the Soviets, and much to their benefit in trade and international relations. (Who wants to get bogged down with the bloody Americans in Central America?) As one Dutchman explained it to me, "After all, the United States is very, very far away from Europe, and when all is said and done, the Russians are *Europeans.*" (He pronounced the word as if it were of sacred origin.) I can appreciate his point of view without sharing it. At any rate, he is willing to pay the freight. It is Worsthorne's desire to have it both ways that provokes the response—not just of "neoconservatives," but of a rather larger spectrum of the American political community. The issue is not, actually, whether we and our transatlantic allies can agree on *all* issues, but whether, as Henry Kissinger has said, our partnership can survive if we do not agree on *any* of the important questions of the present day. Mr. Worsthorne suggests that we do not, and if that is the case, we had best depart the European scene as expeditiously as possible, without rancor or recrimination.

—Mark Falcoff
Resident Fellow
American Enterprise Institute
Washington, D.C.

Imagine that the U.S. Secretary of State in 1938 had expressed disapproval of the British development of radar, on the grounds that it was "Maginot Line" stuff (implying by that an exercise in futility). How would Peregrine Worsthorne have reacted?

Now we have Sir Geoffrey Howe, the British Foreign Secretary, likening SDI to the Maginot Line—"justifiably," according to Worsthorne. But he seeks to reassure us: This Howe is "very Thatcherite," a man whose criticisms come "from the right." If indeed Howe does stand at the right of the British political spectrum, then that country has declined rather more seriously than I had thought.

Worsthorne is obviously annoyed with President Eisenhower for not going along with Sir Anthony Eden at the time of Suez. I agree with Worsthorne, but he might logically have expressed annoyance with Eden for so deferentially subordinating the British interest to the American will. That is what alliances will do to you. Why do we persist in thinking that countries are like ships: safer in convoys?

What I cannot figure out is why Worsthorne is so eager for America to stay in NATO. It does not follow from most of what he claims. Communism hasn't turned out so badly after all, he writes. Nationalism is the wave of the future. Coachloads from East and West kiss and make up in Vienna. Gorbachev has many headaches. And then there is this great new wave of confidence in Western Europe, apparently. Good. I'm glad to hear it. But if everything is going so well, why keep GI's in Europe 40 years after World War II? One would think that these self-confident Europeans would be able to get along perfectly well without the Yanks after so many years.

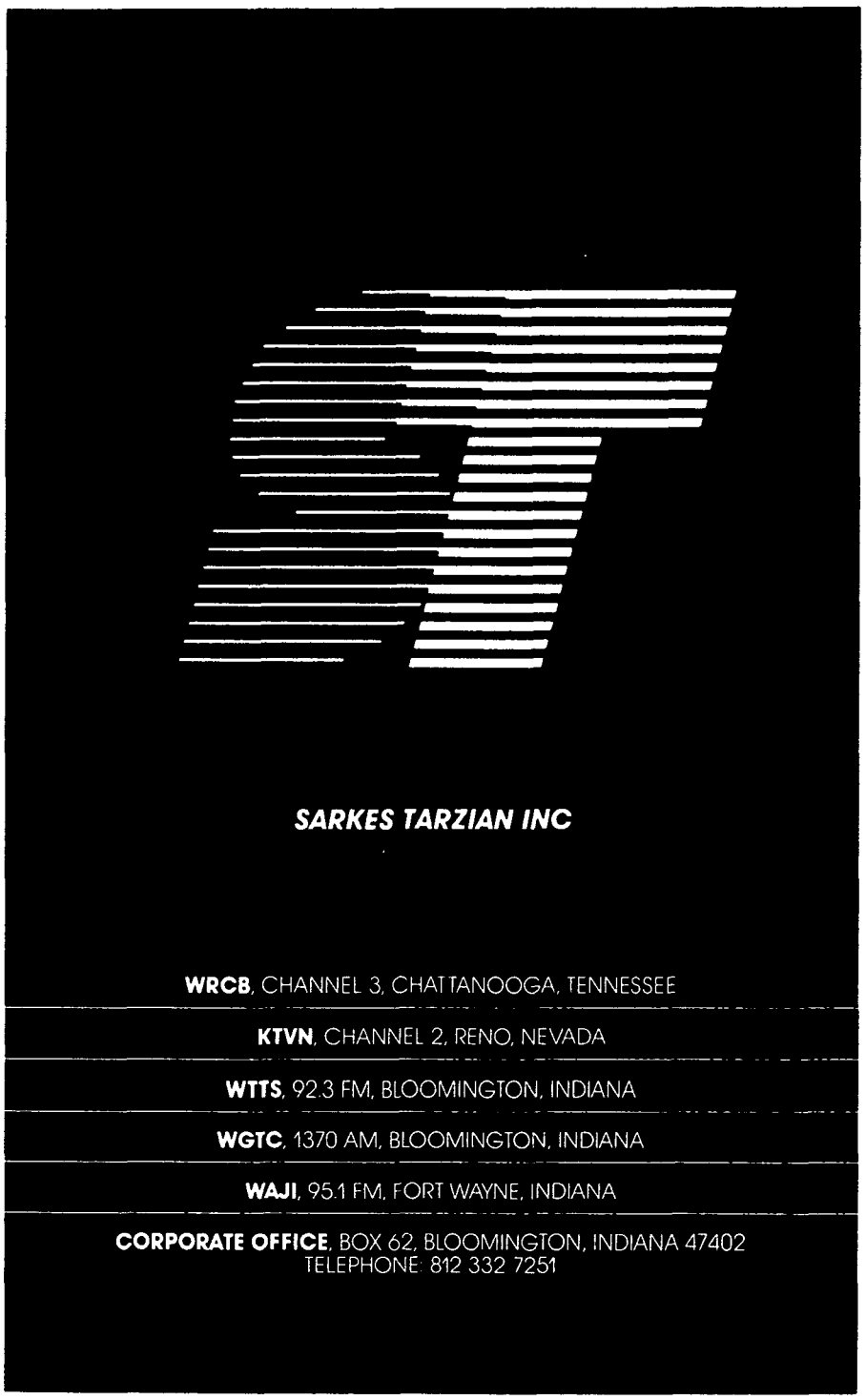
My suspicion is that Worsthorne thinks that Americans are okay—just so long as they know their place and stay in it: under, let's say, the command of Old Etonians. Which, come to think of it, is pretty much what we have now with the dubious Lord Carrington (Anthony Lewis's friend) in charge of NATO.

Let's get out, I say. The Europeans will do much better without American welfare. (When will we learn that doling out dollars is the *cause* of anti-Americanism, not the antidote to it?) If that is "America Firstism," as Worsthorne claims, then so be it. If I put some other country first, I would live there.

One final point Worsthorne doesn't mention but is often heard in the NATO debate. We should not leave because that is exactly what the Soviets want. My answer is that we should not assume the Soviets are infallible in their geostrategic maneuvering. Sometimes they make mistakes, as for example, when they voted at the United Nations to create the state of Israel.

—Tom Bethell
Washington, D.C.
(Mr. Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent.)*

In attacking American neoconservatives, Peregrine Worsthorne does his argument a disservice by lumping together the views of Norman Podhoretz and Irving Kristol on the present problems of NATO and their possible solutions. Both distinguished neoconservatives clearly are concerned about Western Europe's minimalization of the Soviet threat—as evidenced by Europe's under-investment in defense, its economic subsidies to the Soviet Union, its open skepticism toward President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative, and its apparent indifference to the spread of Soviet influence in the Third World. Yet Podhoretz traces European appeasement to an alleged decline in Europe's attachment to Western values, while Kristol blames it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on systematic factors in the structure of the Western alliance—namely, European dependence on the U.S. for its defense—which give our West European allies powerful incentives to accommodate the Soviets and place themselves at some distance from the policies of the United States. Bad incentives given by bad policies are much easier to correct than a decline in values. The prognosis for Europe would not be nearly so bleak if incentives rather than values were at the root of its difficulties.

Thus, when Mr. Worsthorne argues that the "difference in perception between the two sides of the Atlantic about the magnitude and urgency of the Soviet menace . . . does not spring [on Europe's part] from any sympathy for Communism; from any reluctance in principle to envisage the use of force; from any ideological anti-Americanism; or from the general malaise of defeatism which I take to be what American neoconservatives mean by describing Europe as dead," he is attacking Podhoretz's "values" explanation and implicitly endorsing Kristol's "incentives" arguments. I think there is a good deal of evidence to support Mr. Worsthorne in this.

For example, the recent severe decline in the influence and popularity of the Communist party in several West European countries, most notably in France and Italy, makes it more difficult to argue convincingly that Europe has gone "soft on Communism." Moreover, the defeat of the major terrorist organizations in Italy and West Germany indicates that some Europeans, at least, are willing to fight—and die—for their values when need be. The Italians went so far as to point an accusatory finger at the Soviet Union as the ultimate conspirator in the plot to kill Pope John Paul II—which was considerably more than the Soviet-bashing Reagan Administration dared do. The British proved their values meant more to them than many expected when, in 1982, they fought a war with Argentina to recover the Falkland Islands. If they fought to keep the Falklands British, could the British dare do less for Great Britain itself?

The incentives argument is a more convincing explanation for Europe's minimizing the Soviet threat. In October 1949, six months after the North Atlantic Treaty was signed, Charles de Gaulle made a succinct statement of the incentives argument: "France must first count upon itself, independent of foreign aid, and NATO takes away the initiative to build our national defense." De Gaulle may have been the first foreign policy "supply-sider."

The American nuclear guarantee of Europe is the most important plank of NATO, but the Europeans faced a dilemma when the credibility of that guarantee was undermined by the advent of U.S.-Soviet nuclear parity: They could either build up their own military forces, which would be expensive, or, through economic and political concessions give the Soviets a vested interest in not invading Western Europe. It is more than coincidental that European reliance on a "detente as defense" strategy increased as the credibility of the American nuclear guarantee diminished.

Mr. Worsthorne is probably correct in his insistence that Europe's minimalization of the Soviet threat does not indicate the old continent has gone "soft on Communism"; but he does inadvertently make several good arguments for a phased withdrawal of American troops from Europe. The current European "equilibrium" of under-investment in defense and over-investment in detente may be good for Europe, but it is dangerous for the United States. Moreover, no amount of jawboning from this side of the Atlantic is likely to dislodge Europe from its present policies—as Worsthorne's ill-tempered critique makes abundantly clear, the European equilibrium is supported as much by Europe's right wing as it is by its left. What the U.S. must

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In the fall of 1983, the department hired former priest Daniel C. Maguire as the John A. O'Brien Professor of Moral Theology. In his first semester at Notre Dame, Maguire published a proabortion article in *Christian Century.* Either he or Notre Dame or both were testing the waters to see whether it was now acceptable to be a proabortion moral theologian at a Catholic university.

By the end of 1983-84 academic year, tenured theology professor Elizabeth Schuessler Fiorenza had lent her name to a manifesto issued by the notorious proabortion front group Catholics for Free Choice. Of all the people who signed the manifesto only two were teaching at Catholic institutions, and both of them were at Notre Dame. Both the local bishop and Father Hesburgh were embarrassed, and both were hoping that the whole thing would go away before anyone noticed.

But just when things seemed to be quieting down, the article in *Fidelity* appeared. "Is Notre Dame Still Catholic?", based on interviews with students, seminarians, theology professors, and Father McBrien, the department chairman, shows that the apostasy had gone deeper than anyone suspected. "Is Notre Dame Still Catholic?" brings the full story of what has happened at Catholic universities out in the open. It is indispensable reading for anyone who wants to know what went wrong with Catholic education in this country and what we can expect when the pope and bishops act to implement the new code of canon law.

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do to change European behavior is change the incentives that have produced free-riding allies who take the billions of dollars (estimated by Earl Ravenal at $134 billion this year alone) we spend on their defense, do the Soviets bidding for them by opposing U.S. interests in Central America and strategic defense, and then try to squelch criticism of their outrageous behavior by arguing that neoconservatives demand "the rest of the world slavishly follow America's lead." Mr. Worsthorne has nothing on the young defendant who, after admitting to murdering his mother and father, begs mercy from the judge on the grounds that he is but an orphan.

Pulling the troops out of Europe may be a little like having surgery to excise a cancerous growth. Clearly there are risks: The patient might die during the operation, or it will be discovered that the cancer has spread too far. But given the stong likelihood that the patient will die if nothing is done, there remains little choice but to operate. Those who do not want to take America out of Europe focus too much on the risks of the operation and not enough on what is happening to Europe—and what in all likelihood will continue to happen if the problem is ignored.

—Melvyn Krauss
New York University
New York, New York

(Mr. Krauss's book on NATO will be published this spring by Simon and Schuster.)

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Peregrine Worsthorne makes several good arguments for a gradual withdrawal of U.S. troops from Europe. This was presumably not his intent. His aim seemed to be to heap scorn on Irving Kristol, Melvyn Krauss, Tom Bethell, and others who advocate just such a withdrawal. Indeed, Mr. Worsthorne condescendingly instructs us to "grow up," and apply to his prose for tutoring in "history" and "reality."

But let us unbundle actual arguments from Mr. Worsthorne's article. By the time one gets to assertions of fact, one has the Krauss-Kristol-Bethell case for withdrawal in a nutshell:

1. ". . . In the view of many Tories on this side of the Atlantic, the Soviet challenge today is not so overwhelming and immediate as to require the kind of frantic response advocated by American neoconservatives." Exactly. Precisely because these Tories reject our "perception" of the Soviet threat, we feel people like Mr. Worsthorne to be unreliable. If the allies disagree strongly about the nature and extent of the Soviet threat, which is the whole reason for the NATO alliance to begin with, then there is already, as Henry Kissinger puts it, "no alliance left."

2. "Nor, judging by Soviet difficulties in Afghanistan, still unsubdued after five years, does the Red Army seem all that much of an invincible conquering force. Only a mad Soviet leader . . . would choose to launch an attack on Western Europe. . . ." If all this is so, then surely Europe, with an economy larger than that of the Soviet bloc, is capable of defending itself against this paper tiger. And since, as our allies argue, the U.S. contribution to NATO is not particularly large, its removal would be no great burden on the lively economies of Europe, or on their sensible and sophisticated elites.

3. "Neoconservatives really should make a greater imaginative effort to understand how genuinely questionable is much of their foreign policy; questionable in the sense of [being contradictory]. . . ." Even if this is so, it is good reason Europe should be anxious to decouple from the U.S., or at least less eager to be linked to us by accepting our assistance. For example, Mr. Worsthorne sees "encouraging signs at present that the peoples of Western and Eastern Europe are beginning to grow together," an assertion he supports by noting that East and West Europeans actually sip tea together in Vienna now and then. "I do not want to see the West do anything *unnecessary* to provoke the Soviet Union into bloody-mindedly putting a stop to it." Well then: A U.S. withdrawal from NATO would leave Europe freer to follow such inclinations, without the bright man's burden of defending America's inept initiatives.

4. "The new phenomenon to which [the neoconservatives] really object is criticism of American foreign policy . . . from people like Sir Geoffrey Howe . . . whose only sin is to disagree, quietly and discreetly, with American perceptions of the gravity of the Soviet menace." Here it is Mr. Worsthorne who contradicts himself. For he writes later of "the case of the Strategic Defense Initiative, which Sir Geoffrey Howe tactlessly—but altogether justifiably—compared to France's pre-war attempt to gain total defensive invulnerability through building the Maginot Line. Other examples of allied backsliding," he continues, "are all too easy to enumerate: over the oil pipeline, over Middle East policy, over trading with the Soviet Union, over Grenada, and most recently and provocatively, over Central America." On these and other issues, which arguably constitute the major policy issues of the decade, the Tories have disagreed strongly and publicly with U.S. policy. They should do just this if they believe our policies are mistaken. But they then should not complain if U.S. neoconservatives complain about their policies.

Throughout this article, Mr. Worsthorne explicitly defends himself against a charge that to my knowledge neoconservatives have never made, either against him or Tories in general: namely, that they are somehow "soft on Communism." Actually, my view is the opposite. Mr. Worsthorne is clearly quite anti-Communist in principle. But being a cool and sophisticated man, he, like his fellow Europeans, also no doubt responds to incentives.

Thus, as long as the Tories feel backed by the (phony anyway) guarantee of U.S. nuclear intervention, and are subsidized in weak conventional defense postures, Mr. Worsthorne and company would be foolish to weigh the Soviet threat as carefully and seriously as do the Americans, who now bear the primary economic and political burden of meeting that threat. Our Tory friends would be foolish to advocate massive increases in British defense spending, which would cost them much but add only marginally to the total NATO defense pie. They would be foolish to back U.S. efforts to promote democracy in far off places like Grenada, since support for such policies might in their view drag Europe into war. These people are not fools.

Thus, the real case for withdrawal: NATO weakens the foreign policy of both America *and* its European allies. That is why, as Mr. Worsthorne writes, "opponents of the energetic use of American power are nowadays all for alliances." They know that alliances tend to operate around a soft, least-common-denominator policy. As Worsthorne notes, "Concerted action in present circumstances is often the equivalent of no action, or at any rate, delayed and possibly half-hearted action."

Conversely, the day the U.S. begins to pull out of NATO is the day Mr. Worsthorne's "perception" of the Soviet menace will improve, possibly to the point of being as "frantic" as is the response of American neoconservatives. In saying as much, one demonstrates neither "anti-European" ill will nor a belief that Worsthorne and the Europeans are "dead." On the contrary, we pay tribute to Europe's resiliency. We do not believe Europe is too weak, too timid, or too stupid to defend herself with a vigorous foreign policy and military establishment. Does Mr. Worsthorne?—*Gregory A. Fossedal*
Editorial Page Writer
The Wall Street Journal
New York, New York

Peregrine Worsthorne replies:

I don't find anything in the above letters to which I could usefully reply, since—with the exception of Lord Chalfont—they strike me as almost willfully obtuse. My intention was to counter the American neoconservative contention that "Europe is dead"; not to assert, as your correspondents seem to want to believe, that Europe is so alive as no longer to need American protection. Unquestionably Western Europe continues to need American protection. But that does not mean that there can only be one perception about the gravity or urgency of the Soviet danger, or about the purposes of American foreign policy. But rather than continue this exchange, which seems to have got into a rut before ever getting off the ground, let me just say how sad I am that an attempt to discuss these matters in an openminded fashion should have proved so instantly abortive.

As for Lord Chalfont, while no more illuminating about the subject of my article, he is at least amusing, and even perceptive, about its author. □

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BOOK REVIEWS

THE USES OF PLEASURE

Michel Foucault, translated by Robert Hurley/Pantheon Books/$17.95

James Harkness

A few years ago Alan Sheridan concluded a critical survey of the books of Michel Foucault by noting that the controversial French philosopher-historian was then in his early fifties—"the complete works may not be even half written." It was an unhappy anti-prophecy. In Foucault's lifetime his oeuvre would grow by only two additional books. On June 25, 1984, only weeks after the simultaneous publication in Paris of two new volumes in his history of sexuality series, Michel Foucault died in the *hôpital* Pitie-Salpetriere, the victim of a mysteriously unspecified disease of the nervous system.

Foucault's sudden demise stunned intellectual France, where he had emerged as the leading figure of "post-structuralist" thought—partially in his own right, partially because of the brief vogue of *les philosophes nouveaux*, and partially by simple attrition. Within a brief span, he had been preceded in death by the critic Roland Barthes and psychoanalyst Jacques Lacan. Louis Althusser, the aging Marxist theoretician and Foucault's one-time teacher, had been a fading star well before being arrested for the murder of his wife. The passing of Jean-Paul Sartre, long out of favor with the avant-garde, had more in it of cultural valedictory than real impact among up-to-the-minute *penseurs*. Only Claude Levi-Strauss (and perhaps the unreconstructed deconstructionist Jacques Derrida) could conceivably have claimed celebrity on a par with Foucault's.

Relatively young, increasingly visible beyond the academy as a human rights activist, Foucault was at his death arguably Europe's most influential philosopher. His Anglo-American following had grown steadily since the middle 1960s, propelling him beyond cult figureship to academic respectability, if not exactly the mainstream of domestic scholarship. His admirers on this side of the Atlantic included historians (e.g., Hayden White), literary critics (Richard Poirer), anthropologists (Clifford Geertz), polemicists (Edward Said, Christopher Lasch), psychiatrists (Thomas S. Szasz), and even novelists (Samuel R. Delaney, Jr.). Between 1965 and 1984, U.S. trade and university presses issued nine books by Foucault and two collections of his essays. In the coming year alone, their number will be exceeded by that of secondary studies devoted solely or in major part to his work.

Foucault's last two books continue his "archaeological" or "genealogical" analysis of power. They do not conform to the blueprint Foucault initially drew up[1] for a history that would, in six volumes, trace the different ways in which individual and social life have been "sexualized" from the days of pastoral Christianity up to roughly the present. Instead, for reasons explained in a preface called "Modifications," the author's gaze has been deflected onto the rise of an "art of living" around the sexual practices of antique Greece and Rome. *L'Usage des plaisirs*, whose title Pantheon's translator has rendered peculiarly as *The Uses of Pleasure*, focuses on texts of the classical period—Plato, Aristotle, Hippocrates, Xenophon, Demosthenes, and others. *Le Souci de soi* (literally, "the concern for the self"; more freely, perhaps "self-awareness") charts historical and conceptual transformations embodied in Greek and Latin writings of the first and second centuries B.C. A fourth book, reportedly almost complete in manuscript, deals with sexuality in the first centuries of Christianity, and when eventually published it will bring Foucault's final project to a close.

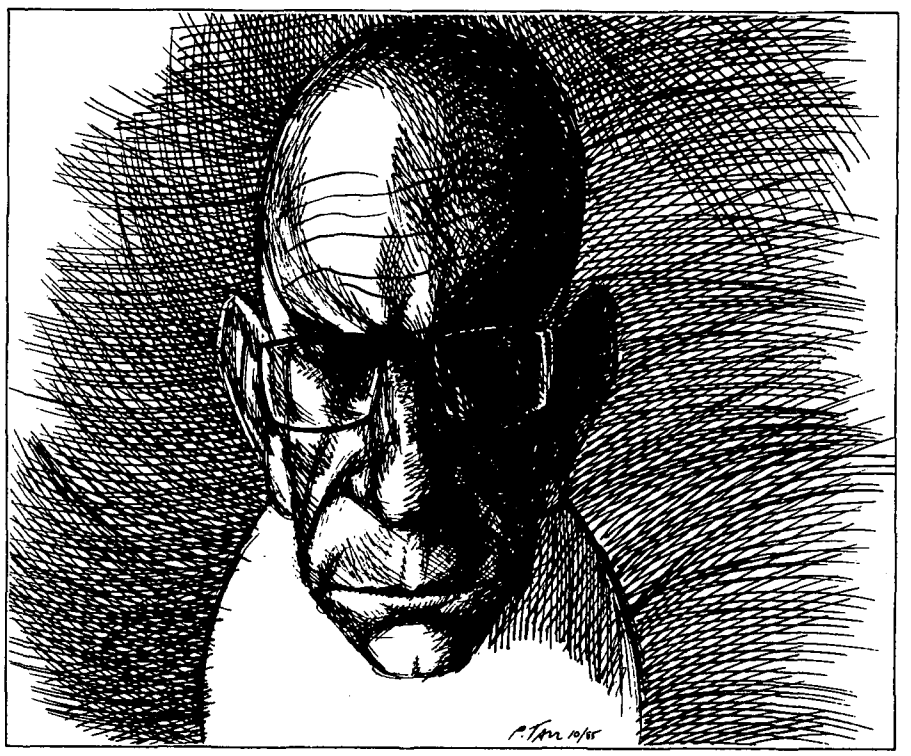
The Usage of Pleasures (there is no point in embracing the mistranslation) begins by way of a familiar Foucaultian device: innocently setting forth the conventional wisdom, then abruptly and rather gleefully turning it upside down. In the prevailing view, Foucault explains, the Greeks of the classical era are presumed to have been much more tolerant, far less anxious about certain aspects of sexuality than the later Christians (or for that matter, than we today). For the Greeks, few sexual acts other than incest carried any special stigma. Fewer restrictions were placed on premarital or extramarital adventures. Abstinence had no innate merit, and homosexuality was not merely accepted but, under the right conditions, celebrated. But in reality, says Foucault, the conventional view distorts or grossly oversimplifies on every point. Instead, he argues that the valorization of the sexual act, of marital fidelity, of homosexual liaisons and chastity were all contested issues for the Greeks.

> One would only have to point out the direct borrowing and strict continuities between the first Christian doctrines and the moral philosophy of antiquity. . . . One already notes a certain association of sexual activity with evil, along with the rule of procreative monogamy, a condemnation of relations between individuals of the same sex, and a glorification of self-restraint. Furthermore, given a longer historical frame to consider, one could trace the persistence of themes, anxieties, and exigencies that no doubt marked the Christian ethic and the morality of modern European societies; but not only, since they were already present at the core of Greek and Greco-Roman thought.

What particularly interests Foucault about the areas of contestation of antique sexuality is that they were not, on the whole, the object of juridical codes or rigorous, encompassing taboos. "On the contrary," he said in an interview just before his death, "it was where sexuality was freest that Antique moralists examined themselves most searchingly, and where they came to propose the strictest policies." Largely ignored by formal law, sexual behavior nonetheless raised questions for the Greeks because of its effect on health, on household management (and by extension, civic leadership), on the status of young men destined to become citizens, and on the individual's access to truth. As a result, there grew up around each and all these "points of problematization" a complex of ethical and esthetic discourses: "practices of the self" and "usages of pleasures" by which free Greek males sought to integrate their sexuality into the larger fabric of life. "The question was one of knowing how to shape your own life to make it as fine as possible (to your own eyes, those of others, and those of generations to come, for whom it might serve as an example)."

Conceived as an art of living, classical Greek morality consisted not in conformity to code or custom, not in obedience to God's command or natural law, but in personal self-

[1] In *La Volonté de savoir*, translated as *The History of Sexuality, Volume I* (1977).



James Harkness translated This Is Not a Pipe, *Michel Foucault's study of Rene Magritte (University of California Press, 1983).*

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mastery, conscious choice mediated by the universal principle of moderation. Concretely, antique morality took the form of three regimens. *Dietetics* regulated the body, based upon mandates of sound health; it ruled over not only masturbation and intercourse, but also eating, sleeping, athletics, and other physical activities. *Economics* pertained to women and wives within the household; it prescribed right conduct among husbands and wives, concubines, slaves, and other members of households, as regards both sex and work, status and inheritance, property and propriety. Finally, an *erotics* governed relationships between individuals—and since the Greeks saw only free males as true individuals, erotics was by definition an exclusively homosexual regimen, concerning itself especially with the reputation and future character of young boys taken as lovers.

The bulk of *The Usage of Pleasures* is taken up with a detailed account of the regimens, with an additional section devoted to the evolution in Greek thought of asceticism as a privileged pathway to truth. *Le Souci de soi*, a translation of which (also from Pantheon) is due next spring, extends the investigation to Hellenistic and Roman writers of the imperial period. Here scrutiny falls mainly upon the transition from antique "problematizations" of sexuality to those that would be the themes of early Christian writers—"purity" as embodied in virginity and faithful monogamy, the exclusively reproductive end of sex, lust conceived as trial/temptation and as a hidden, demonically implanted motive in apparently blameless conduct.

Both books are in some ways curiously atypical of Foucault. While each contains a good deal of the author's wonted methodological finickiness, neither is much more than a series of close readings of texts, not needing or justifying the Nietzschean overtones of their "genealogical" claims. Odder still (and perhaps betraying some uneasiness over his credentials as a classicist), Foucault has based his generalizations upon precisely those authors that orthodox scholarship would designate as the period's noblest representatives. This is a far cry from his ordinarily contrarian research, in which an epoch's especially revealing facets are sought in its most marginal traces—mystic treatises of alchemists, confessions of murderers, diaries of hermaphrodites, rather than the learned disquisitions of philosophers or the official pronouncements of scientists, jurists, and statesmen.

The prose itself is lackluster—hurried, colorless, repetitive. Foucault's writing was too often self-indulgently poetic, a sometimes indiscriminate brew of jargon, neologisms, and ornate if not surreal images that obscured his meaning at least as often as they enhanced it. Sheridan rightly called his language "sumptuous," using the word more admiringly than would most. At his best, however, Foucault could produce extended passages both sweeping and lyrical, with a simultaneous specificity and breadth of allusion that were remarkable. Such passages are virtually nonexistent in *The Usage of Pleasures* and *Le Souci de soi*. In their place is an abstract pedanticism and a relentless hammering, page after page and chapter after chapter, at the same points, often in nearly identical language from one section to the next. There is also a rarefaction of vocabulary, in which controversial issues, touchy subjects, and areas of philosophical debate are inflated into "contestations," "problematics," or "points of problematization." As a result, problems of comprehension often arise more from poor wording than from any intrinsic subtlety of analysis. It would be easy to blame the translator, of whose work the kindest thing that can be said is that it is serviceable. But readers who consult the original will find that the author must bear most of the onus.

Yet *The Usage of Pleasures* and *Le Souci de soi* will probably assume a central place in Foucault's canon, for reasons both good and bad. Undoubtedly they will be widely regarded as works of "gay liberation," aimed at historically legitimating homosexual eroticism and life-styles, although this was at best incidental to the author's real purpose. Up to a few years before his death, Foucault had been reticent to the point of secretiveness about his own homosexuality.[2] As recently as 1980, Sheridan's *Michel Foucault: The Will to Truth* includes a bare handful of very oblique references, clearly in deference to Foucault's privacy. Only in the eighties did he begin to speak out on behalf of gay rights, and then rather perfunctorily, with little of the energy and eloquence evident in his writings against oppression in Iran, Afghanistan, Poland, and Latin America.

But in point of fact, Foucault's history is about sexual "liberation" of any kind less than just the opposite—sex as a privileged target for power:

> Taking a very schematic, bird's-eye view . . . in classical Greek thought it was the relationship with boys that constituted the most delicate point and the most active focus of reflection and elaboration; it was here that the problematization called for the most subtle forms of austerity. Now, surveying the course of a very slow evolution, we can see this focus move elsewhere: it is around women, little by little, the problems come to be centered. . . . And we can see a new shift of the focus of problematization (this time from women to the body) in the interest that was shown, starting in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, in the sexuality of children and, generally speaking, in the relationships between sexual behavior, normality, and health.

If there was something Foucault found attractive about the Greeks, it was not their attitude toward homosexuality (which, he suggests, was at least as convoluted as the modern attitude, though on different particulars), but rather the nature of control exercised over the spectrum of human appetites and daily behavior. This is essentially self-control, the self-mastery of *enkrateia* and *sōphrosynē*. The power that reigned over sex was subjective, the power of individual choice, not the external, coercive power of institutions or the state. Embodied in "techniques of the self" and an "art of living," *l'usage des plaisirs* imposed shapeliness on sensitive, highly charged areas of life, an order independent of intrusive legal or political enforcement. As the social

[2]Foucault's ambivalence, if that is what it was, toward his homosexuality adds irony to the tragedy of his death, since it is almost certain that the so-called "disease of the nervous system" that killed him was made possible by the breakdown of his immune system as a result of having contracted AIDS. According to a University of California anthropologist who worked as closely with him as any American scholar, Foucault had exhibited bronchitis- and influenza-like symptoms in Berkeley throughout the winter of 1984. Treated with antibiotics, he was able to return to Paris. In May he went into the hospital, where he managed to read the reviews of *L'Usage des plaisirs* and *Le Souci de soi* before lapsing into a coma. Emergency surgery revealed his brain to be covered with a fungal infection similar to the common infant throat and mouth lesions called thrush. Foucault died without any other formal diagnosis, and the effort put into dissimulating the AIDS issue was considerable on both sides of the Atlantic. An editor at Pantheon Books would "neither confirm nor deny" the reports but admitted that "it was bruited about at the time of his death."

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"focus of problematizations" shifted, so too would the nature of philosophic reflection on sex and the mechanisms for the regulation of sexual acts. From the confessional to the high Church; from the interventions of medical and psychiatric "disciplines" to those anonymous administrative manipulations of political systems, demography and eugenics. From the *agora*, to Masters and Johnson, to the decennial Census.

Foucault was adamant that history offers no models suitable for borrowing, no keys to the troubled kingdom of today. He was a thinker who hated being categorized and who systematically avoided creating his own system. "Do not ask me who I am," he wrote at the end of *The Archaeology of Knowledge*. "Leave it to our bureaucrats and our police to see that our papers are in order." Critics friendly and otherwise were continually at odds over whether he was a philosopher or a historian, a "pure" academic or committed activist—a revolutionary, reactionary, or reformer. Ideologues of all persuasions found him infuriating. Liberals accused him of being a technocrat, Communists of being a Gaullist agent, socialists of being a dangerous left-wing anarchist. In his dialectical phase, Sartre lambasted *The Order of Things* as the "last gasp of the bourgeoisie." Later, conservatives would be heard to grumble that Foucault's work resurrected the credibility of a leftism that, left to solely Marxist devices, might have expired from intellectual exhaustion.

At times Foucault did sound something like a Marxist, to the point of inquiring rhetorically (in an interview concerning *Discipline and Punish*), "Taken to an extreme, one could ask what difference there could be between being a Marxist and being a historian?" Elsewhere, however, Foucault left little doubt that he considered Marx entirely a product of his milieu. Indeed, it is tempting to say that if Marxism was for the later Sartre that thought which "could not be transcended," for Foucault it was, like the Hegelian historicism that fathered it, a system of thought that *must* be transcended—neurotic in its orthodoxies, calcified in its institutions, and tyrannical in its pretensions to universal truth.

Fluid, tactical, often self-contradictory, Foucault's views in fact cut across conventional political and ideological categories. Mention of economic systems is almost nonexistent in his work, and there is no one for whom traditional oppositions like "left" and "right" are less satisfactory. Even so, in the last few years his position seemed to be coalescing into a kind of radical European libertarianism. Not long before his death, he remarked that politics were precisely what he wished to call into question:

> I believe . . . that the forms of politics are always, in fact, very limited. I am attempting, on the contrary, apart from any *totalization*—which would be at once *abstract* and *limiting*—to *open up* problems that are as *concrete* and *general* as possible, problems that approach politics from behind and cut across societies on the diagonal. . . .

Americans, exposed to the empiricist tradition in sociology and long accustomed to thinking of psychology, medicine, penology, sex, and similar matters as having their "political" ramifications, have had far less trouble with this idea than Europeans, who tend to remain preoccupied by statism and the monarchical image of power—who are still, as Foucault put it elsewhere, "trying to cut off the head of the king." Like *Discipline and Punish* and *The History of Sexuality, Volume I, The Usage of Pleasures* elaborates a theory of power that approaches politics "from behind"—power conceived as fragmented, pluralistic, dispersed from top to bottom and across the entire breadth of society. Sovereignty does not arise from the means of production, as Marxists insist, or from the terms of a social contract, as in Rousseau and classical liberalism. Power is not a "thing" at all, but rather a relationship—imperfect, provisional, a positioning that creates as well as denies. "Doubtless one needs to be nominalistic; power . . . is the name given to a composite strategic situation in a particular society."

In studying the classical Greeks, Foucault turned from politics to ethics and esthetics—but only, to borrow one of his own favorite phrases, *en apparence*. Ethics, he pointed out, involves not only contemplation; it is a stance and a practice.

> Let's take an example that touches us all. . . . If we raise the question of Poland in strictly political terms, it's clear we quickly reach the point of saying that there's nothing we can do. We can't dispatch a team of paratroopers, and we can't send armored cars to liberate Warsaw. I think that, politically, we have to recognize this, but I think we also agree that, for ethical reasons, we have to raise the problem of Poland in the form of a nonacceptance of what is happening there, and a nonacceptance of the passivity of our own governments. I think this attitude is an ethical one, but it is also political; it does not consist in saying merely, "I protest," but in making of that attitude a political phenomenon that is as substantial as possible, and one which those who govern, here or there, will sooner or later be obliged to take into account.

Michel Foucault believed that since the nineteenth century, the process of social innovation has been confiscated by mass organizations, lumbering parties that seek power by imposing an institutional framework on every aspect of experience. What would he have put in their place? It was often asked, never directly answered. Foucault's was a quintessentially *critical* sensibility, in the Kantian sense of the word: claiming an absolute right of questioning but conceding no corresponding obligation to provide "responsible alternatives." Nonetheless, he seems to have been charmed by what, in his last investigations, he took to be the ethical and esthetic energy of the ancient Greeks, elaborated and applied as a distinctive mode of being. So too he had come to value much of what happened in our own sixties and seventies, when the lives of individuals and society itself changed as a result of movements that vehemently proclaimed themselves outside formal political channels. For that if no other reason, it seems fair to suggest that in the last decade of his life he was trying, among other things, to pour the foundations for a *counter-politics*, an ethical activism stripped bare of naiveté, ideology, and "programs." That Foucault's thought can be used equally easily, perhaps, to add philosophic or theoretical dimension to the work of Charles Murray or George Konrad, Band Aid or the Red Brigades, is something that the author himself would surely have dismissed with a graceful Gallic shrug. As he once said apropos his beloved Nietzsche, he liked to bend the thought of his favorite writers to his own purposes—"to make it groan" with the strain. Now Foucault, who was nothing like an existentialist, will suffer an existential fate, becoming the uses his present and future readers make of him. And those who bend his thought the most, who make it groan the loudest, may well be the ones rewarded with a Foucaultian guffaw from beyond the veil—a laugh of ghostly pleasure. □

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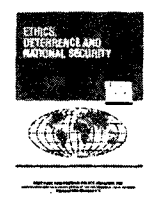

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GEORGE ORWELL: THE LOST WRITINGS

George Orwell, edited by W.J. West/Arbor House/$20.00

Herb Greer

The severe lines of George Orwell's countenance, so like the features of a Byzantine saint, have been a little less on show in the year 1985, but his iconic status remains intact—a phenomenon that would certainly have bemused Orwell himself, and probably irritated him more than a little. Indeed, the habit of writing about him in that subjunctive manner is a kind of obeisance to the icon. The pseudo-critical game of guessing what Orwell meant, or signified, or really believed, or was, or was not, or might-have-been-had-he-lived, was well established long before the eponymous year of 1984. It seems likely to continue for a while yet.

The latest turn in the current state of play is the introduction to *George Orwell: The Lost Writings*. This title is hyped up from the British original (*Orwell: The War Broadcasts*) for the benefit of Americans who—the publishers seem to think—like a bit of melodrama on their book jackets. Actually the writings in this book were not "lost," but resting quietly in the BBC archives, although not filed under Orwell's name. W.J. West, an amateur scholar of independent means, while researching the subject of Basic English in BBC files, stumbled across a clue to the work that Orwell had done for the BBC during the Second World War. West took it upon himself to root through the BBC archives and dig out this material. What he found has been split into two volumes, the second of which will be published in the United States next year. The present tome contains a few literary talks, some short stories by other authors adapted by Orwell for broadcasting, five samples of "Voice," a literary magazine show which Orwell presented on the air, and an appalling story written by Orwell and four others including E.M. Forster, as an experiment to be broadcast in serial form. The second half of the book consists of letters and memos written by Orwell while he was working for the BBC, some of them to very famous people. Here is a sample:

07/ES/EB 30 December 1942

Dear Eliot,

Herewith copy of the photograph of which I spoke to you. I wonder if you would come to my place for dinner on Tuesday, the 12th January. The address is 10a Mortimer Crescent, N.W.6. You can get there on the 53 bus, stopping at Alexandra Road from Kilburn Park tube station. It would be much better if you stayed the night and we can make you quite comfortable.

Perhaps you could let me know about this.

T.S. Eliot Esq.
c/o Faber & Faber Ltd.
24 Russell Square W.C.1

Yours sincerely
George Orwell
Talks Producer
Indian Section

Eliot's reply is not included, but West does print, along with many other such communications, an extended series of exchanges between Orwell and E.M. Forster, all of it nearly as trivial. The effect is reminiscent of a joke in a certain English novel, in which two of the fiercest wits in London (Max Beerbohm and Oscar Wilde) suddenly come face to face in a crowded theater lobby. Everyone around them is electrified. A hush falls. The crowd waits breathlessly for verbal fireworks. The two men look at each other, and speak: "Hello, Oscar." "Hello, Max." And they go their ways.

The rest of this BBC archive material—talks, stories, adaptations—is more readable and a bit more interesting, but not much more. (A cut above is an imaginary dialogue between Orwell and Jonathan Swift. It contains the following exchange: *GO*: There are very few people in England now who can't read. *Swift*: That's why they are so easily deceived.) West does his level best, in fifty-five pages of introduction, to give it all serious significance in relation to Orwell-the-icon and his more famous works. Some of his fancies are curious indeed. He is quite certain that *Animal Farm* was inspired by one of the adapted stories, Ignazio Silone's *The Fox*. This is the tale of how a Fascist agent betrays villagers and wrecks the local resistance network. One resistance leader, missing his chance to catch the agent, finds that he has trapped a fox by his chicken-coop, and takes out his fury and frustration on the wretched animal by battering it to pieces. The story makes a gently symbolic parallel between the fox and the agent, and in style, subject matter, theme, treatment, and tone bears absolutely no resemblance to Orwell's fable. It is just a sad little parable about human weakness. But—but! It takes place on a pig farm. (The radio adaptation begins with the words "Pig effects.") According to West, it must therefore have inspired *Animal Farm*, which as everyone knows is about a farm taken over by pigs. I suppose this is possible. Anything is possible, given the mysterious complexities of the human mind. I mean West's mind, not Orwell's.

He makes much of Orwell's chafing under the constraints of BBC bureaucracy and wartime censorship. But Orwell understood and to some extent sympathized with the necessity for wartime censorship and propaganda. He did try to flout it now and then at the BBC, but was hardly as paranoid about its restrictions as West makes him seem. What he did resent ferociously was unofficial censorship, which he met before the war with his Spanish reportage, and again during the war—not just with *Animal Farm*, but with ordinary journalism—when he tried to publish material critical of the Soviet Union. The suppression of this had nothing to do with the Ministry of Information. It was part of what Dwight Macdonald called "the Russification of English political thought."

Orwell's supposedly obsessive hatred of wartime censorship leads to more Westian revisionism: It was not the BBC (as some have guessed) which inspired *1984*'s sinister bureaucracy, especially its Ministry of Truth. The real model was Britain's wartime Ministry of Information and its censorship office. Why? Well, the telegraphic address for the MOI was MINIFORM, and Newspeak for the Ministry of Truth is MINITRUE. Furthermore the MOI censorship offices were located in a building behind the British Museum called Senate House, a small skyscraper which is part of the University of London. During the war, says West, this structure could be seen all the way across London—from "the roof [sic] of Orwell's block of flats in St. John's Wood . . . just as the Ministry of Truth could be seen by Winston Smith from his window in Victory Mansions." West does not go into Orwell's possible motives for taking a stroll across the roof of his apartment house, or even show that he did. But—who knows? Again, anything is possible. Could West be right in supposing that the model for Big Brother was not Josef Stalin, but the head of the Ministry of Information, Brendan Bracken? Bracken was a Tory politician and a close friend of Winston Churchill, but he was known "in the corridors" of his Ministry as "B.B." You see the connection.

These jerked and strained parallels are not the only ones in West's introduction. The poor man is trying to come up with something, anything that might give this new material some sort of unique relevance to Orwell's more

Herb Greer is an American writer and playwright living in England.

AMERICA BY THE THROAT
The Stranglehold of Federal Bureaucracy

by
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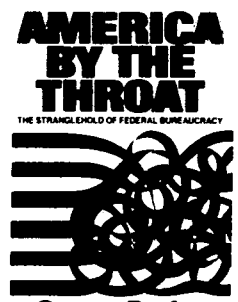
President, Hillsdale College
Former Chairman,
National Council on Educational Research



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famous writings. His fundamental claim is that it forces a "radically new understanding" of Orwell's work. Well, yes, it is true that Bernard Crick's fatuously laudatory biography of Orwell speaks of "wasted years" at the BBC. But it also refers to the essays, the *Partisan Review* journalism, and other valuable work during those years, some of which bore directly on his famous novels. It also makes clear that there were other influences working on the concept of *1984* besides the BBC, namely Mrs. Orwell's experiences working for the Ministry of Food. There were more besides, but this is not the place for another essay on the origins of *1984*. The point is that West's enthusiastic speculations—sometimes verging on a kind of wild free association—neither add to nor subtract anything "radical" from the various extant estimates and understandings of Orwell's life and work.

As a simple display of scholarship, the introduction has its sloppy aspects. West asserts that in peacetime, censorship of the media is not tolerated in Britain. Even before the recent fuss over the BBC documentary "Real Lives," this was baldly untrue. Print unions have repeatedly stopped publication of newspapers to suppress material they did not like. Both the BBC and commercial television have banned plays and documentaries. With the help of Britain's National Union of Journalists, there is an effective censorship on the reporting of ethnic minorities, especially blacks and East Indians—not a ban on news, but careful monitoring of style and content. Much of this operates in the oligarchic manner described in West's appendix "Censorship at the BBC in Wartime."

This book's oddities are not going to prevent anyone obsessed with Orwell, academically or otherwise, from plowing through the book. Its main virtue derives from the attachment to Orwell-the-icon—a share, so to speak, in literary mysticism that has little to do with quality or with the real George Orwell as a journalist, essayist, and novelist. The real Orwell had admirable features; he was a first class essayist and a fine journalist, but he was not a great writer, and he was a mediocre novelist. His prewar fiction is pretty awful, as he himself admitted, and *1984*, that contemporary *monstre sacré*, has serious flaws as a novel: It is humorless, dull to read, sentimentally pessimistic, and loaded with superfluous paraphernalia because—this was Orwell's great weakness—the author had no real grasp of how totalitarianism works and survives in our nonfictional world. This was mainly the fault of Orwell's superstitions about the working class. Despite the experience of Germany, Italy, Russia, and even France and England, he believed firmly that the working class would not support the kind of oppressive ideology then called Fascism. He was referring to Nazism, but he was fully aware of its equivalence to the Soviet system.

This does not diminish Orwell's principal achievement, which is very like that of Harriet Beecher Stowe in writing *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. With *1984* and *Animal Farm* he provided powerful, vivid images and vocabulary which have been vital in the effort to confront and indict certain political horrors of our time. This is not a minor accomplishment in any sense of the word. Like Mrs. Stowe's imagery, some of it may endure, but some of it is already beginning to harden into cliché. His best book, *Animal Farm*, is rather more ambiguous in this context than many conservative fans of Orwell like to think. It is not a simple anti-Soviet fable. Its real theme exemplifies the joke, "Capitalism is the exploitation of man by man. Communism is the reverse." This is not on the face of it a cheer for the West. It comes dangerously close to the tendency of our Vichyite "Peace Movement" to

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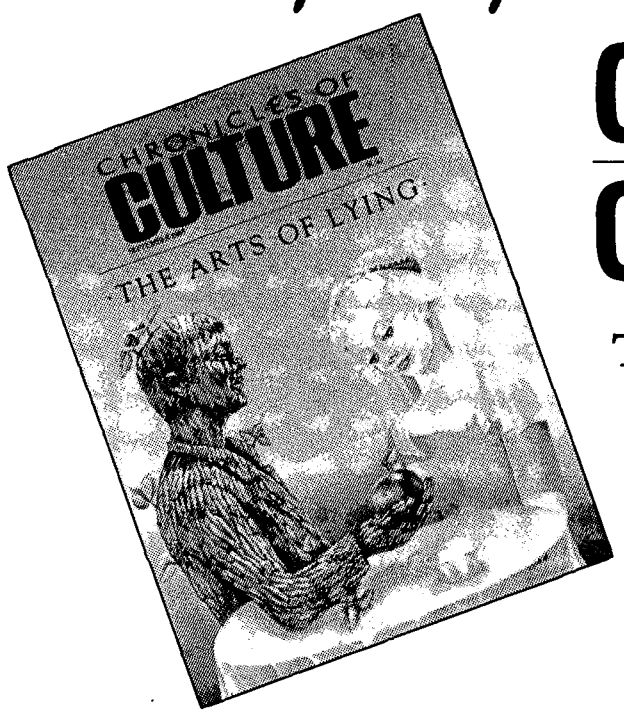

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portray America as a simple mirror image of the USSR in its international role (except that today the Soviet Union is said to try just that little bit harder for "peace"). Still, I do not believe that Orwell would be a "peacenik" in 1985. He was quite straightforward about his attitude to such people; he considered them *de facto* allies of Nazism, and there is no doubt in my mind that he would see them that way now, with Nazism replaced by the left-wing fascism of the Soviet regime and its clients.

I reckon too that he would despise utterly the current humbug, journalistic cheating, and political double standards used in discussing Communism both in Europe and in other places like the Caribbean, Africa, and Central America. He would certainly remark that this comes not just from the vicious, the stupid, and the hypocrites on the "liberal" left, but from the smug and the supercilious on the deliquescent right, especially in Britain.[1] But I do not think that he would be discouraged by the waffle, the intellectual swindling and the fellow-traveling *Schweinerei* today, which are so exactly like those of his own time. He would oppose them with the same courage, the same honesty, and the same keen (alas, not lethal) weapons he wielded when he was alive.

[1]See Peregrine Worsthorne's "Tory Critique of Neoconservatives" in the October 1985 *American Spectator*. The tone and content are like nothing so much as those of a (London) *Times* editorial on Germany, vintage 1937-38.

In defense of W.J. West and his eccentric labors, it ought to be said that he is, after all, helping to keep alive the memory of George Orwell and his lonely battle against our apologists for political cruelty and oppression. Whatever the value of West's book in the academic game, that reminder should give it a place on the public stage. □

THE RISE AND FALL OF AN AMERICAN ARMY: U.S. GROUND FORCES IN VIETNAM, 1965-1973

Shelby L. Stanton/Presidio Press/$22.50

Fred Barnes

The biggest tourist attraction in Washington these days isn't the White House or the Jefferson Memorial or the Washington Monument or even the hulking John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts on the bank of the Potomac River. It's the Vietnam Memorial, which isn't large or beautiful or especially interesting to look at. It consists of two walls of stone, stuck together in a V shape, and filled with the names of the 50,000 or so American soldiers who died in the Vietnam war. The monument is embedded in the ground on the fringe of the Mall, and there is practically nowhere nearby to park. Yet that doesn't keep people away. Day after day, crowds gather in long lines to walk past the stark walls and gaze at the names of the Vietnam dead. Why do they come? My guess is that they want to make up for something that went terribly wrong, namely the American intervention in Vietnam. Not that American involvement itself was wrong. Not that the soldiers fought poorly. I suspect most pilgrims to the memorial figure America acted morally in intervening, then erred badly in pursuing the war effort, for whatever reason. And they want to express solidarity with the brave victims of that flawed policy, the war dead.

The Rise and Fall of an American Army, Shelby Stanton's remarkable battlefield history of American soldiers in Vietnam, provides fresh confirmation that the public's instinct is correct. Indeed, as Stanton points out in accounts of battle after battle, American troops fought with incredible courage, frequently in face-to-face clashes in which they had to resort to knives or bayonets or shovels to combat Viet Cong or North Vietnamese troops. In fact, they had all but won the war by 1969, when the pivotal change in policy came. The war was Vietnamized. American troops were gradually withdrawn from combat operations, then from Vietnam altogether. The fighting was handed over to South Vietnamese forces, who weren't ready for the task, and Indochina was lost.

It didn't have to happen that way, and Stanton points out many of the tragic mistakes. The most obvious, of course, was the decision to bar American troops from wiping out Communist sanctuaries and supply depots in Cambodia. This, Stanton writes, meant that full victory, in the conventional military sense, was impossible. Then, there was the unwillingness to call up Reserve and National Guard units for fear of public backlash. This caused critical personnel shortages in Vietnam, Stanton notes. And there was also the refusal, out of concern over mounting American casualties, to pursue the decimated Viet Cong relentlessly after the abortive Tet offensive in 1968. "This command desire to cut further losses inhibited any chance of a ruthless follow-up campaign aimed at finishing off the VC remnants and discouraging future NVA [North Vietnamese Army] activity in South Vietnam," says Stanton. The biggest mistake, he suggests, was turning military duties over to the South Vietnamese. "This crash program to mold the South Vietnamese military overnight into an image of the self-sufficient, highly technical U.S. armed forces was doomed to failure," he writes. Nevertheless, "Vietnamization proceeded at a breakneck pace [from 1969 on], and the South Vietnamese Army was abandoned before it had a chance to properly assimilate American equipment and military doctrine." At the same time, the morale of U.S. troops sagged dramatically once they were pulled from offensive combat missions.

In the end, Stanton says bluntly, the American army in Vietnam was allowed to unravel. "The magnificent courage and fighting spirit of the thousands of riflemen, aircraft and armored crewmen, cannoneers, engineers, signalmen, and service personnel could not overcome the fatal handicaps of faulty campaign strategy, incomplete wartime preparation, and the tardy, superficial attempts at Vietnamization. An entire American army was sacrificed on the battlefield of Vietnam. When the war was finally over, the United States military had to build a new volunteer army from the smallest shreds of its tattered remnants."

It isn't Stanton's analysis of the causes of defeat in Vietnam, however, that makes his book unique. Rather, it is his account, year by year from 1965 to 1973, of the actual fighting on the ground. The war, as Colonel Harry G. Summers, Jr. argued persuasively in *On Strategy*, was not between well-equipped Americans and Viet Cong guerrillas who wore black pajamas and straw hats and were expert only at setting booby traps. By 1965, Stanton writes, "the war of liberation in Vietnam was no longer a squabble between midnight partisans and colonial police. Both North Vietnamese and United States armed forces represented excellently equipped, professional modern armies." What Stanton captures vividly is the ferocity of the fighting. At times, his descriptions make you think he's writing about the bloody front in World War I. Take this account of a battle in the Central Highlands in 1967:

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

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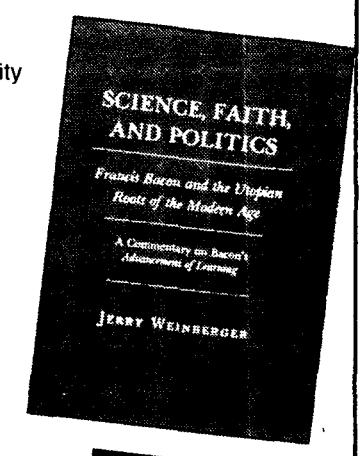
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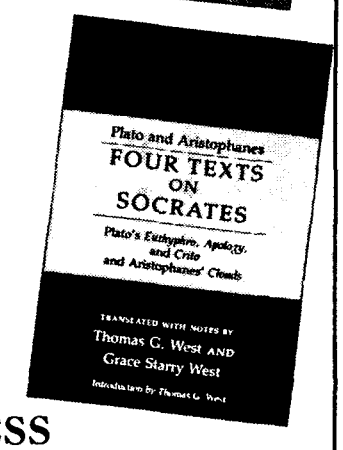
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Hand-to-hand combat, rocket and grenade blasts, and clattering automatic weapons filled the bamboo thickets and shrub brush. . . . All night long the two [American] companies were raked by NVA heavy weapons. Ammunition was air-dropped into a large bomb crater near the position's center by helicopters, which were guided in by flashlight. Both sides tried to recover their wounded comrades from the fringes of the battle line, and more dead were added in the thin space separating the two forces. No flares were fired for fear of silhouetting positions. At dawn the NVA withdrew. The fighting had been so intense that one log was found in the morning with six dead paratroopers on one side and four dead NVA soldiers sprawled out on the other side. At the end of the log were two more NVA, one of them an officer who still clutched a captured M16 rifle taken from one of the Americans.

Such fierce fighting was commonplace in Vietnam. In 1965, for instance, an infantry battalion was ambushed by the Viet Cong near Saigon. "Reinforcements were impossible; there were too few helicopters to fly them in," writes Stanton, a former Army captain who was wounded in Laos during the war. "Soldiers grappled in hand-to-hand combat, swinging axes and entrenching tools as ammunition ran out."

The message in all this is that the American military can still fight. Even young and inexperienced soldiers proved to be tough. When the need for helicopter pilots grew desperate, the Army turned to troops still in the late stages of their initial training. "To the Army's surprise, these young soldiers—who often possessed no college background or career aspirations, but only the desire to fly—proved to be just the answer," Stanton says. "Full of zeal, and bold to the point of recklessness, young and unmarried, they became the best helicopter pilots in the business." Too bad their superiors in Washington weren't a little bold and reckless, too. □

WOODROW WILSON AND WORLD WAR I, 1917-1921
Robert H. Ferrell/Harper & Row/$19.95

Alonzo L. Hamby

Both the intelligent reading public and the harried graduate student in American history have long needed a readable, scholarly account of Woodrow Wilson's last four years as President. Robert Ferrell's latest book, a fine study of a period that changed the world, fills that requirement very well. Two themes stand out in his account: The awesome power of an aroused democracy and the tragic disintegration of a great, if flawed, President.

The author devotes only passing attention to the circumstances that impelled the United States to declare war on Germany and its allies in April 1917. It is clear, however, that the issue had passed beyond the realm of choice. The German government had served notice that it would wage indiscriminate submarine warfare against any American shipping bound for Great Britain or France. The immediate alternative to war was to hand over control of American commerce to the Kaiser's government. The long-range alternative, given that such a course would surely lead to the defeat of the Allies, would be to accept the loss of the protective shield that the British navy long had provided and to live in a world dominated by an expansionist military power. It is remarkable that the President waited until several American merchant ships had been sent under before he requested a declaration of war, and nearly incomprehensible that fifty congressmen and six senators voted against it.

At the time, Germany's announcement seemed a splendid example of Teutonic rationalism. It would lead to war, but the United States appeared to be in no position to make a decisive contribution to the nearly exhausted Allies. Its army was even smaller than Portugal's and ridden with deadwood at the top. Germany estimated that it would take the U.S. at least a year and a half to raise a force capable of having any impact on the European war—assuming its troops survived the submarine gauntlet. By then the Allies would have been forced to surrender.

What happened instead was that the U.S. put two million men under arms, transported them to France with insignificant losses, and began to make a difference as early as mid-1918. Americans, many of them businessmen in peacetime, rebuilt and reorganized French port facilities and railroads. A supply force headed by Charles Dawes accomplished miracles. There remained confusion and inefficiency aplenty, but the whole of the accomplishment was greater than the sum of its parts.

Its organizer in large measure was Major General Peyton C. March, one of a handful of truly able, decisive general officers in the U.S. Army at the beginning of the war. Recalled from France in early 1918 to become Army Chief of Staff, March relentlessly purged incompetents from the military bureaucracy, gave it a new sense of purpose, and quite possibly provided the margin of victory. His reward was typical of military organizers whose post of duty is far from the front lines. The nation heaped honors, including the unprecedented rank of General of the Armies, on the Commander of the American Expeditionary Force, John J. Pershing. March went into retirement and died barely remembered in 1956.

Pershing himself receives generally deserved accolades from Professor Ferrell for his management of the American army in France, especially his refusal to disperse it among units of the French army. Nonetheless, the author leaves one with questions about Pershing's grasp of the sort of war he was fighting: "The AEF was not well prepared for gas war. It possessed almost no understanding of tanks, and had few. . . . If Pershing recognized that machine guns often proved decisive, he believed his troops could rush them with acceptable loss of life. . . . He placed his trust in individual marksmanship."

But at least Pershing understood that offensive action was necessary for victory. His French and British counterparts were hardly as flexible. In September 1918, American and French forces won an unexpectedly easy vic-

Alonzo L. Hamby is professor of history at Ohio University and author, most recently, of Liberalism and Its Challengers.

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tory over demoralized Germans in the St. Mihiel salient and advanced to within twenty miles of the crucial but ill-defended fortress city of Metz. Brigadier General Douglas MacArthur and Colonel George C. Marshall both urged the Allied command to capitalize on the German rout, and Pershing apparently concurred.

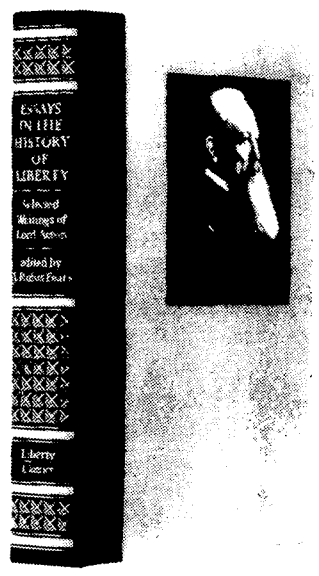
Instead, the push came to a grinding halt on the orders of Allied commander-in-chief General Ferdinand Foch. It seems he feared delay of the long-planned Meuse-Argonne offensive. Foch and his generals also pleaded logistical difficulties, but it is hard to see how the logistics of the movement toward Metz could have been worse than what followed: a week-and-a-half movement of most of the AEF from a position twenty miles southeast of Verdun to one nearly twenty miles to the west of the city. The shift was a nightmare of jammed traffic, forced night marches, and horses, dead from exhaustion, pulled to the side of dusty roads. In the end, worn-out Americans faced elite German troops entrenched in a nearly impregnable series of defense lines aptly named for Wagnerian witches.

The Meuse-Argonne was far from the worst campaign of World War I, but it sufficiently illustrated the lunacy of the tactics used throughout the war. Meeting the enemy on ground of his choosing, the offensive was a classic cannon-fodder operation, chewing up the infantry regiments of one division after another, trading lives for territory at a ghastly cost. In the central sector, the 35th Division began the attack on September 26, suffered over 7,000 casualties in five days, and was relieved by the 1st Division, which incurred equal losses in ten days. Then came the 42nd Division, which lost 4,000 men in five days while taking the Romagne heights, and finally the 2nd Division, which pushed steadily ahead for the final three weeks of the war. A lasting reminder of the carnage is the American cemetery at Romagne with its 16,000 graves, more than half again the number at Omaha Beach.

Historians are wont to observe that it was wise to deny Theodore Roosevelt a command in France, for he would have sent men to their deaths in withering machine gun and artillery fire. No doubt. But he would have only been following the tactics of Foch, Haig, and, ultimately, Pershing. It is to the everlasting credit of the United States that it managed through herculean effort to provide the margin of victory in World War I; we did so, however, not by providing new ideas or weapons but simply by transporting across the Atlantic a fresh supply of bodies, inexperienced and eager to fight, at a time when the other combatants had exhausted their reserves and their morale. One is tempted to say that this was the most terrible aspect of the war, yet in truth it was not. Even more terrible was the way the Allies, aided and abetted by the President of the United States, promptly lost the peace.

For nearly two generations, Woodrow Wilson was the Christ figure of twentieth-century American liberalism, the prophet renounced in his own land, agonizingly crucified, and ultimately embraced by a chastened nation. His nemesis, Henry Cabot Lodge, served as a made-to-order Judas. It was once the conventional wisdom that Lodge and the Republicans made World War II inevitable by refusing to follow Wilson's lead into a League of Nations. Today's world requires a re-evaluation; Professor Ferrell moves in that direction, albeit haltingly.

There was, as the author demonstrates, folly aplenty in the making of the peace, much of it beyond the control of statesmen. No one really could have prevented the disintegration of the Hapsburg empire and the consequent Balkanization of much of central Europe. The collapse of the Ot-



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toman Empire necessarily entailed either chaos or colonialism in the Middle East. The peoples of the victorious nations were obsessed with the notion of punishing Germany rather than rehabilitating it, whatever the ultimate political and economic cost to the entire continent. Woodrow Wilson's power to affect events was limited; nevertheless, he used what power he had poorly.

Throughout his presidency, Wilson's foreign policy typically suffered from the defects of the classic American liberal approach to diplomacy—stubborn self-righteousness and a narrow moralism. The one glaring failure of his first term had been his intervention in the Mexican revolution; wanting to bring the blessings of democracy to a downtrodden people, he managed the effort so maladroitly that it angered all sides and nearly led to a full-scale war that would have been disastrous for both countries. And though his handling of the Paris negotiations was by contrast masterful, its outcome was far worse than anything that had yet happened south of the border.

Professor Ferrell recites what has become the routine critique of Wilson. It argues that his errors were primarily tactical—that he should have appointed prominent Republicans to the peace commission, stayed in the United States, delegated authority better than he did, and compromised on key points. But I would argue that his greatest mistakes were substantive products of his worldview. The problem lay not with his Fourteen Points as a whole, but with the fourteenth, the League of Nations. With a blind faith in the universal goodness of the common man and in the principle of majority rule, Wilson made full adherence to the League the keystone of his peace plans.

Somehow he believed that if all nations adhered to a world organization structured democratically and empowered to apply sanctions, including armed force, against aggressors, the result would be a lasting peace. Lodge, by contrast, argued from a perspective of realism and self-interest appropriate to the world of power politics, if not to the utopia that Wilson hoped to create. He put himself on record in favor of the League, but with reservations designed to protect U.S. freedom of action. He was indeed partisan, vindictive, and altogether unattractive. Those who have witnessed the sad history of the United Nations must admit that he was also right.

Ferrell gives attention to another issue that hung over the Allied leaders at Versailles, the Bolshevik revolution. The President acquiesced in an Allied request for American troops as part of a larger antirevolutionary force; as soon as feasible, however, he withdrew them. In common with most writings on the subject, the book's tone is generally apologetic over the intervention. But why?

One did not have to wait for Stalin's example to discern in 1919 that here was a new force in world politics determined to destroy those humane values of Western civilization that Wilson loved dearly. Professor Ferrell aptly describes it as "a regime that had made peace with the Germans to the immense peril of the Allies, pronounced a curse on capitalism everywhere, and murdered tens of thousands of dissidents among its citizens." It may well be that the West was too exhausted by the war to deal with the Bolsheviks, but it is puzzling that so many historians feel it was illegitimate to try.

The tragedy of Wilson's last two years in office was almost total. First obsessed with the peace negotiations, then felled by a stroke that rendered him unfit to discharge the duties of the presidency, he ignored the difficult problems of reconversion to a peacetime economy, cashiered independent-minded advisers, isolated himself from public opinion, persisted in stubborn insistence upon *his* League of Nations rather than Lodge's, received neither, and clung to unrealistic hopes of a third-term nomination. Leaderless, the country careened through a boom-and-bust economic cycle, a hysterical Red Scare, rejection of the Treaty of Versailles, and an electoral debacle for the Democratic party in 1920.

It was a dreary end to what had been the nation's greatest endeavor. If the nations and leaders of Europe deserved most of the blame, Wilson and America had done their part to bring about a world in which the probability of a general war within a generation was actually greater than it had been in 1914. Wilson's postwar successors showed no greater diplomatic vision. As a consequence, in 1941, the Western democracies would be compelled to buy their survival by embracing the Bolshevik power they had failed to eradicate in 1919. To the extent that any lessons were learned from the experience of World War I, Professor Ferrell concludes, they were learned during the Great Depression and World War II. □

THIS WAR CALLED PEACE
Brian Crozier, Drew Middleton, Jeremy Murray-Brown
Universe Books/$17.95

Joseph Shattan

In most books on Soviet affairs, a point invariably arrives when the author unveils his Plan. If only we rid ourselves of our illusions and grasp the essential truths, if only we do this or refrain from doing that, war can be averted and a just and lasting peace obtained. Though there is something ritualistic about this exercise, it is comforting nonetheless. Human beings are such emotional creatures! Tell us that war is inevitable and that we are likely to lose, and we are apt to become quite depressed.

In *This War Called Peace*, Brian Crozier, Drew Middleton, and Jeremy Murray-Brown depart from this by-now traditional approach to their subject. While they do not quite come out and say that we are doomed, the frequent comparisons they draw between the modern West and the late Roman Empire hardly suggest a spirit of optimism. Ever since Yalta, they aver, the Soviet Union has been waging a relentless, pitiless war against the West, and none of the West's leaders, not even so great a figure as Winston Churchill, has proved equal to this epic struggle. Moreover, Western civilization itself is in grave disarray: Its people have been corrupted by materialism, its intellectuals are arrogant and deluded, and a basically irresponsible media calls the shots. Unless the West is "able to learn from the Russian people that its true strength lies in its spiritual resources" (and the prospects of this happening, Crozier and his colleagues make clear, are none too bright), we are pretty well done for.

To those who follow the writings of the contemporary Russian nationalist ("Russophile") opposition, much of this indictment will sound familiar. In particular, the belief that suffering has purified the Russian nation, making it spiritually superior to the decadent West, is a central tenet of the Russophile school of thought. Doubtless there are some people in the West who find this viewpoint both congenial and persuasive, especially when it is propounded by so powerful an advocate as Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, whom Crozier and his co-authors often cite. Alas, this reviewer is not one of those people. But while I am out of sympathy with much of the book's tone, many of the political arguments developed in *This War Called Peace* seem to me quite sound.

Consider, to begin with, the book's grim characterization of Soviet Communism as "a system of power which of necessity has to spread itself or die." Although the authors seem a bit uncertain about why this should be so—at one point they say that "ideology commands expansionism abroad," but elsewhere they discount ideology and emphasize "power for power's sake alone" as the motivating force behind Soviet policy—at least they are fully alert to the built-in imperialistic drive of the Soviet system.

The authors are also clear-headed about the nature of the Cold War. Most historians of this conflict take the view that it was an extremely dangerous episode which, happily, is behind us, though just how and when it ended—with Stalin's death in 1953? with Khrushchev's announcement of "peaceful co-existence" in the mid-fifties? with the onset of détente in the late sixties?—remains controversial. Crozier and his co-authors, however, bluntly point out that an "undeclared state of hostilities, largely though not entirely falling short of military confrontation between the Soviet Union and the Western powers," is a permanent feature of the Soviet system. The Cold War has never ended because the Soviet ruling elite, the all-powerful *Nomenklatura*, knows no other way to conduct foreign policy except by waging cold war.

The authors surely are correct, too, in taking issue with much that has passed for Western statesmanship during the past forty years. Their characterization of FDR, for example, as Stalin's "appeaser-in-chief" will seem unduly harsh only to those who are unfamiliar with his behavior at the Yalta Conference. (As Lord Gladwyn, a key member of the British delegation to Yalta, recently put it, "I had a most deplorable impression of Roosevelt. His one idea was to play up to Stalin, and oil up to him as much as he possibly could. He did everything he could to appease the Russian dictator—'Uncle Joe' and all that.") On the other hand, their characterization of Churchill as a "strangely disturbing personality" who became an "accomplice in Stalin's crimes," is most unfair, though it cannot be gainsaid

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that for a while, at least, Churchill was beguiled by Stalin's enigmatic personality.

Although Crozier and his colleagues readily grant that over the course of the Cold War, the West has enjoyed a few good innings, the record that emerges from their study of Soviet-American relations is, by-and-large, a melancholy one. The policy of containment, for instance, which according to its foremost theorist, George Kennan, was supposed to confront the Russians "with unalterable counter-force at every point where they show signs of encroaching upon the interests of a peaceful and stable world," has obviously not succeeded in bottling up the Soviet Union within its borders. On the contrary, Moscow currently has client-states in Africa, Asia, Central America, and the Middle East. And while it is still possible, nowadays, to speak of "selective containment," that is, the defense of certain vital strategic zones, Kennan's prediction that containment would lead, after fifteen years or so, to the collapse of the Soviet regime has proved spectacularly wrong.

Nor has the West's other grand strategy for dealing with the Soviet Union, détente, fared any better. Today it seems clear that, in essence, détente marked a return to the illusions of Yalta: If only the West would treat Moscow like a responsible member of the international community, Moscow would reciprocate by behaving like a responsible member of the international community. Needless to say, things haven't quite worked out that way. As for the view that by expanding economic cooperation with the Soviet Union, we could curb Soviet expansionism by entangling it in a "web of interest," that, too, has proved illusory.

With the failure of both the carrot (détente) and the stick (containment) to bring about any appreciable change in Soviet behavior, many in the West have pinned their hopes on two new panaceas: summits and arms control. But as Crozier and his co-authors note, summit meetings have never produced any positive gains for the West. On the contrary, "After Yalta and Potsdam came the extinction of political life in Eastern Europe, culminating in the communist *coup d'état* in Czechoslovakia in 1948. . . . A year after the 1955 meeting in Geneva came the brutal crushing of the Hungarian bid for freedom. After Vietnam in 1961 came the Berlin Wall and the Cuban missile crisis, as though Khrushchev were deliberately giving the young Kennedy a slap in the face. With Brezhnev's détente came the invasion of Czechoslovakia, crueller measures against Soviet dissidents, and an ever-widening spread of subversion and terror. And so, at each stage, the story repeats itself."

As for the efficacy of recent arms control accords in curbing the Soviets, one statistic says it all: In 1970, when SALT I was being negotiated, the Soviet Union had about 1,400 strategic warheads. In 1983-84, during the START talks, the Soviet strategic arsenal had increased to nearly 8,000 warheads. If this is arms control, what's an arms race?

The conclusion seems inescapable, therefore, that if containment doesn't work, if détente doesn't work, if summitry doesn't work, and if arms control doesn't work, the only way the West can curb Soviet expansionism is by helping to promote some sort of internal transformation of the Soviet system which would reduce the power of the *Nomenklatura* and increase the power of Soviet society. Unfortunately, Crozier and his co-authors seem to rule out this alternative as well. "The Soviet system," they write, "cannot reform itself without the risk of collapse, since ideology remains its only source of legitimacy and justification. At best, only superficial improvements are possible."

There we have it, then: The Soviet system is inherently expansionist, and cannot be reformed. The West has proved largely incapable of dealing effectively with Soviet expansionism, is subject to all sorts of illusions, and to top it all, is spiritually impoverished. Under these circumstances, there can hardly be any doubt as to the ultimate outcome of the East-West struggle.

What are we to make of all this? Do Crozier and his colleagues genuinely believe that the West is doomed? No doubt, they would fiercely deny it: If the West would only repent, if it would renounce its decadent ways and emulate the example of Solzhenitsyn, it could still snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. Yet the logic of their argument suggests a deeply-held historical pessimism, a pessimism memorably articulated by Whittaker Chambers, who once told his wife that in going from the Communist to the anti-Communist camp, he was knowingly choosing the losing side. One can't help suspecting that the authors share this assessment and that the shrillness with which they denounce contemporary Western (and especially American) civilization derives from a private sense of despair.

Be that as it may, I strongly advise anyone tempted, after reading *This War Called Peace*, to stick his head in the oven, first to consult Professor Richard Pipes's important study, *Survival Is Not Enough*.[1] Like Crozier and his colleagues, Pipes has a very realistic view of Soviet foreign policy. Also like Crozier and his colleagues, Pipes is often critical of the ways in which Western statesmen have responded to the Soviet menace. Unlike the authors of *This War Called Peace*, though, Pipes believes that the Soviet system *can* be transformed from within, and that the West *is* capable of formulating a long-term strategy to hasten this transformation. "The Stalinist system now prevailing in the Soviet Union has outlived its usefulness," Professor Pipes writes, and "the forces making for change are becoming well-nigh irresistible. The West can promote these forces by a combination of active resistance to Soviet expansion . . . and the denial of economic and other forms of aid."

Professor Pipes would thus have the West pursue a "coordinated policy of economic denial" *vis-à-vis* the Soviet Union. Mr. Crozier and his colleagues presumably believe that such a policy would ultimately be pointless—nothing can dislodge the entrenched power of the *Nomenklatura*. I sincerely hope that Professor Pipes is right, and that Messrs. Crozier, Middleton, and Murray-Brown are wrong. The alternative is really much too depressing to contemplate. □

[1] Available in paperback from Simon and Schuster/Touchtone Books, $9.95.

BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY
Jay McInerney/Vintage Books/$5.95 paper

RANSOM
Jay McInerney/Vintage Books/$5.95 paper

George Sim Johnston

When it appeared last autumn, Jay McInerney's *Bright Lights, Big City* created the kind of commotion which seldom accompanies a new work of fiction anymore. Thin enough to slip under a door, and sporting a cover which deliberately mimics a New Wave rock album, the book has achieved the pale literary equivalent of going triple platinum. It seems that everyone who is halfway serious about contemporary fiction has read it with relish. About what first novel in recent years could this be said? Only John Kennedy Toole's *A Confederacy of Dunces* comes to mind. More intriguing still is the book's popularity among young professionals. The story of a young New Yorker's slide down the evil powdered slope appears to have keen resonance for MBA's who earn twice their age. The book has been dubbed the first Yuppie novel; it may be that video ennui is setting in and Yuppies are discovering alternate means of communication. In any event, McInerney himself has turned into a kind of media doll. Not only has he become a household fixture at places like *Vanity Fair*, but *Women's Wear Daily* and *Mademoiselle* have accorded the photogenic young author the sort of treatment normally reserved for Sting or Richard Gere. McInerney seems to be enjoying himself, but he might want to go back and read the cautionary essay by one of his stylistic mentors, F. Scott Fitzgerald, on the subject of early success.

George Sim Johnston is a writer living in New York.

I devoured *Bright Lights, Big City* when it came out a year ago and hesitated recently before reading it again. A novel which relies heavily on gags and one-liners can be a let-down the second time around; it is like visiting an amusement park the morning after and seeing the faded sign boards and flaked paint on the Tilt-a-Whirl. The cruelest thing anyone can do with *Portnoy's Complaint*, a critic once observed, is to read it twice. But McInerney's breathless tale of a young man's fast fade on the club-and-cocaine circuit holds up nicely. The quirky second-person singular narration works against all odds. The opening takes us right into the dark heart of the new Manhattan night; the rhythm is just right:

> You are not the kind of guy who would be at a place like this at this time of the morning. But here you are, and you cannot say that the terrain is entirely unfamiliar, although the details are fuzzy. You are at a nightclub talking to a girl with a shaved head. The club is either Heartbreak or the Lizard Lounge. All might come clear if you could just slip into the bathroom and do a little more Bolivian Marching Powder. Then again, it might not. A small voice inside you insists that this epidemic lack of clarity is a result of too much of that already. The night has already turned on that imperceptible pivot where two A.M. changes to six A.M. You know the moment has come and gone, but you are not yet willing to concede that you have crossed the line

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beyond which all is gratuitous damage and the palsy of unraveled nerve endings. . . . Your brain at this moment is composed of brigades of tiny Bolivian soldiers. They are tired and muddy from their long march through the night. There are holes in their boots and they are hungry. They need to be fed. They need the Bolivian Marching Powder.

You can say this at least for the switch from marijuana to cocaine as the controlled substance of choice: It produces funnier lines. The fiction which issued from the discovery of marijuana in the sixties (remember *Thumb Tripping*?) is not worth keeping on the shelves even as flower child memorabilia. Characters whose main activity is receding into the furniture are just not that fascinating. A novelist who wishes to depict people rapidly amortizing their brain cells is far better off dealing with a stimulant like cocaine. He can at least paint some frenetic behavior, and it is a subculture with a vivid technical vocabulary. Bruce Jay Friedman wrote a very funny novel about cocaine called *About Harry Towns*, which deserves to return to print, and David Rabe's Broadway play, *Hurlyburly*, while finally a disaster, has some very funny writing.

Bright Lights, Big City, which takes place in a veritable blizzard of white powder, is a superb rendering of life in the reverse fast lane in Manhattan. The people who populate this novel avoid sunlight like any werewolf; they consume sex like a fast food, and are hardly able to walk down the street without "hoovering" a few lines of coke first. They do not take vacations—they go on "detox sabbaticals." Their newspaper of record is not the *New York Times*, but the tabloid *New York Post*, whose lurid headlines (Sex Fiends, Killer Bees, Coma Babies) are a leitmotif of the book. With all traditional values pushed to the side, the inhabitants of this demi-monde are free to indulge themselves at newsreel speed. The tale brings to mind Philip Larkin's ironic verses about how the lives of the young today seem "a brilliant breaking of the bank/A quite unloseable game."

Larkin's message is that all this happy hedonism masks a deep despair. Unfortunately, McInerney wishes to make the same sort of point. I say unfortunately, because the book would be better off if he followed Henry Miller's example in *Tropic of Cancer* and refrained from rapping his naughty characters on the knuckles. The moral commercials do not work because what Lawrence liked to call the "passional inspiration" of the book has nothing to do with right and wrong; it is rather quite inseparable from the moral chaos the author wishes to depict. As soon slip moral judgments into a rock video. Who wants to see the young hero reform, anyway? Not the author, who probably had the most fun writing about his hero's worst moments. But McInerney feels obliged to apply the moral brakes anyway and—well, they have never been connected in the first place. The narrative begins to swerve into the service lane—characters with Good Values are introduced; past episodes of family hurt are pasted in from the Freudian archives; and the proceedings suddenly turn very pale. The reader becomes impatient to return to the bad behavior.

This is not to say that a novelist should ignore the distinction between right and wrong. All really great novels assume a moral universe. Vengeance will be mine, runs the Old Testament epigram to *Anna Karenina*. Anna throws herself under a train, and the act is not ridiculous; but it would be in a novel like McInerney's, because there is no moral order (despite the commercials) for these characters to violate. They can only amuse us within the narrow bounds of their self-indulgence. McInerney should have respected these bounds, skipped the didactic bits, and resigned himself to

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producing a minor, if entertaining, work. He has, in fact, written a book which should be around for a while. It not only has great wit and sense of place, but it is also one of the more virtuosic displays of writing by a young American since Michael Herr pasted together *Dispatches*.

The eponymous hero of McInerney's second novel, *Ransom*, has little in common with his immediate predecessor, except that both partake in the American literary tradition of backing away from sex at the last minute (cf. Holden Caulfield) and both are trying to get over something terribly sad which happened to them before the first chapter. Far from blowing his prospects and money up his nose, Christopher Ransom is in Japan studying the martial arts. "Ransom believed that he would become a different person, better somehow, if he kept training. . . . He felt that the discipline would tone all of his being. It was his way of knowing himself." The karate kid neither smokes nor drinks and he goes to bed early. He falls in with a set of other young Americans who are all trying what Thomas McGuane (an obvious influence on McInerney) has dubbed "the Rand-McNally approach to self-discovery"—in this case burning a three-year hole on their resumés in order to do a little Zen and drug-running. McInerney is quite good at depicting the hollowness of expatriate life, and his portrait of the modern Japanese, a race not entirely comfortable with its recent veneer of Western values, is convincing. Unfortunately, in trying to write a real novel, instead of the fictional equivalent of a rock video, McInerney proves unable to create a moral world with any more subtlety than that inhabited by Godzilla.

Ransom has apparently come to Japan to escape the crass material ways of his TV-producer father, but his filial complaints are nothing more than trite adolescent grumbling. The father seems unattractive enough when he arrives on the scene, but that does not alter our impatience with his hard-boiled son. The other emotional hurt driving our hero is presented in a series of flashbacks to the Afghan border a few years earlier, where Ransom had been the unintentional accomplice in the death-by-overdose of a woman who is so flipped out that the reader cares neither about her nor Ransom's guilt over the incident. The novel ends with the sort of melodramatic violence which is the obvious escape route for a novelist whose characters don't really have much to do with each other.

The book has its incidental pleasures. We pick up a good deal of interesting information about the martial arts, and there are pleasant narrative stretches when the author stops forcing the exiguous emotional content of the novel and simply depicts the quotidian rounds of his characters. The writing is more restrained than in *Bright Lights, Big City*. While there are lapses into chic journalisms (a telephone is described as "Ransom's major electronic interface with the rest of the world") and cliché ("But this, Ransom thought, was his own movie now"), the prose is for the most part gracefully wrought. But the moral conflicts in this novel are too simple, too programmatic, to engage a mature reader. Like a lot of young writers today, Jay McInerney is very clever but has no real idea as yet about how to go to work on what Lionel Trilling called "the recalcitrant stuff of life." □

ORSON WELLES: A BIOGRAPHY
Barbara Leaming/Viking/$19.95

Vernon Young

It is probably as true today as it was in 1952 when Orson Welles, with himself in mind, obviously, began a novel (*Mr. Arkadin*, which he subsequently made into a film) with the complaint: "Yes, everybody had heard of him, but nobody knew much about him." There will be less excuse hereafter for not knowing much about Mr. Welles. Barbara Leaming has written a 562-page biography of him, based on two-year interview sessions with the man, himself, together with testimony from everyone alive, it seems like, who encountered Welles for five minutes (in the spirit of "I once knew a man who saw Shelley!"). Books already exist on the subject of Welles but they are mainly critiques or loose adulations of his theater and film productions. No one has produced a full-scale history of Orson, man and boy, and it will be completely unnecessary now for anyone else to attempt it. Miss Leaming's is the real copious thing—if a fantastic subject may be defined as real at all; it is not simply a biography in the chronological sense, *where he was when*, it's a compendium of Welles's own opinions of where he was when. At the same time it is, I'll risk saying *inevitably*, the most enthralling book ever, in my recollection, about show business, especially about movie show-business.

The legendary attributes of the Welles we've heard of seem to have been initiated shortly after his birth (in 1915, in Kenosha, Wisconsin) by a Dr. Maurice Bernstein, who was then virtually installed in the Welles's household and who would become a lifelong mentor of and nuisance to Orson, from 1916 to 1958—when he died from falling off a ladder while pruning a tree. Welles's father, Richard, had retired in disappointment from a lucrative career as an inventor and was assuaging his regrets for not having become a multi-millionaire by drinking himself into the grave. After his early infatuation with Beatrice Welles, a beauty, a feminist, and a literary intellectual, he became increasingly alienated from her by his ingrained contempt for the arts (she was also an accomplished musician). Enter Bernstein, a Russian-born orthopedist. In 1916 the doctor, so goes his story, had looked in at the nursery and the eighteen-months-old Orson had declared roundly, "The desire to take medicine is one of the greatest features which distinguishes men from animals." I, for one, am willing to believe in Welles's infantine coherence; it is no more incredible than a host of anecdotes in his marathon of nine lives. (There was, by the way, an older brother, who seems to have been something of a loony.)

When Welles was five, the family moved to Chicago where Orson was introduced to and allegedly conversed with the musical celebrities who frequented his mother's salon and, already stage-struck, made his theater debut in the Chicago Opera as Madame Butterfly's love-child, "Trouble." He played "a somewhat less artistic role," as Miss Leaming puts it, costumed as a rabbit in front of Marshall Field's department store, murmuring periodically to passers-by, "Dear me, I must hurry—or else it will be too late to see the woolen underwear on the eighth floor!"

While we are not surprised to hear that precocity in most things was a feature of Welles's growing-up, the mind does boggle when we are told that after his mother's death he spent four weeks with her relatives, and his girl cousins initiated him sexually, *at the age of nine!* This experience was followed—or rather, accompanied—by hazards in another part of the forest. Aged ten, Orson was lodged by his guardian, Bernstein, with a German psychologist, from whom he was shortly forced to flee when it became obvious that his body, not his mind, was the primary object of Herr Professor's interest. "From my earliest childhood," Welles has confessed, "I was the Lillie Langtry of the older homosexual set. Everybody wanted me. I had a very bad way of turning these guys off. I thought it would embarrass them if I said I wasn't homosexual, that would be a rebuke, so I always had a headache. You know, I was like an eternal virgin." Since we can scarcely believe that Wisconsin was uniquely rampant with homosexuality in the twenties, Welles's report suggests that if everyone were as frank as he about his boyhood vicissitudes, a considerable number of American communities would be revealed as crypto-gay.

Considering the frequency with which artists and intellectuals insist that their childhood was miserable and their adolescence unbearable, Orson Welles is a dazzling exception. Todd School in Woodstock, Illinois, where he was sent to undergo a puritanical regime of discipline, turned out to be the decisive playground for his talents. Public speaking and sports were stressed equally, both of them supervised by Roger Hill, who was instantly and for years thereafter as impressed by Welles as Welles was by him. Orson's incurable addiction to life as theater, theater as life, was without reservation encouraged. Welles has usually known with whom he could push an initial advantage; he persuaded Hill to reform the dramatic curriculum then current at Todd so that Shakespeare would become the rule rather than the exception. Hoping to dazzle Hill with his acting prowess, as he would be unable to do with his lesser talent for basketball, he launched a succession of plays in which, according to a fellow-student, he played Cassius, Mark Antony, Richard III, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and Jesus Christ. It almost goes without saying that he adapted, designed, and directed this theater montage himself and that because he had the demands of a perfectionist he asserted his authority over the cast with the benevolent despotism of a Genghis Khan. "If the other boys condoned his dictatorial guise it was because encouraged by Skipper [i.e., Hill] they all self-consciously saw themselves as somehow sharing with the prodigy a

Vernon Young is a writer living in Philadelphia.

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moment in theatrical history." So they were: a longer moment than, most likely, they envisioned. In his last year at Todd as a student, Welles contrived a Shakespearean hash, so to say, which would be in kind recapitulated when, for the Mercury Theater in New York, he produced *Five Kings* (from which, in turn, came the inspiration for his composite Falstaff movie, *Chimes at Midnight*).

The steps by which Welles breached the international theater as an actor, only three years later, involved three principal conditions: sheer bluff on his part, the talent to support that bluff when it was called, and the coincidence of someone needing him on the spot. The Irish episode and its sequel, as recounted by Miss Leaming, illustrate a prominent motif in Welles's career: The longest way round is the shortest way home. Sent by Dr. Bernstein on a walking tour of Ireland (to escape the hayfever season in Illinois), Welles talked his way into the Gate Theater of Dublin by presenting himself to Hilton Edwards as an actor from the Theater Guild in New York City. Whether or not Edwards wholly believed him we'll never know, but *by chance* he needed an actor desperately just then and Welles, after a nervous but satisfactory audition, was hired. That Edwards and his co-director, Michael MacLiammoir, were homosexuals, may well have determined the outcome and Welles, having spent his earlier years fending off male advances, had learned how to appear coquettish in order to gain a present advantage.

In any case, Welles's debut (in *Jew Suss*) was a triumph with the Dublin audience and its press, so much of a triumph that Edwards and MacLiammoir, with the fickleness of their kind, having paved his way to success in the first place, proceeded to rein him in. Within a few months Welles knew it was time to take his leave. Since a *New York Times* reviewer had extolled his performance at the Gate and repeated his fib about the Theater Guild, Welles returned to America in order to exploit his flowering reputation. But when, at the Shubert organization, he was snubbed by an office-boy, he left Manhattan in a huff for the more friendly environs of Illinois where, with histrionic resignation, he postponed his ambition to become a world-famous actor and settled down, for a season, as a dramatic coach at his *alma mater*, the Todd School.

By chance, again, he met Thornton Wilder at a party in Chicago. Wilder remembered having read about the youth's extraordinary success in Dublin and wrote a letter of recommendation for him to Alexander Woollcott, one of the most influential columnists of his day; he, in turn, without having set eyes on Welles, introduced him to the producer, Guthrie McClintic who, *by chance*, needed a second lead for three plays he was sending on the road, starring his wife, Katharine Cornell, and Basil Rathbone. At the age of 17, Orson Welles was in like a burglar, engaged to play Mercutio and Marchbanks and Octavius in a touring company with internationally celebrated stars. What strikes one in this incredible sequence is that no matter what detours Welles took or what phony credentials he offered, his destiny seems to have been decided somewhere in the looms of time.

The rest is the Orson Welles with whom we are more familiar, by whom we have been periodically enlightened, entertained, or confused—the front-page genius who, in the thirties, staged a black *Macbeth* in Harlem and, against greater hostility, *The Cradle Will Rock* in Manhattan, who dramatized, on the air, H.G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds*, which reputedly whitened the hair of half the nation—and who went on to make *Citizen Kane*, a milestone in American motion-picture art and a substantial thorn in the flesh of William Randolph

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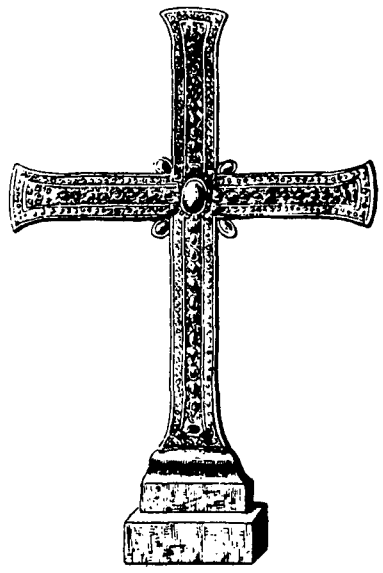

There is a tenacious myth in America that says Catholics are stupid, ignorant, and superstitious. Moreover, there is a prejudice among **modernist** Catholics that those Catholics who **really** believe in the Bible, the creeds, tradition, and the Church are intellectually feeble. After all, it's said, **there aren't even enough intelligent orthodox Catholics to support a decent journal of opinion.**

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Hearst, for other than political reasons; thereof, an anecdote from Miss Leaming which is not, I think, commonly known: Welles, it seems, had somehow found out that "Rosebud" was Hearst's pet name for the genitalia of his mistress, Marion Davies!

Orson Welles as film-maker—let us keep our heads—has been both genius and ham. He has made three unarguably outstanding films: *Citizen Kane, The Magnificent Ambersons,* and *Othello.* Nearly all the others have moments of merit, of "the Welles touch," and moments of astoundingly melodramatic taste. I have waited for years for someone to assure me that the ending of, for instance, *The Lady from Shanghai* was imposed on Welles for reasons (no doubt financial) with which he had to comply. Miss Leaming, whose documentation seems to be reliable, provides Welles with no alibi that convinces me. To be sure, *The Lady from Shanghai* was drastically cut by Harry Cohn—about twenty percent, according to Welles. But that percentage did not apparently include the pretentious mirror sequence. Miss Leaming, herself, swallows whole Welles's solemn defense of that sequence as an illustration of Bertolt Brecht's "alienation" theory for the theater!

During his years as a film director, producers in the industry have persistently criticized Welles for his inability to complete a movie or even to sustain its production without catastrophic hitches and without retaliatory charges that whatever has gone wrong with the film has always been the fault of someone else. In his sessions with Barbara Leaming, Welles has protested, with no little exasperation, the unfairness of these complaints. The reader should be able to judge for himself, from the evidence supplied, the extent to which Welles remains justified in his belief that he has been the invariable victim. Far be it from me to favor the front office, but in such matters there is usually truth on both sides. Perhaps the most impartial view of this matter has been formulated by the actor, Charlton Heston, quoted by Miss Leaming:

> It's acceptable wisdom that Orson deserved better of the film industry than he got; it is also true that the film industry deserved better of Orson than it got. There's some kind of perverse, suicidal refusal to deal with people. I mean, he can charm actors and stage hands and drivers and makeup people: why can't he take a little time and charm the men who are going to give him the money to make the movies? I think he disdains them and I think he's contemptuous of their intelligence, and outraged that they nevertheless control what he does. See, film is the only art form whose raw materials are so expensive that the artist can't afford to buy them for himself. Orson wouldn't have had this problem if he'd been a painter or a writer. But he has to grovel to some studio head for whose intelligence he has little respect and who he recognizes has no talent at all. That's not what he does. He thinks, why must I be nice to this man? That's my theory.

• • •

The death, on October 10, of Orson Welles, was announced shortly after I had submitted this review; for that reason I am reluctant to leave Mr. Heston's statement as the last word in this context. Whatever reservations I may have expressed above are unimportant beside my substantial respect for Welles's achievement. To anyone associated, in one way or another, with "theater," in the large sense of the word, Welles has been a refreshing presence for over forty years—intrepid and resourceful, idiosyncratic and endearing. If Miss Leaming's biography is not as critical as it might have been, it is as affectionate as its subject deserves. Perhaps, as an actor (about which I've said little here) Welles is less debatable than he has been as a writer and director. As long as the prints may last, Welles will be indelible, as Harry Lime no less than as publisher Kane, as the ontrack voice of *The Magnificent Ambersons,* as Cardinal Wolsey or as Othello. Only one Welles died on October 10. □

GET SMART

Despite the best intentions, the following bad advice is always circulated around election time: "If you do nothing else, at least vote."

The problem with this advice is that too many people take it literally—they do nothing else, then they vote. That is, they don't study the issues or the candidates, nor do they consider the long-term and indirect consequences of a particular proposal. The vote is not, in itself, a magic wand that brings only blessings. Used irresponsibly, it can do more harm than good.

Virtually every major dilemma we face today—inflation, massive unemployment, prohibitively high interest rates, and on and on—can be traced to legislation (and legislators) of the recent past which was enthusiastically supported by voters.

Many, if not all, of these problems could have been avoided if we had adequately addressed the following questions before voting.

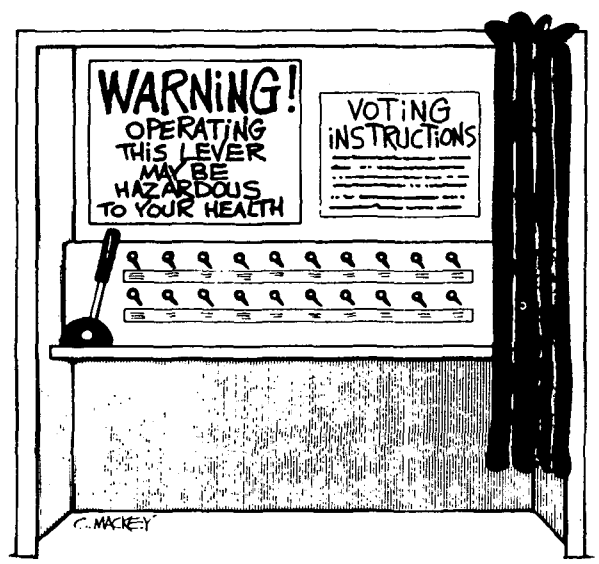
• What will this program add to my tax burden? All government programs have a price tag which you, the taxpayer, must pay.

• Does this proposal ask the government to do something which would be illegal or immoral for me to do personally? As an individual, you may not steal another's money or property, nor may you force another to do anything against his will. Shouldn't groups of individuals, as a government, be measured by the same standard?

• Does this legislation help some people at the expense of others? Our attention is usually focused only on those we wish to help. Too often we unintentionally victimize others in the process.

• What are the long-term consequences of this proposal? Today's soothing drug can easily become tomorrow's nightmarish addiction.

Admittedly, it is not always possible to fully answer these questions. And honest men will differ as to what the answers mean. But unless these issues are at least addressed, we vote as if blindfolded. And a vote cast in ignorance is worse than no vote at all.



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THE REIGN OF THE PHALLUS: SEXUAL POLITICS IN ANCIENT ATHENS

Eva C. Keuls/Harper & Row/$27.50

Diana Schaub

Phallocracy is not one of the regimes Aristotle knew and studied. Its discovery belongs to Prof. Eva C. Keuls, as set forth in her new book *The Reign of the Phallus*. Like the regimes about which Aristotle taught, phallocracy comes in varieties, but not good and bad varieties (as the proper regimes monarchy, aristocracy, democracy, and their perversions tyranny, oligarchy, ochlocracy). Instead, phallocracy has a "severe and crass" classical form and "modern, more subtle, forms"—that is, phallocracy may be upright or flaccid. In its earlier, more virile condition, phallocracy was male rule founded on the identity of the phallus with power. Among the Athenians, the cult of the phallus was not an expression of reverence for the mystery of generation, as it was for certain primitive peoples and for neo-primitives like D.H. Lawrence. Instead, in Athens the phallus was regarded and displayed as "a kind of weapon: a spear or war club, and a scepter of sovereignty." The result was sexual slavery and imperialism—bellicosity at home and abroad.

Clearly, Keuls feels no mere antiquarian interest in the sexual mores of the Athenians; hers is scholarship in the service of a cause. In *The Bostonians* (an expose of peculiarly American sexual politics), Henry James says of his female Jacobins: "They read a great deal of history together, and read it ever with the same thought—that of finding confirmation in it for the idea that their sex had suffered inexpressibly, and that at any moment in the course of human affairs the state of the world would have been so much less horrible (history seemed to them in every way horrible), if women had been able to press down the scale." Feminism has come a long way since then. Unable to extract enough feminine anguish from the reading of history as formerly written, today's female Jacobins have taken to rewriting it.

But they seem to rewrite primarily for one another. Although this book will circulate outside the ghetto of women's studies, among both classicists and the general public (lured by its lush raspberry cover, tantalizing title, and hundreds of illustrations of erotic/pornographic Greek vases), Keuls most desires not the scholarly or the curious, but the ideologically correct reader. She says straightforwardly: "I hope that many readers will come to this book primarily through an interest in human sexuality, patterns of social dominance, and possibilities of reform, rather than from a background in ancient history." Those readers with some "background in ancient history" might spy her falsifications and absurdities.

Chief among these is her dotty detective work in the case of the mysterious "mutilation of the herms." Herms were stone pillars affixed with a bust of the god Hermes and his erect phallus. The herms adorned court yards, public and private, throughout Athens. On the eve of the expedition to Sicily, a misconceived and mismanaged jingoistic venture, these ubiquitous statues were defaced—and, according to Keuls, castrated. This sacrilege seemed a jinx upon the upcoming invasion of Sicily; it led, in the manner of a religious community, to a flurry of expiatory trials. Keuls doubts (and here she stands on the creditable authority of Thucydides) whether justice was done. So now, after the lapse of more than two millennia, she has new suspects and new evidence to offer in the never-adjourned court of history. Her contention: The women of Athens were the herm-choppers. The suppressed rage of the much put-upon female citizenry finally erupted in rebellion—organized rebellion.

That Keuls's radical feminist forebears were responsible for this act of "genital aggression" is not revealed until the fourteenth chapter, even though the very first describes the event and the ensuing scandal ("the Watergate of ancient Athens," a singularly unapt analogy). Having teased the reader with a promise and a hint—a promise of an "original" solution respecting the identity of the profaners and a transparent, not to say naked, hint at sexually motivated sabotage—she goes on to detail the plight of the women of Athens, the restrictions, degradations, and abuses that not only justify, but make laudable their alleged revolt. One wonders how creatures so kept and so debased could have possibly found the will to resist, even in such an anonymous way.

Such wondering need not absorb one overmuch, however, since the evidence for the women's night rampage is so flimsy—more vulnerable to be cut down than those stone appendages. The evidence amounts to the claim that "a certain feminism was in the air." The air samples come mainly from Aristophanes and his post-expedition, post-defeat plays of female insurrection: *Lysistrata, Thesmophoriazusai,* and *The Parliament of Women*. Keuls is right to emphasize the political seriousness of these works. Her mistake is to read comedy as if it were history, and she does so in disregard of her own caveat about this error. (Authors seem to think that simple awareness of a hermeneutic sin will preserve them from committing it—in other words, that "knowledge is virtue.") Keuls does not recognize the laughable as laughable. She takes the ridiculous schemes of Aristophanes' protagonists (sex strikes and distaff putsches) to be allusions to actual female protest. Her vested interest in finding signs of feminist resistance prevents her from considering the possibility that the women of Aristophanes' plays serve as comic equivalents of more powerful persons, on the spear side, who might carry out non-ridiculous schemes toward the same end as the women: peace.

Keuls misreads the rest of the greats just as badly. For his faulty biological speculation, Aristotle ranks as "one of the fiercest misogynists of all times." Xenophon's dialogue on household management (*Oeconomicus*), which includes a discussion between Socrates and Ischomachus on how to manage a wife, is called "an oily tale, full of male condescension." But as it is known that the wife of a certain Ischomachus became a notorious adultress (mistress to her son-in-law) and as everyone knows of Socrates' inability to govern his termagant wife Xanthippe, Xenophon's real point may be to show the folly of attempting to manage one's wife, or at least the folly of male confidence in the outcome. Keuls confounds Ischomachus with Xenophon. Because she takes the view of a character to be the view of the author, she is not able to get beneath the "oily" surface of the *Oeconomicus*.

The duo of Socrates and Plato she wrongs not by censure but by praise. She speaks of the "doctrinaire feminism of Socrates and Plato." Though "doctrinaire" is a compliment in her lexicon, neither Socrates nor Plato deserves the appellation. To take the case of Socrates: A man whose wisdom consists in knowledge of his ignorance is not likely to be doctrinaire about anything. As to Plato, his dialogues are not statements of dogma.

Diana Schaub is assistant editor at the National Interest.

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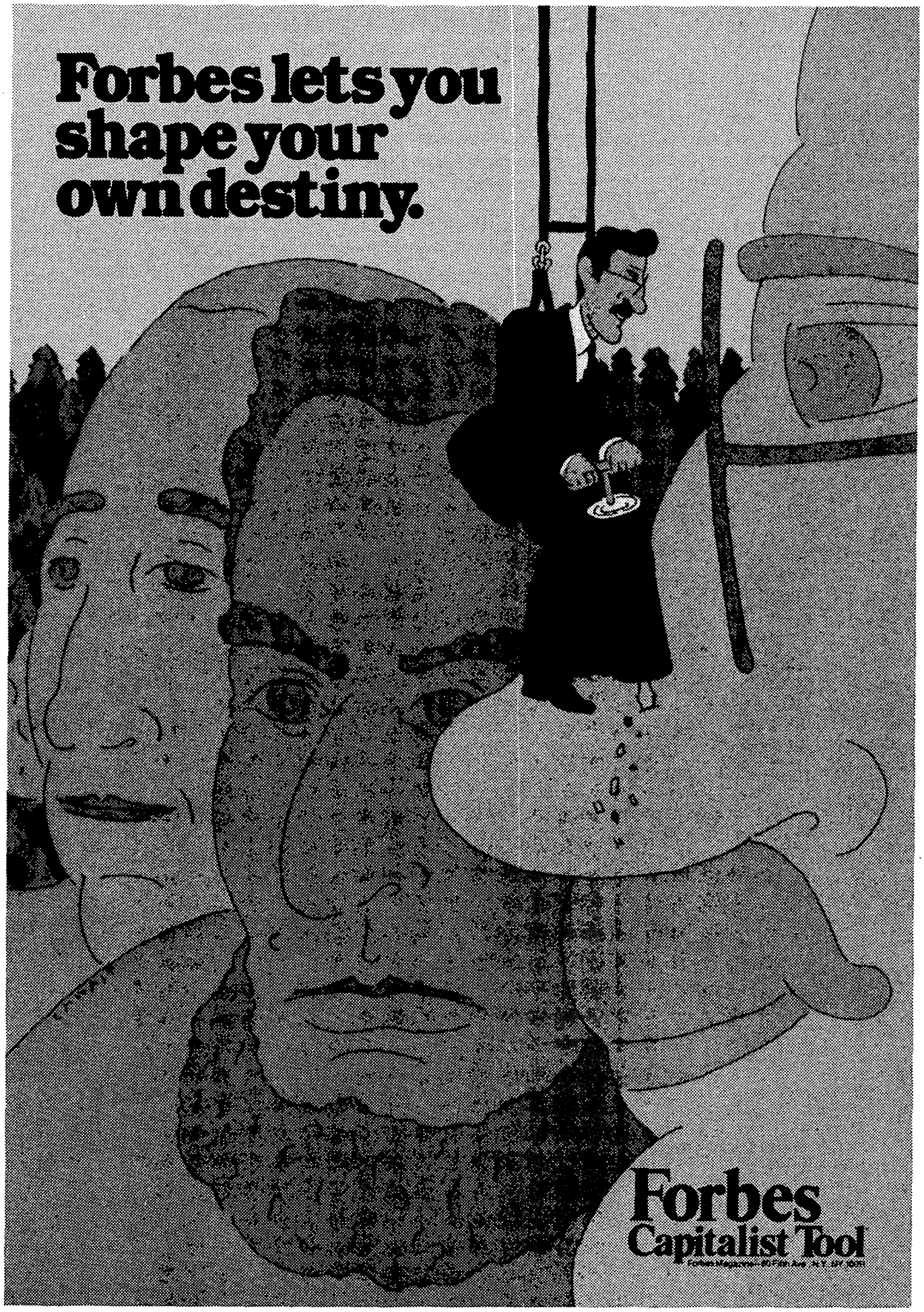
The assumption that they are leaves Keuls unable to reconcile the seemingly contradictory proposals forwarded in the *Republic* and the *Laws* (sexual communism vs. monogamy). Though she regards Socrates and Plato as her allies, Keuls does not refrain from unseemly, close to salacious, surmises about their private lives: "Plato developed into the Western world's first feminist. This is the more remarkable because Plato never married and, as far as we know, never had any sexual liaison with a woman; hence we must assume he was homosexual by inclination." This is bizarre. Why must we assume that a chaste bachelor is a homosexual, especially when the bachelor in question is a philosopher, a breed known to favor the single life (Locke, Nietzsche, etc.)? Moreover, why should heterosexual attraction or experience conduce to the recognition of female equality? After all, the phallocrats of Athens were avid heterosexuals. Her handling of Socrates is worse. She construes his dying words as a ribald phallic joke and supports that construction with some medical misinformation ("men tend to have erections at the moment of death") on a par with any of Aristotle's errors. Her sense of humor is seriously out of kilter; she gets jokes that aren't there and doesn't get those that are.



In writing social history, Keuls relies only secondarily on literary sources. Vase paintings are her main subject. The scenes they depict are various, but they are far from a complete record of Athenian life. Political activities are a most notable omission. Decorative art is not "painted history." In fact, those images which most unambiguously portray male supremacy are found on symposium (party) cups—the ancient equivalent of our stag films and pornographic magazines. Such phenomena, then as now, indicate something about the status of women in the hearts and minds of men. Fantasy, however, seldom accords with reality.

The vase paintings, whether of festivals, myths, or everyday life, whether lovely or brutal and unsettling, are alien to modern eyes. Each picture, rather than serving in lieu of a thousand words, seems to require a thousand words of explanation. Keuls transforms even innocent-looking scenes into tableaux of exploitation. But even without the exaggeration, many features of ancient life are repellent to modern sensibilities. Especially unsavory are those, like slavery, that contravene our belief in natural individual rights. Keuls thinks that Athens was the Greek city most guilty of these offenses. Her own allegiance is with Sparta, its formidable and victorious rival. Perhaps it is not surprising that a feminist should step to the defense of a denatured polity like Sparta with its institutionalized disparagement of family life and its forced economic equality. Keuls applauds Sparta's non-expansionist foreign policy. In fact, a state of perpetual war with their unsubdued slave population, the Helots, kept the martial Spartans from engaging in long or frequent campaigns outside their borders. Whereas Sparta had a Lawgiver, Lycurgus, and lots of nameless law-abiders, Athens had almost a superfluity of extraordinary individuals. Phallocracy or not, Athens sired genius, all kinds: philosophic, dramatic, artistic, political.

In her vindication of Sparta, Keuls states that Sparta "is entitled to the gratitude of the Western world for a sublime act of mercy: after defeating Athens, she spared the city and its inhabitants." Political expedience, not mercy, dictated Sparta's treatment of its vanquished enemy. But the use of the word "sublime" is revealing. For Keuls, mercy toward Athens passes expectation and understanding. Unlike the Spartans she admires, Keuls has not spared Athens. □

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CURRENT WISDOM

New York Times Magazine

The bold adventures and concomitant lucubrations of Dr. Michael Blumenthal, teacher of poetry at Harvard and doubtless a perpetrator of same, in the *New York Times Magazine*'s unfailingly idiotic "About Men" column:

I am sitting around the kitchen table of a house in Ithaca, N.Y.—kind of a spectator to this gathering, being an out-of-towner—when it dawns on me, in a way no longer at all abstract or metaphorical, how much the situation of men and women has changed in the 15 or so years of my maturity.

Besides myself, there are eight others gathered around the table—six women and two men. The women are uniformly attractive, articulate, intelligent, good humored and opinionated, actively engaged in their community. All of them, insofar as I can tell, own their own homes—as single mothers, married women, single women or part of a lesbian couple. As I walk in and am introduced to Natalie, the owner of the house, and to the others by my friend Marjorie, the women's attention to me is merely friendly and polite, benevolently disinterested in any "romantic" or flirtatious sense. . . .

We walk down the block to Marjorie's house, where she lives with her two preadolescent boys. Having asked her husband of 13 years to move out of their previous home several years ago, she has, just recently, asked the man she has been living with for the last two years to do likewise. . . . The analogy made by feminists between men and our patriarchal nation itself is, it seems to me, rather apt. Because, as men, we *have* been like America itself—and still often are. Accustomed to immediate respect, attention, deference, flirtation when we walk into a room full of women (or, by analogy, into a foreign country), it still comes, I think, as a shock to many of us that we are, in some measure, "no big deal"—in fact, are at times perceived as the enemy. Just as we find it, abroad, a sort of jarring injustice that Americans are not only not automatically welcomed everywhere with open arms, but are occasionally shot at, hijacked, kidnapped, ambushed, even (God forbid!) sometimes ignored, so we men (no matter how "feminist" we may claim—or wish—to be) are often still taken aback by the fact that the earth does not cease its turning by our merely walking into a room.

[September 22, 1985]

Sunday Herald-Times (Bloomington, Indiana)

Environmentalism marches into the New Age and picks up some exciting culinary tips along the way, as reported in the pages of a great American daily:

A harvest celebration and national convention for members of a Bloomington-based folklore and ecology group has touched off rumors that satanic rituals and devil worshiping took place last weekend at Yellowwood State Forest.

Officers of E.L.F.—Elf Lore Family Inc.—say they're angered by the negative publicity surrounding their "Wild Magick Gathering" Sept. 20-22 at the forest in western Brown County. . . .

"Ecology and a healing of the Earth—eradicating pollution, restoring damaged forests, cleaning up toxic waste—is core to what we're about," said E.L.F. treasurer Terry WhiteFeather, who helped organize the group in May 1983. . . .

According to an article in the Sept. 25 *Brown County Democrat*, the officers reported they saw emblems associated with devil worship and observed ceremonies that resembled satanic rites. The account told of "witches and warlocks," of people dressed in hooded robes and devil-like costumes and making animal noises, of marriage ceremonies and naked women dancing around a fire, and of E.L.F. members drinking blood and eating raw flesh. The officers quoted in the article and other representatives of the sheriff's department could not be reached for comment.

[September 29, 1985]

New York Times

Friendly advice, respectfully tendered along with some understandable puzzlement, from Mr. Anthony Lewis:

Soviet repression has always had a deeply puzzling aspect. How can the people who run that system, with all their power, possibly feel threatened by Dr. Koryagin? The answer must lie partly in history, in a paranoia that marked Russian society long before the Revolution.

No one can expect Mr. Gorbachev to transform the paranoid tradition overnight, assuming that he wants to; he has the prior interest of consolidating his own power. But if he wants to be seen in the West as a self-confident politician, he must begin to act that way with those few of his own people who have begged to differ.

[October 1, 1985]

Los Angeles Times

The celebrated expiry of the martyred Samantha occasions a fine new definition of being truly civilized from the Sophocles of Rancho Palos Verdes:

The short life and recent tragic death of Samantha Smith, a child far wiser than most of the world's adult leaders, could most appropriately be commemorated by acknowledgments by the United States and the Soviet Union that continued production of nuclear weapons will lead logically and inevitably to the extinction of all life on this planet.

If a child could so clearly see the ultimate consequences of nuclear war, why is it that our political and military leaders persist in their efforts to develop and produce more and more of these obscene devices when we already have more than enough to render the Earth uninhabitable?

To compound this suicidal lunacy, we now are told that our security requires that we increase our arsenal of biological and chemical weapons. What madness. Are we afraid that the other side may have developed a capability for reincarnation, and it is necessary, therefore, to be prepared to kill our opponents more than once?

Samantha tried, but it is quite obvious that we are not yet civilized enough to allow a child to lead us. *—Robert S. Coughlin*
Rancho Palos Verdes
[September 7, 1985]

Newark Star-Ledger

Drat! The colossal Samantha passes on and our insane President snoozes through this abundant vale of opportunity, as Dr. Donald B. Louria does fain note in Newark's redoubtable *Star-Ledger*:

Another opportunity wasted! Just suppose President Reagan had called Premier Gorbachev and suggested that they both attend the funeral services for Samantha Smith as a symbol of their determination to stop the arms race.

What about the President of the United States announcing that he was declaring a six-month moratorium on nuclear weapons testing in response to the moratorium already declared by the Soviet Union and that he would think it historically appropriate to dub this the Samantha Smith moratorium. We demonstrate incredible ingenuity in devising ever more powerful weapons of death and destruction. Is it too much to ask that our leaders show a reasonable amount of imagination in the search for peace?

—Donald B. Louria, MD
Bernardsville
[September 12, 1985]

Washington Post

Crack foreign correspondent Michael Dobbs confronts the dashing Gorbachev, and collapses in poofter rapture:

Watching Gorbachev in action over the past few days, it has been difficult not to be impressed by the sense of quiet authority he exudes. It is expressed in subtle ways: the soft, authoritative voice; the deferential attitude of his aides; even the way he stands, feet slightly apart, like a boxer ready for a new sparring partner.

[October 5, 1985]

Milwaukee Journal

Enlightenment, this time in the hulking form of Miss Mary Daly, theologian, comes to a madcap crowd at venerable U of Wis Wau:

"If you are just a little bit of a feminist, you will be punished just as much as if you go all the way," Daly, a lesbian, feminist and associate theology professor from Boston College, told an applauding, mostly female, standing-room-only audience at the University of Wisconsin Waukesha County Center's Commons Theater. "You might as well go all the way."

Daly, who holds doctorates in theology and philosophy from the University of Fribourg, Switzerland, invited women to join her in a philosophical journey in pursuit of "pure lust."

She said that term can define not only "the life-hating lechery that rapes and kills the objects of its aggression" which, Daly contends, is the primary characteristic of our society.

But, in Daly's lexicon, the term stands for "the high humor and cosmic accord of those women that choose to escape," she said.

"The whole world is groaning under phalic [sic] rule," she told the group. "I suggest that there is a race of women who choose to be other . . . I see phalocracy . . . as the root of all forms of opression [sic]," she told the group. "Of Reaganism, of the systematic starvation of the Third World, of what is happening in Nicaragua, of what is happening in Waukesha, of what is happening in Onalaska, Wis. [where a priest and two other men were killed after a man reportedly argued with the priest about girls taking part in the mass]." . . .

At one point, she accused the media of imparting subliminal messages to the public by hiding words and images in photographs and advertisements. She attributed Reagan's popularity, in part, to the use of such "mind-control" techniques.

"I suggest that you realize this is manipulated behavior and that you try with all that is in you to save your own soul," she said.

In the speech, entitled, "Bewitching: Recalling the Courage to Sin," Daly urged women to break away from what she called the "drained, emaciated nothingness women are reduced to in the patriarchial world."

"Think of Nancy Reagan," she told the group. "And you'll know what I mean."

[February 15, 1985]

New York Times

After such modern American Medicis as Willie Nelson and Bob Dylan raise loot for the down-and-out farmer, advice on its miraculous distribution:

"Because farmers face so much stress, perhaps the money should go for a crisis line, or to help with counseling on alcoholism or child abuse," said Corky Jones, a Nebraska farmer and president of the American Agricultural Movement who attended the meeting.

Other suggestions were to provide counseling to farmers who might contemplate suicide when they lost their farms.

[September 17, 1985]

Rruge e Partise

From the stalwart party organ of Marxist-Leninist Good Government, Albanian alarums apropos the stringent pantaloon and other dark intrigues:

Our enemies are numerous. They exert constant ideological diversion through the broadcast industry, parcels, advertisements and visitors. And it is a fact that they find opportunities to disseminate their evil seeds among some immature youth. A weakening of our striking power suffices for long hair and tight trousers to begin to seek citizenship rights.

[July 1985]

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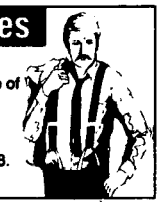

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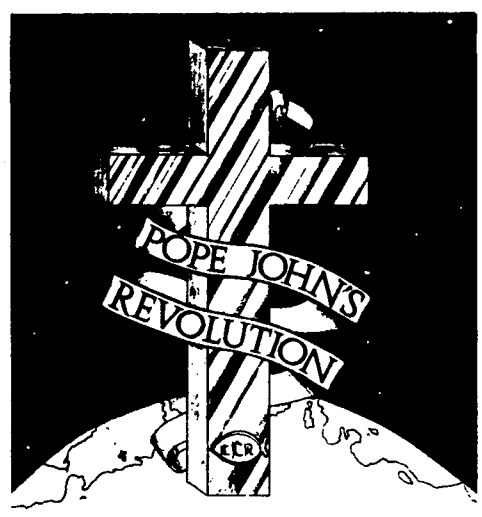

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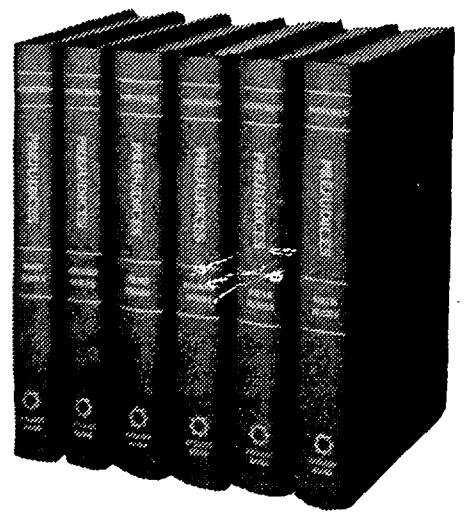

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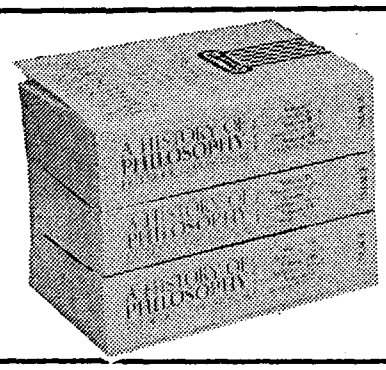

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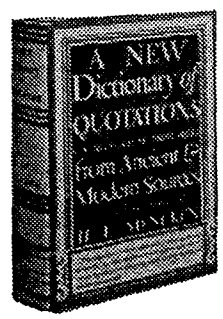

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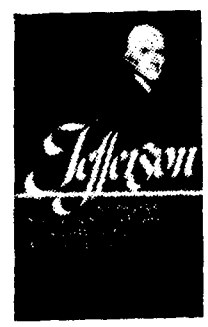

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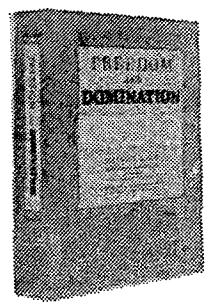

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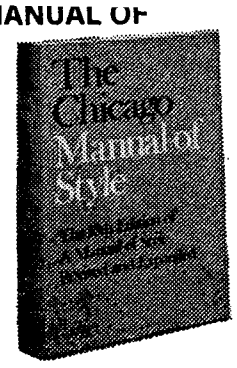

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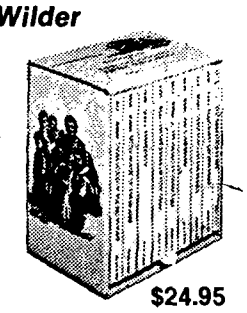

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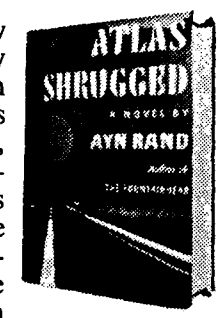

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